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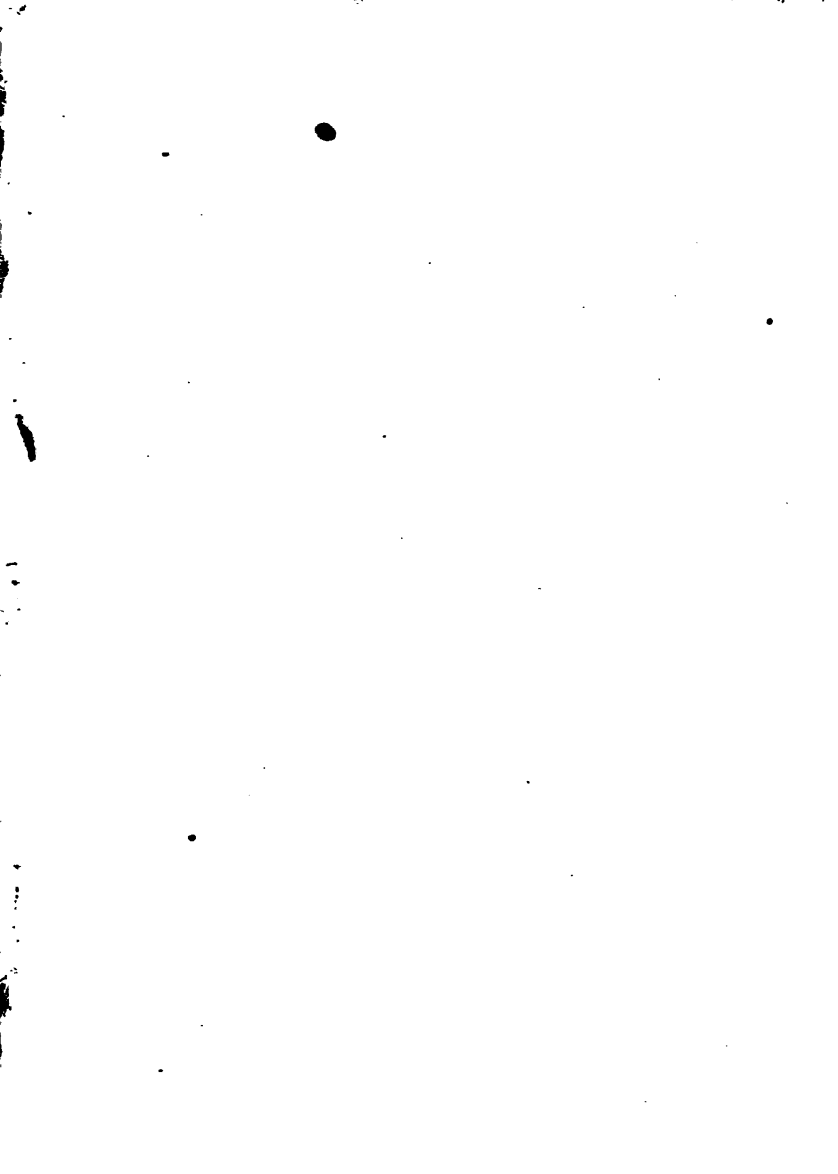
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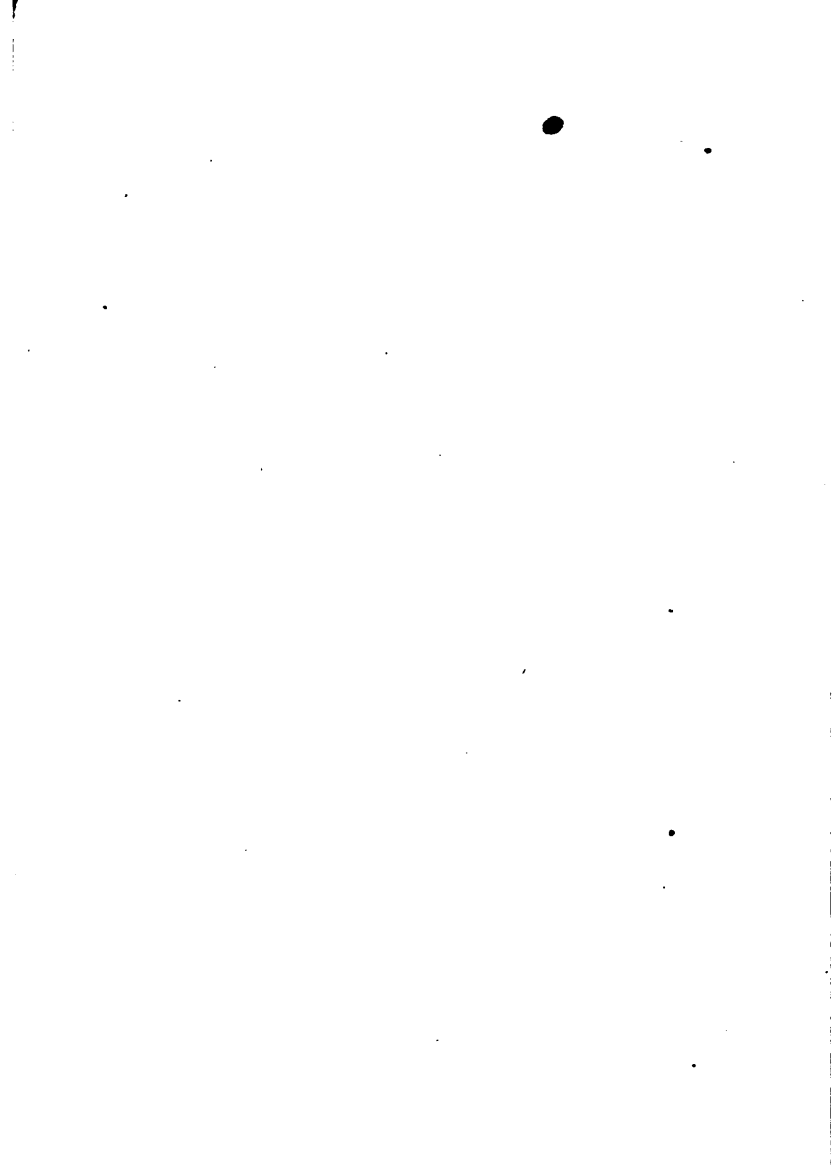
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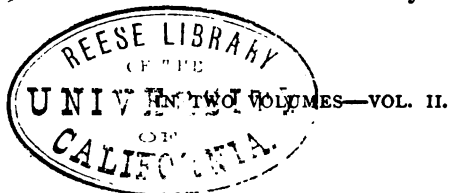
A ROMANCE

OF ART AND LOVE IN ANCIENT HELLAS

BY

ROBERT HAMERLING

FROM THE GERMAN BY MARY J. SAFFORD



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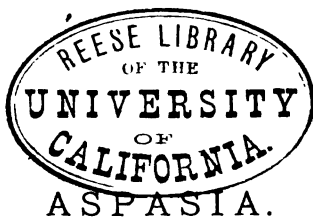
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CHAPTER I.

THE PANATHENAIC.

WHEN a great man is honored by his native land, praised by the world, and all offer him reverence, love, and homage, there is often *one* spot where his greatness shrivels, where he feels small, where cold or even disapproving eyes meet him.

This spot is his own hearth-stone, his house, the bosom of his family. Pericles too felt a strange, chilling atmosphere when, his ears still ringing with the joyful greetings of the Athenian populace, he again crossed the threshold of his home after a year's absence. He too, like the victorious Agamemnon, was received on the threshold by an angry wife.

Telesippe did not think of avenging herself on Pericles, as Clytemnestra did on Agamemnon, or destroying him by a shirt of Nessus, as Deianeira killed the faithless Heracles. Her mind was petty, so too was her anger, her hate, and her revenge.

In the presence of the Erinnyes who sat beside his hearth, what did it avail Pericles that he had conquered before Sardis, sunk the hostile commander's galley? While the Agora was ringing with his fame, he was compelled at home to endure Telesippe's contemptuous, angry words, Telesippe's disapproving look.

And Elpinice? The first time she met Pericles after his return, she accosted him as follows:

"For shame, Pericles! My brother Cimon conquered the Persians, the Barbarians, but you have shed Greek blood, and allow yourself to be applauded as the oppressor of your own kindred."

Silently, without vehement retaliation, but in the gentle manner natural to him in his intercourse with others, Pericles allowed the strife that had entered his existence with Aspasia, to press onward to a decisive goal. He had at first supposed it would be an easy matter to keep the rights of the woman he loved apart from those of his wife. Had not Telesippe also thought so? Had she not contemptuously scorned the Milesian hetæra, who might win her husband's heart, but must leave the rule over his hearth to his lawful wife? Had she not driven the intruder away from the threshold of her home, and was not the latter compelled to yield?

But matters had progressed. Pericles himself was no longer the same. The idea of a marriage-bond of a new kind had not been cast, like a glimmering spark, into his soul in vain.

The days during which the greatest of all Athenian festivals were celebrated, had returned.

The population of the rural districts flocked into the city, for the festival was what its name implied, and what its founder Theseus intended it should be—a constantly-renewed fraternization between the whole population of Attica. The guests even came from distant regions, the allied cities and islands, the colonies, nay from all Hellas.

But Athens had never before witnessed so large an assembly of native and foreign visitors within her walls.

This time, in addition to the attraction always exercised by the Panathenaic festival, there was universal curiosity to see the wonderful Parthenon, opened for the first time, and the unveiling of the marvellous statue of Pallas Athena, wrought by Phidias of ivory and gold.

The usual contests took place for several days prior to the great festal procession. In the lowlands by the Ilissus the young heroes of the Athenian gymnasia wrestled for the prize of victory. The most skilful boys contended first, then the bravest youths, and then the most experienced men. In the strife between the boys, Alcibiades, Pericles' ward and the favorite of all the Athenians, conquered, to the great joy of Pericles, but the vexation of Telesippe, who hated the lad, because he threw her own two sons, Paralus and Xanthippus, who possessed little talent, completely into the shade.

How this youthful victor glowed, as he gazed at the other contests at which, to his sorrow, he was only allowed to be present as spectator, not as candidate for the prize. Accompanied by Pericles himself, he stood on the plain lying westward of the Piræus outside the city, enviously watching the clouds of dust grow wet with the steaming breath of the flying steeds, and seeing the contestants in the Hippiic arts standing in the chariots, beside each rider a companion armed with helmet and shield, who while the coursers dashed around the race-course, sprang down, ran steadily for some distance, vying with the speed of the chariot, then with an equally firm leap, bounded back to it again.

And how the lad was attracted by the famous sword-dance of the youths! How his eyes sparkled at the mimicry of war, as keeping time to music they went through all the manœuvres of a battle, exhausting every

method of attack, defence, evasion, in a sort of dancing-step, in harmony with the rhythm of the rushing melody, during which swords were clashed against uplifted shields, so that the clear sound of the metal united to the accents of the music, and sometimes the melody of victorious pæans, awakened a sort of martial enthusiasm and excitement even among the spectators. As Alcibiades, infected by this excitement, began to imitate the movements of the dancers and seemed glowing with a desire to join their ranks, Pericles could not help thinking of Artemidorus' tale, and the scene when the Milesian suddenly beheld his son Chrysanthus snatched away from him on the Tmolus, into the mad riot of the Corybantes. In fact the noise of the sword-dance could not have failed to recall that of the Corybantes on the Tmolus, had not everything there been fierce and cruel, while here everything was presented to the eye with grave and noble moderation.

But the night too had its festival—the great torch-race, with which the Athenians honored their gods of light, Hephæstus, Prometheus, Pallas Athena. Only the handsomest and most agile youths in Athens were permitted to contend. The object was to bear the torch, still burning, to the goal; whoever had his light extinguished must retire from the ranks. Whoever ran slowly, to spare the flame, was spurred on by the eager, derisive shouts of the people.

The Athenian families chose from their midst the handsomest old men and stateliest men of middle age to adorn the procession. The youths and maidens were also selected; but blooming youth needed less severe scrutiny than middle life and old age, to afford the eye only graceful, beautiful and noble forms.

The contests closed with *musical* competition.

Pericles, fostering every form of talent with equal zeal, had introduced into the Panathenaic festival contests in the art of playing flutes and stringed musical instruments. Among the offices and dignities with which he was invested, was that of a director of the public games and festivals of Athens.

At dawn on the day of the real festival, when according to ancient custom the so-called peplos was offered to Athena, the guardian goddess of the city, in the Erechtheum, and the victors in the Panathenaic combats were to be crowned in the new Parthenon, the procession formed in the Cerameicus.

The whole vast space was thronged with portions of the procession, all moving towards the place of meeting, which afforded a scene of motley, gay, and brilliant confusion. Here stood the beautiful horned bullocks destined for the sacrifice, yonder the strong, elastic, fiery nature of the noble steeds displayed itself in a shower of sparks from the stamping hoofs. Beside the rearing horses stood youths, holding the glittering bridles with powerful hands, occupied in curbing them, or making them move in graceful caracoles. Thus the eye was perpetually delighted with living groups, models of strength and symmetry. The motley throng dispersed. The procession formed and began to move to the accompaniment of trumpets, flutes, and stringed instruments. First came the hecatomb of victims, hundreds of splendid cattle intended to be slain on the Acropolis for an offering to the goddess, and then served up to the populace for a festal banquet. They were magnificent animals, fat and thick in the neck, with hanging dew-laps, their horns beautifully curved like the two sides of a lyre,

garlanded with wreaths of flowers and gilded at the tips. Strong youths led them, controlling with steady hands the struggles of the rebellious beasts. The cattle were followed by rams, no less strong and beautiful, with splendid horns and superb fleeces.

Behind these animals, with their drivers, attendants, and the sacrificers, came bearers of other gifts of the most diverse kinds: they carried cakes on flat dishes, and liquor partly in wine-skins and partly in large, handsomely-shaped vessels.

Next followed a brilliant train of Athenian matrons and maidens, clad in rich festal robes, bearing gold and silver sacrificial vessels, which were kept year after year in a certain place, and only displayed on such occasions. Dainty baskets filled with flowers, fruits, and frankincense were carried on the heads of some of the virgins, who were adorned with golden ornaments. Chosen from the fairest daughters of Athens, at once slender and stately, charming and dignified, these basket-bearers delighted every eye by the grace of their attitudes, movements, and gestures. They were girlish buds, still chastely folded, but sparkling with the dew of youthful freshness. Concealed during the year, like the golden vessels, and secluded from the eyes of the world in the women's apartment, they were now brought forth to shine in the light of the festal day. The festival disclosed what was usually kept from every eye, displayed and unveiled everything brilliant and beautiful. To-day the god of love discharged his arrows, to-day the eyes of fair maidens and youthful suitors met.

Next to the magnificent sacrificial vessels were borne the still more superb gifts, which had never been more numerous: beautiful vessels, glittering gold and silver

shields, richly-ornamented tripods of graceful shape, and even statues from the hands of admirable masters. All these things, carried openly, sparkled with dazzling lustre in the sunbeams.

The virgins' procession closed with the pretty, delicate, childish figures of the Arrephori in the festal robes they had worn during the sacred rites on the Acropolis, among them gentle, devout, courageous Hipparete.

Now followed the bearers and attendants of the gifts and victims offered to the goddess by the Athenian colonies, or the cities and islands allied with Athens.

Then came the most important of all the gifts, the centre of the whole procession, the ample, superb peplos. It was not borne by human hands, but stretched like a sail over a magnificent ship that moved on wheels. Must not this carriage, in the form of a ship of remarkable size and beauty, have been intended to remind the spectators of the naval power of Athens, and at the same time of the sea-god, whose worship was formerly associated with that of Erechtheus and Pallas? Was not the peplos made the principal object in the Panathenaic procession, instead of the superb ship, to recall the victory of Pallas Athena, goddess of light, over the gloomy wielder of the trident? The part taken by the goddess of light, in the battle between the gods and the giants, was represented in the glittering gold embroideries, skillfully wrought on the purple or crocus-yellow ground of the fabric.

Stretched over the mast of the stately vessel, this gold-wrought picture of the battle of the gods of light against the rude primeval powers, glittered in the sunshine before the eyes of the populace.

Behind the magnificent ship with the peplos, proudly

walked the victors in the Panathenaic contests—the musicians with their stringed instruments, the conqueror in the torch-race, holding in his hand the lighted torch, with which, according to ancient custom, was lighted the fire for the great sacrifice to the goddess on the Acropolis; the victors in the chariot-races, with their magnificent equipages, drawn by four horses, each chariot containing the driver and his companion, armed with helmet and shield; then came, bearing olive-branches in their hands, the procession of handsome, dignified old men, who had conquered in the trial of masculine symmetry. These men with silver hair, who had preserved the dignified beauty and freshness of body and soul until so late in life, were looked upon as noble examples by the Athenian youths. The mounted Ephibi followed, the young men of Athens, slender figures with dark waving hair and sparkling eyes, sitting their noble steeds like well-trained riders. Next came all the men of Athens capable of bearing arms, led by the Strategi and Taxiarchs: the heavily-armed troops, and cavalry, composed of men of noble birth in glittering armor, on the handsomest and most fiery steeds—for the wealthy and aristocratic Athenians appeared on horseback in peaceful processions, as well as in the field—then an endless procession of citizens, led by various dignitaries: the archons, the members of the council, the chief priests, the people arranged by districts, men and women in festal garments with myrtle-boughs in their hands, and behind them the foreign residents, the women carrying oak-branches, in token of being under the protection of Zeus Xenios, the god of hospitality. Other wives and daughters of foreigners walked behind the Athenian women, whose protection

they enjoyed, carrying parasols in their hands to hold over their patronesses' heads, when the procession stopped in the burning sun, or small daintily-shaped chairs without backs, on which they might sit when the train halted.

The procession now moved from the outskirts of the Cerameicus, through the finest streets in the city, up to the Agora, which was strewn with oak-leaves and otherwise decorated: the duty of the slaves on this day. Here it halted for the first time, and the mounted squadron of aristocratic Athenians in glittering armor performed various manœuvres and exercises in the vast square, which formed almost the finest part of the whole spectacle.

While the procession remained in the Agora, part of the train of victims, with its attendants, branched off to go in advance, and offer the usual preliminary sacrifices, one on the hill of the Areopagus, and the other at the altar of Athena Hygieia.

After these sacrifices were completed, the procession with the hecatomb and ship bearing the peplos, again moved forward, passed through the most aristocratic streets and by the most famous sanctuaries, at which a short pause was made, doing honor to the god by a sacrifice or singing a pæan.

When it reached the place where the way led up the hill of the Acropolis, the steeds and chariots, which could not follow the procession up the wide, but steep road, or find room on the plain at the summit, were left behind. Yet there was no lack of bold riders, nor even of chariot-drivers, who with their brave steeds accompanied the procession, keeping in the middle of the broad road, for the furrowed pavement here lessened the

danger of slipping for horses' hoofs as well as chariot-wheels.

On reaching the Acropolis, the procession halted between the Erechtheum and the newly-completed temple of Pallas Athena. The peplos was taken into the Erechtheum and, amid the singing of a pæan, the great sacrifice of the hecatomb began before an altar standing in the open air on the eastern side of the Parthenon.

But no glance from the multitude sought the dusky hall of the Erechtheum, where the ancient statue of Athena Polias, standing on a flower-wreathed throne, received its customary tribute, the peplos; the holy rite of sacrifice also remained unheeded: every eye turned towards the gleaming marble splendor of the temple, whose doors were to open to-day for the first time, to the gaze of the Athenian nation.

The first impression produced by the new edifice was a radiant vision of light. Nearly the whole structure was glittering marble, shining in the purity of its virginal whiteness, from the stones of the foundation to the last daintily-carved tile in the roof. The remainder was decorated with golden ornaments or bright colors. The wondrous building, steeped in sunshine, stood on the height, extending in a long quadrangle surrounded by pillars, from the western to the eastern side. Noble, clear, and symmetrical in its proportions, it yet seemed to soar upward from its strong foundation. Even this foundation, with the marble steps leading to it, rose above the heads of the spectators. The temple itself, with its forest of marble columns, the carvings on its frieze, the spirited colossal marble groups, which peopled the broad pediment as if with a throng of wondrous figures, the gleaming ornaments in gold and colors,

whose glitter here and there outshone the snowy Pentelican marble, seemed as if it were rising towards the virgin goddess into her native realm of light, the ether sacred to her.

But, during the first few moments, nothing so strongly attracted the eyes of the Athenians as the large marble groups, which filled the broad space of the two pediments. The spectacle was overpowering; for the superb figures represented resting, standing, walking, not in bas-relief, but in statues, separated from the background, seemed about to step forth and descend to the Athenian populace, so beloved by the gods. Symmetrical in bearing and movement, they appeared full of healthful, vigorous life.

The moment immediately after Athena's birth from the brain of Zeus, was depicted on the pediment on the eastern side. In the centre of the group were the god, the goddess, and the Titan Prometheus, who cleft Zeus' head to aid the birth of the goddess of light—on both sides Nice and Iris hastened away with the joyful message, while goddesses and heroes met them, eagerly listening to the tidings; in the left corner rose Helios with his fiery steeds, in the right the goddess of night, with her coursers, was disappearing in the waves of Oceanus.

The western pediment contained a group representing the contest between Poseidon and Pallas Athena for the possession of the Attic country. In the centre were the two divinities—impetuous Poseidon, who had just struck the rock with his trident and called forth the sacred spring, opposite to him Pallas Athena and the olive-tree which grew at her command; beside her the rearing steeds for the triumphal procession; the divinities and heroes of Attica joining the goddess, Poseidon at-

tended by his sea-tritons. From these figures of colossal size, carved in marble, the eye wandered to the smaller sculptures on the frieze above the columns, where in the long succession of metopes was represented the battles of Hellenic champions with fierce Centaurs; and thence, through the columns surrounding the temple, to the carving on the inner frieze encircling the external marble of the hall within.

As his gaze rested on this, the Athenian's eye began to sparkle still more brightly; for here was the reflection of the festal procession, chiselled in marble—scenes from the Panathenaic procession and the preparations for it: groups of beautiful, modest maidens, youths on rearing steeds, pairs of horses dashing proudly along, battle-scenes of the Agones,* the presentation of the peplos, and amid all the beautiful human forms, the Olympic gods, who had emerged from their invisible, unapproachable sphere, as witnesses of the magnificent festival. So simple, so noble appeared every figure, despite its beauty, that they seemed to say from the marble to the Athenian nation for all futurity: "Maintain beautiful symmetry, and let your lives constantly develop into the noble simplicity, loveliness, and purity, that confront you here in the marble forms from Phidias' studio—

When the victims of the hecatomb had been offered, the highest dignitaries in Athens marched forward, in the presence of the expectant throng, up the steps to the doors of the temple, where they formed in two lines. In the centre stood Pericles and the archon Basileus.

* Agones (ἀγῶνες), the general term among the Greeks for the contests at their great national games.—*Smith's Dict. of Greek and Roman Antiquities.*

Then the wide, richly-ornamented metal doors of the temple opened. The interior, with its glimmering columns and the new, sublime statue of Pallas Athena by Phidias, shining amid the sacred gloom, were revealed for the first time to the Athenian populace.

The members of the procession began a song of praise to the goddess. When it had died away, Pericles came forward and from the steps of the temple addressed the throng.

"In ancient times," he said, "Pallas Athena had poured forth a wealth of temporal blessings upon the cradle of the Athenian, and as the bestower of the nourishing olive-tree, the giver of the first blessings, the founder and promoter of the prosperity of the Attic country, was honored in the venerable, but shapeless wooden statue of the Erectheum. Then came the time when Athens girded on the sword, battled in the van of Hellas with the Barbarians, and strengthened by conquest, soared upward to the full development of her might. As a symbol of this period, the colossal statue of the goddess towered on the Acropolis far over land and sea. Now a time has commenced, when the goddess develops her inmost and deepest nature, and with it bestows the fairest portion of her blessings on the Attic country and nation. She now desires to reveal herself as the goddess of light-giving ether, in whose presence darkness melts away, the thoughtful, meditative divinity, around whose brow free thought hovers with beautiful clearness, the fosterer of all beautiful trades and arts, and every blessing emanating from the mind. As such Phidias now represents her, a Pallas Athena of peace. Above this new statue of the goddess has been reared the new temple worthy of her, no priestly house of sacri-

fice, but a Panathenaic festal dwelling, in which, released from priestly limitations, she can reveal the real light and power of her nature. This temple significantly surrounds the goddess, completing the revelation of her own nature and that of the nation she protects; for the character of the divinity and her chosen people will soon be blended into one. So, revering the ancient customs of our ancestors, the peplos will still be offered to the venerable wooden statue of the guardian of the city, but the goal and central point of the Panathenaic festival will henceforth be the Parthenon. Henceforth the victors in the Agones must receive the prize from the hand of the magistrate sitting at the feet of the goddess, and the nation will turn to the carvings on the brilliant temple, to receive into their souls the emanations from the goddess' inmost nature, and fill their minds with the lofty and important truths, which speak with marble tongues from walls, pediment and frieze. In these sculptures the Athenian will read the story of his own existence, read it in the heroic pæan carved in stone of the victory of light and intellect over darkness and savagery. Becoming conscious of its strength, the Hellene's mind will kindle with noble aspiration to be worthy of the monument he has planted here for all ages."

After these words from Pericles the populace enthusiastically repeated the pæan to the virgin goddess, and, amid the song and the music of flutes and stringed instruments, which accompanied the procession, the band of young girls at a sign from the archon Basileus, conducted by him, were the first to ascend the steps and pass through the open doors of the Parthenon. It was fitting that the new sanctuary of the virgin goddess should be first trodden by virgin feet. The maidens

were followed by the youths, and while the former stood on the right and the latter on the left of the statue, amid the melody of the pæan, the bearers of gifts, clad in festal garments, entered the temple and laid the offerings at the goddess' feet. Other gifts, especially gold and silver shields, were hung on the architraves of the pillars. The victors in the Panathenaic contests were now led across the threshold, attended by the umpires and highest dignitaries in Athens.

Louder rose the sound of flutes and stringed instruments, still more inspiring was the pæan, as the radiant statue of the goddess stood directly before the eyes of those conducted into the temple and the crowd of Athenians, who flocked after. The gaze of all was fixed upon it.

The colossal figure of the divinity gleamed with a lustre as dazzling as the temple; the undraped portions were formed of ivory, all the rest of gold. The grave, beautiful face, shaded by a heavy gold helmet, from beneath which fell luxuriant curls, gazed thoughtfully into space. The features wore a meditative expression, which seemed to melt into a mild radiance. At the left of the goddess rested the shield, *peacefully lowered, no longer victoriously uplifted*. The spear leaned idly in her hand. She seemed no longer a combatant, but a conqueror; in her out-stretched right hand she held, as one bears a dove or a falcon, a statue of winged victory, that extended to her a glittering gold wreath. Under the shelter of the shield coiled the sacred serpent, symbol of the earth-born, but divinely-guarded primitive power of the Attic country and nation. On the goddess' breast was the ægis with the radiant Gorgon head. Beneath the curve of the towering ornament of her helmet was

carved a sphinx, and on the right and left griffins, emblems of thoughtfulness, penetration, and watchfulness. Many another significant ornament strove to fully interpret the goddess' nature—on the outer side of the shield, the battle with the fierce Amazons, on the inner the struggle with the defiant giants, on the edge of the sandals the savage Centaurs; everywhere strife with dark, evil powers.

The magnificent temple was a fitting sanctuary for the superb statue. A double row of gleaming columns, twined with festal garlands, ran through the interior, dividing it into three apartments. In these side chambers a second row of pillars, above the first, formed an upper story, an open portico. The flat roof, resting on this upper row of columns, had a wide square opening in the centre, so that the light fell from above into the windowless interior and upon the statue. This brightness, streaming from above, was wonderfully suited to the dignity and divinely mysterious stillness of the temple—the glimpse of this opening and the blue sky above divested the mind of the oppressive sensation produced by the magnificent and powerful carving. The falcon and eagles, the fiery steeds of Helios, and the thunder-clouds of Zeus passed over it, and in the changeful play of light and shade, now steeped in golden radiance, now bathed in cool white moonlight, anon veiled by temporary twilight, the goddess' face seemed to gaze downward from her height with varying expression, by turns grave and gentle. In the noble grandeur of the temple, there was nothing which could have diverted the spectator's gaze from the goddess; everything led the eye to her, even the succession of beautiful glittering gifts between the columns. There was no trace of

the scattered ornaments, diverting the attention, with which other ages and nations have striven to adorn the abodes of their gods. The vast, sublimely beautiful statue stood alone in the marble hall, pervaded with its atmosphere of radiant light and mysterious stillness.

After the new temple of Athena had been offered and consecrated to the goddess by the Athenian nation, amid enthusiastic songs, accompanied by the music of flutes and stringed instruments, and the rich gifts had been laid at her feet, the distribution of prizes to the victors in the Panathenaic contests commenced. They were summoned by the umpires, and as the trophies were awarded first to the victorious boys, then the youths, and then the men, it happened that the fourteen-year-old son of Cleinias, Alcibiades, as victor among the boys, was the first one called to receive the prize in the newly-opened Panathenaic temple. The proud, joyous lad obtained a beautifully-formed amphora, adorned in brilliant colors with a representation of the youthful Heracles destroying the serpent. This exquisite vessel was filled with oil from the sacred olive-tree of Pallas Athena, in the garden of the Academy. The victors in the other Agones received similar gifts; but those who conquered in the musical contests obtained golden garlands.

When the distribution of prizes was completed, the treasure of the Athenian commonwealth was conveyed into the storehouse at the back of the Parthenon, before the eyes of the populace. This building which, enclosed by the pillars of the Parthenon, adjoined the temple on the western side, was a solid, windowless chamber, that could be lighted only by a lamp, and in whose mysterious gloom the coined and uncoined treasure of Athens, with jewels of every kind, costly vessels used for display,

and even public documents of special importance, were henceforward to be preserved under the charge of the treasurer of the Athenian people.

Among the throngs who crowded the height of the Acropolis, to gaze at the newly-revealed splendors of the Parthenon, were many who came from other countries, among them a man from Sparta.

As the latter was about to enter the new hall of the temple, an Athenian youth, who had watched him for some time, seized his shoulder, exclaiming:

"Away from this threshold! Dorians are forbidden to enter here."

Indeed, an old decree prohibited men of the Dorian race from entering the sanctuaries on the Athenian Acropolis, and the outspoken foes of Athens were sometimes reminded of this law. As a large crowd of people had gathered around the Spartan, and the youth repeated the envious remarks he had heard from the latter's lips, all took sides against the foreigner, and he was compelled to leave the place.

Thus the enmity which formerly divided the two great Hellenic races, sometimes blazed significantly, though only in lightning flashes.

But there was also an Athenian on the Acropolis, who watched the festal throng surging around the new Parthenon with looks of wrath and envy. This man was Diopeithes, priest of Erechtheus.

True, according to ancient inviolable custom, the peplos had been carried into the Erechtheum, offered to the wooden statue of Athena Polias. But the rite was hastily and coldly performed, while the Athenian populace turned towards the newly-erected temple, the priestless sanctuary of Pallas Athena. Not to the Palladium

sent down from heaven to the city of Athens, not to the goddess of *his* sanctuary, had the Athenians paid their homage, but to the frivolous showy statue of Phidias. At the feet of this new statue, not in his temple, were laid the costly offerings. The gods of the Erechtheum were angry, and their priest with them.

As on the day when Pericles and Aspasia, accompanied by Sophocles, wandered over the summit of the Acropolis and saw the foundation of the now completed structure, Diopeithes was standing engaged in conversation with one of his confidantes at the door of the Erechtheum. Even as on that day, when talking with Lampon about the corruption of the times, he now suddenly saw the man he hated, with the same Aspasia, walking on the height, accompanied by Phidias, Ictinus, Callicrates, Sophocles, Socrates and other distinguished Athenians, who with Phidias, inscribed on their banners the Homeric saying: "*Pallas Athena never suffers me to tremble.*"

As the hour of the great festal banquet had arrived, in which the flesh of the slaughtered hecatomb of cattle and the remains of the preliminary sacrifices were served up to the populace, moistened with lavish gifts of Dionysus, this chosen group now wandered over the Acropolis to gaze undisturbed at the newly-finished building.

Phidias' countenance was not grave and thoughtful as usual, a radiant expression rested on his brow.

Pericles expressed his great delight that, after watching the commencement and gradual growth of this work, he had now, on returning to Athens after a year's absence, been surprised by a completed structure whose splendor he had never anticipated; and again extolled the genius by which so much that was great and beautiful had been

finished in so short a number of years, been produced as it were, by a single brain.

Phidias replied that the miracle had not been performed by a single brain, but the thousand skilful hands that served it. Yet they had not so much served a single head, as the one spirit which animated all with the most beautiful harmony.

While the men, in their joyful excitement, drank in the charm of the newly-created temple with enraptured eyes and gave utterance in words to their emotion, Aspasia gazed at the work of Phidias, Ictinus, and their assistants with an eager, sparkling glance, nay even with flushed cheeks, but in silence.

Her muteness perplexed even Phidias, the most silent of men, who at last, turning to her with a smile peculiar to him, said :

"If my memory does not deceive me, the beautiful Milesian has long been considered by many the best judge in Athens of everything relating to matters of art. She has also, to the best of my recollection, never been backward in expressing her opinions. How happens it that she, a woman, shames us men to-day by her silence?"

All looked earnestly at Aspasia, mutely making themselves sharers in the question.

"You are right to remind me that I am a woman, Phidias," replied Aspasia. "As such I am not always so calm as you men, and in my thoughts there is less rigid sequence and order than in yours. Woman's temperament is mobile, and you must take heed that you have not ventured too much in granting to me, a woman, apparently the only one of my sex, the right of free thought and speech. Here stands the wondrous

new structure, vast as a mountain, beautiful as a flower, and what a wealth of finished work is at the same time spread out and revealed before my eyes! Everything is so graceful in its dignity, so multifarious in its noble simplicity, so stirring in its repose, so mature in its youthful freshness, so profound in its naturalness, so bright in its solemnity, so human in its divinity, that the mind of every man can be in no other condition than that of the utmost satisfaction and absence of all farther desire. But a woman's nature, like a child's, prompts her, when receiving in her hand one article she wants, to stretch out the other for another, and perhaps follow a third with her eyes. If I were a man, I should be satisfied at this moment with enthusiastically praising Phidias as the first, the greatest of all the Hellenes. As a woman I have another wish to utter, nay, an accusation to make. Have you no fear of golden Aphrodite's anger, Phidias? You seem to me to be ever seeking to embody in human form the lofty, the pure, the divine; and if the divine did not always happen also to be beautiful, I believe you would not trouble yourself about beauty. Never do you seek it; the loveliness that charms the senses, kindles the heart, has no echo in your soul. You disdain to represent feminine beauty for its own sake, as poets so enthusiastically do, when they sing of Aphrodite. Your mind is always steeped in holy austerity, and your soul hovers, like the eagle, only over lofty heights. Oh! Eros, has thou no arrow for this man? Why, oh! Cyprian goddess, dost thou not bind him with thy golden chains, that he may consecrate his chisel to thy charms, and through him *thy* inmost nature be revealed, as that of his goddess, Pallas Athena, has been disclosed in these images?"

"In truth," replied Phidias, "I have hitherto found protection from the arrows of Eros and the fetters of Aphrodite beneath Pallas Athena's shield, and doubtless owe it to her that my art has not become effeminate. Accuse the Lemnians, however, Aspasia, if having just completed the statue of the virgin goddess for the Parthenon, I do not now devote my art to golden Aphrodite. The Lemnians do not ask an Aphrodite, but have long urged me to make them a bronze statue of this very Pallas Athena."

"Your words fill me with greater hopes than you suppose," answered Aspasia, after a thoughtful pause. "To-day, while Pericles was addressing the populace, I heard him allude to the progress made from the insignificant, shapeless wooden statue to the mighty colossal Athena, and thence to the virgin goddess of the Parthenon. Who would not believe that the Pallas of the Lemnians will also surpass the virgin of the Parthenon? Who would doubt that the more you create, the more warmly, the more brilliantly the fiery waves of life and beauty will leap from the bronze or marble? After you have carved the warrior form, half masculine, half feminine, and the thoughtful virgin, what is left except woman?"

"Whether I shall advance or deviate from my course by listening to the suggestions of a beautiful woman, I know not," replied Phidias. "But what you ask seems to lie in my path."

"Do you, to whose eye no Hellenic woman would deny the sight of her charms, represent *woman* and her loveliness," continued Aspasia, "and announce to the Greek nation, as the last and highest message: *Only in the garb of beauty will wisdom conquer all hearts.*"

Such was Aspasia's conversation with Phidias. Pericles now began to discuss with the sculptor and Ictinus the plan of the magnificent porticos, which were to complete the coronation of the mountain on its western side, and which, according to the views of these men, ought to be no less sublime and gorgeous than the Parthenon itself. But they constantly turned back to gaze at and enjoy the finished structure, the carvings, the superb offerings. The work of one and another of Phidias' pupils was singled out—here Alcamenes was praised, yonder Agoracritus, and thus each one of the countless sculptors, who with eager zeal had united their powers.

Phidias now conducted Pericles and the rest of his companions to the work of Socrates, son of Sophroniscus, the group of Graces, which the truth-seeker had undertaken to carve for an offering to the temple on the Acropolis.

They beheld the three virgins, sculptured in marble, embracing each other. Spite of a strong resemblance, they were yet dissimilar. One was charming, the second noble, but severe, the third thoughtful.

When the spectators wondered at this diversity, the sculptor, a shade of sadness resting on his face, replied :

"I thought you would not consider this difference strange, but perfectly natural. Why should we imagine a trio of Graces, if all three are one and the same? I sought to trace the deep meaning of this trinity, for I did not doubt that three diverse traits of character must be united in the nature of the Graces. But I could not succeed in discovering what these three different qualities were, until Alcamenes took us to the beautiful Theodota. Scales fell from my eyes, when the Corinthian successively danced Aphrodite, Hera, and Pallas. What

is Aphrodite's nature except physical beauty, what Hera's save loveliness of soul, goodness, morality, and what Pallas' except intellectual beauty or truth? So I learned, that body, soul, and mind must unite to form the perfect nature of the Graces.

"This is what I learned from Theodota, but would not disclose when you questioned me, because I longed to express the idea my mind had grasped, not in words, but sculpture, like Phidias. I have not succeeded. If I had, these words would not have been needed. I have toiled with the marble, yet must now use speech. You, Aspasia, do not require words to express your opinion; I read it in your looks."

"What do you read?" asked Aspasia.

"You tell me: 'Turn back, investigator, from statues and living forms to thoughts, ideas, and words—' I will do so. From this day forth, I will lay aside the chisel, or rather offer it as a gift to the wise goddess, instead of the work of my hand. I will shatter this image of my wretched art, content if the thought that created it lives on and will be embodied in the minds, souls, and emotions of the Athenians, instead of in lifeless marble."

"Nay, Socrates," said Pericles, "offer your chisel to the goddess, that in future you may pursue only your real mission, which no other can so well perform. But leave this group uninjured; for although formed less by the artist's hands than the sage's intellect, this group places before the eyes the noblest goal of the Hellenic spirit—body, mind and soul united and transfigured into the fairest flower of the Graces. More impressive expression cannot be given to the efforts hitherto made by us all, or a more worthy incitement to fresh creation

and action! Here, before this piece of sculpture, is the spot to clasp hands, in renewal of the bond which has united us. Here, too, it seems to me, before the group of the Graces, is the place to thank our noble Aspasia for what she has promoted in unison with us, not so much urging with words, as directly animating us by the inspiration of her nature, which, as you all know, streams into our souls like a sunbeam, ever kindling something new and beautiful. Let *her* be the model from which you carve your new statue of Pallas, Phidias; for she not merely *tells* you, but has proved to you and to us all, that wisdom, robed in the garb of beauty, is invincible.

“Usually,” continued Pericles, “the footprints of beauty are fleeting—it comes and goes like the sunlight or the fructifying rain. The beautiful graciousness, emanating from Aspasia’s nature, will remain with us as a carefully-guarded treasure. You no longer see before you a stranger, at whom the shafts of envy may be aimed with impunity, or who may be insulted with abusive names. From this day forth she is *my wedded wife*. The marriage-tie that united me to Telesippe has been peacefully sundered. Hereafter Aspasia will rule my hearth in her place. I know the Athenians look askance at a fellow-citizen, who brings a foreigner into his house as his wedded wife. I know our law even denies the scions of such a marriage the rights of Athenian citizenship. Yet I have wedded Aspasia. The bond I have formed with her, however, is a new one, a marriage which—I know not whether husbands or wives are at fault—has never yet been realized, hovers before the minds of both. Our community has recently experienced many changes, but if public life is

regenerated, why should not individual, domestic existence yearn for a new birth? To me and to Aspasia, this day, which displays the life of Athens on a glittering pinnacle, will be at once a turning-point and high festival of our existence. Athens and all Hellas strive under new stars towards new goals: we will both do the same within the narrow circle of the inner life. Here, as well as there, the moving spirit, mind, and thought are the same. Here, as well as there, I believe, the same thing will be verified in the same way."

Before any of the friends could give utterance to the emotion Pericles' words had aroused in the minds of all, Aspasia clasped her husband's hand, replying:

"What you say is true, Pericles; I arrogate no power of words, nor of conscious wisdom. If, in connection with you, I have fostered anything, the influence emanating from me was merely that of womanhood, permitted, for the first time, to express itself freely, without reserve, untrammelled by the fetters of sex. If I am an envoy, it is of womanhood. Perhaps the world, hitherto bound by the harsh chains of masculine character, must be born again of woman's nature, to strip off every remnant of the barbarism of ancient times. As a scion of the Ionian race, I am, voluntarily or not, the champion of the Ionic nature against the stern, harsh Doric character, which would stifle the fairest flower of Hellenic life, if it obtained the victory. Woe betide the beautiful gods of Hellas, if it ever gains the upper hand. —If I am really summoned and able to toil and battle for a cause, and have, as you say, proved myself an intercessor for the beautiful and feminine with the masters of sculpture, I would fain, essaying *other* sides of life, *declare open warfare against every prejudice, every custom*

that has become meaningless, every narrow-minded or gloomy opinion, every thought unworthy the dignity of man. Striving to obtain allies, I will apply to those of my own sex. They will listen to me, for I shall be the wife of Pericles."

The group of friends listened to Aspasia's words with thoughtful, earnest sympathy. Diopeithes, the priest of Erechtheus, concealed in the shadow of a column, also heard them. His lips curled scornfully, and a burning glance of hatred rested on the Milesian.

The friends now began to enthusiastically express their joyful interest, and praise the purpose of the noble pair.

Socrates alone remained silent, as he often did from modesty, when he found himself in a circle of distinguished men.

Pericles smilingly asked:

"What does our friend of wisdom think of the bond, formed here in the presence of his Graces?"

"Only this one thing is clear to me," replied the son of Sophroniscus, "that our Athens will be the most highly praised of all the cities in the world. All else is unknown and veiled in darkness. But we will hope for the best in every direction, from the favor of Father Zeus and his glorious daughter, Pallas Athena."

CHAPTER II.

OWLS ON THE ACROPOLIS.

IF it is true, as related by legend and the famous author of the *Eumenides*, that on the Athenian Acropolis Prometheus brought down fire from heaven and delivered it to man, it is not surprising that at the mention of the Acropolis many see in imagination only a lofty height, steeped in a pure radiance, and crowned by the gleaming marble of the Parthenon.

But there were also *owls* on the Acropolis.

There were owls in Athens—so many of them that the saying, “carry owls to Athens,” might be used as a synonym for a superfluous action.

These birds were sacred to Pallas Athena, belonged to her, as the birds of thought-producing, meditative night. Though night itself is dark, ideas germinate and mature in the wakeful brains of men better than in glaring day. Not infrequently night yearns to be something in itself, something better than the light to be born of it, and then assumes a hostile attitude towards the day.

So it happens the birds of night, the owls, have become enemies of the light.

There were many of them on the Acropolis, and they preferred to build their nests in the space between the cornice and the roof of the ancient Erechtheum, together with lizards, mice and serpents.

They were the favorite birds of Diopeithes, priest of Erechtheus, who was engaged in eager conversation with

a man, and at the same time in a somewhat singular performance.

This occupation consisted in walking up and down the steps of the Parthenon in a very excited manner. Before the entrance of the temple, to render the ascent easier, smaller steps had been hewn in the wide lofty ones. Up these smaller steps went Diopeithes, counting them as he walked, and mentioning the number aloud.

After he had pointed out the number of steps to the man, by going over them and counting them aloud, he said :

"You know the rule in regard to the number of steps before a temple, established among the Hellenes by the devout and well-considered custom of many years. According to ancient usage, the number is *uneven*, to secure the favorable omen of stepping on the first and last one with the *right* foot."

"That is undoubtedly true," replied the person Diopeithes addressed.

"Very well," continued the latter, "you see the men, who built this Parthenon, supposed they would never need the favorable omen. The number of these smaller steps is *even*. They may have sinned against the sacred custom from intentional defiance, or been cursed with forgetfulness by the gods; but what they have erected betrays itself at the first glance as an impious work, displeasing to the Olympians. And I say—in its whole design it is an insult, a humiliation, a scoff at the gods. Why, just see! Since the close of the Panathenaic festival, since the victors in the contests received their prizes, since the people gaped till they were weary at the gold and ivory lavished on Phidias' statue, the festal

temple, as they call it, is shut, the statue of the goddess covered, that it may not gather dust till the next festival, and instead of priests, treasurers daily go in and out, carrying on their business of counting the money received and paid. Thus, oh shame and sacrilege, instead of pious words the base jingle of gold and silver pieces rings all day long in the goddess' ears!"

At this remark, the man with whom Diopeithes was conversing, and whose appearance showed him to be a foreigner, began to inquire eagerly about the extent, value, and amount of the coined and uncoined treasure stored in this building under the protection of Pallas Athena. The priest did not withhold the information he could give.

"You Athenians have gathered a goodly amount of savings, or rather let us say, a goodly amount of booty," observed the stranger. "But it seems to me the store will soon be exhausted, even in times of peace."

"It won't last long," replied Diopeithes.

"But I see," continued the stranger, "that, though the costly temple is just completed, a new work is commenced with the same haste and zeal, a magnificent entrance to the Acropolis, sumptuous porticos no less superb than the Parthenon itself."

"And no less meaningless, no less superfluous!" exclaimed Diopeithes. "That is just the sin of the insolent men, who now guide the destiny of Athens. They let the sanctuary of Erechtheus, which even the Persians only ventured to partially destroy, fall to ruins, and erect instead magnificent halls, filled with the frivolous work of the troop of men, who have flocked to Phidias from every part of Hellas."

"Is Pericles omnipotent?" cried the stranger. "How

happens it that of all the famous Athenian generals and statesmen, not one, so far as I am aware, escaped the fate of banishment, while Pericles has maintained his supremacy unassailed for a long series of years?"

"He is the first statesman," said Diopeithes, "to whom the Athenians allow time to ruin them."

"May the gods forbid! I am a harmless man from Eubœa, and wish the Athenians all prosperity."

"Why dissemble?" asked Diopeithes, looking the stranger quietly in the face. "You are the Spartan, whom they turned away from the threshold of the Parthenon at the festival. I witnessed the incident and instantly recognized you, when wandering over the height of the Acropolis, you addressed a few questions to me. Ay, you are a Lacedæmonian, and when you say you wish Athens every good, you utter a falsehood. But fear nothing from me! There are Athenians whom I hate far more than the whole Spartan race. You are doubtless aware, that here in Athens the enemies of innovation, the friends of the good old times, are called friends of Sparta. Nor is it unjust."

Almost involuntarily the Spartan extended his hand to the priest of Erechtheus.

"Do not suppose," continued the latter, "that the number of those, who secretly bear ill-will to Pericles in his new Athens is small. Come with me! I will show you a spot around which, no less than about the Erechtheum, implacable spirits of vengeance hover."

With these words Diopeithes led the Spartan to the edge of the western slope of the Acropolis, and pointed to a rugged, gloomy, jagged rock, which, separated from it only by a ravine, towered opposite.

"Do you see that steep cliff, whose masses of rock

seem to have been heaped together by the hands of Titans?" asked Diopeithes. "Do you see the steps hewn in the stone leading to a square chamber, which has rows of seats like the steps. From this place another flight of stairs, also cut in the rock, leads down into a deep, dark ravine, from whence gushes a black stream. In that ravine stands the sanctuary of the gloomy goddesses of vengeance, the serpent-haired Erinnyes, and the square chamber on the hill-top is the place of the meeting of the ancient, venerable tribunal, established by the gods themselves, which we call the Areopagus. The sanctuary of the Erinnyes is entrusted to the gray-haired members of this council; in their hands are placed ancient statues and relics, on which rests a mysterious obscurity, and with which is connected the welfare of the nation. They alone know what the dying sufferer Œdipus whispered into King Theseus' ear, when on the mountain of Colonus he found in the grove of the Eumenides the goal of his long pilgrimage. The disputants, whose cause these judges decide, are placed between bleeding fragments of victims, and the magistrates take an oath, calling the most horrible curses upon themselves and their families if they determine otherwise than according to the strictest justice. After hearing the case, they silently drop their lots into two urns, the urn of mercy and the urn of death. Their duty was at first to judge intentional murder, but in former times they were also called upon to punish immorality, innovations in the government and the service of the gods, and even permitted to penetrate the inmost secrets of families, to bring hidden guilt to light. They sentenced parricides, incendiaries, those who needlessly killed a harmless beast, boys who pitilessly blinded a young bird. Permission

was given them to protest against the decrees of the whole nation. Is there any cause to wonder, that this shield of ancient times, this stronghold of pious custom established on the Hill of Ares, has long been a thorn in the side of the ruler of the new Athens? Pericles was the first who ventured to defy this sacred power, limited its privileges, diminished its authority, rejected its influence in public affairs. But as the fiery arrows of the Persians flew from this very Hill of Ares against the citadel and ancient temple of the Acropolis, so now the angry glances of the Areopagites, pregnant with maledictions, rest upon Pericles' new sanctuary."

"But the great mass of the Athenians love Pericles," said the Spartan—"they believe him a sincere friend of popular government."

"I don't think Pericles foolish enough to be an honest friend of popular government," replied Diopeithes. "A man intellectually prominent is never a sincere friend to popular rule. How could it afford him pleasure, to voluntarily share with the unreasoning mob the power he has once wrested from it, allow himself to be disturbed and impeded by narrow minds in his best plans, his noblest enterprises? Pericles, like all these demagogues, flatters the people in order to use them to carry out his ambitious plans. Perhaps enough of the golden treasure in the storehouse of the Parthenon will be left to make a crown, which he will put on at a Panathenaic festival before the eyes of the assembled people, at the feet of Phidias' goddess. Prepare, Lacedæmonians, to do homage to the king of the Hellenes and his queen, Aspasia, by offering a clod of Spartan soil and a jug of water from the Eurotas."

The priest glanced around him as he uttered the

last words. "Let us go," he said to the Spartan. "I see people approaching, to mark out the place for the new porticos. I should be accused of a conspiracy with Lacedæmon, if we were seen talking together."

So saying, the priest of Erechtheus disappeared with the Spartan behind the columns of the Erechtheum, where they conversed confidentially for a long time.

A few days after the Panathenaic festival, Telesippe, separated by mutual consent from Pericles, left her former husband's house, and Aspasia was installed in her place as his wedded wife.

Telesippe did not quit the house humiliated; but with head proudly erect went forward to meet a destiny for which she believed herself born, but whose fulfilment she had not ventured to hope.

The beginning and end of her lamentations had always been: "I might have become the wife of the archon Basileus!"

When Pericles had resolved to part from Telesippe, he could not help thinking how he could best lessen the painfulness of the impression this determination would produce upon his former wife, and remembered how often she had spoken of the archon Basileus. The present magistrate was a friend of Pericles, somewhat advanced in years, but still unwedded. Pericles went to him and asked if he were not inclined to marry. The dignitary, a quiet, unassuming man, said he was not averse to forming a marriage-tie, if a suitable bride could be found.

"I know a woman," said Pericles, "who is exactly suited to a man like you. She is my own wife. For me she has too little of the cheerfulness a much-tried

statesman needs to refresh him after his daily cares, and too much of that austerity and dignity of character, which would doubtless attract a grave man of priestly dominion, like yourself. I am on the point of separating from Telesippe, but should esteem myself very fortunate, if I knew that she will go from my house to that of a better husband, and there find what she missed in my home."

The archon Basileus took these words as seriously as they were intended. His objection that an archon usually wedded no one but a virgin, Pericles removed by promising to exert all his influence with the Athenians to have this violation of an ancient custom pass unpunished. The Archon then announced himself ready to conduct Telesippe, as his lawful wife, directly from her present husband's house to his own.

Pericles informed his wife at the same time of his own resolution to separate from her, and the archon Basileus' intention to make her his wife.

Telesippe heard the decision coldly and silently, and retired to the women's apartment. But when she saw her two sons, whom she was now compelled to leave, she clasped them in her arms and wept. She thought of the children she had borne Hipponicus, of his casting her off and her being compelled to abandon them forever; of the children she had given Pericles, whom she was now forced to leave and go forth to wed a new husband. She seemed to be unlawfully pushed from house to house—

But to be the wife of the archon Basileus! To reach the goal of her ambition! To secure the once lost happiness of her life! True, this would only afford satisfaction to the rejected *wife*, not the *mother*. Through

the woman's foolish pride she still felt the anxious throbbing of the unreconciled mother's heart.

When the moment came in which Telesippe left her husband's home, and pressed the last kiss upon the foreheads of her sons, whom she was now compelled to leave forever, Pericles suddenly felt overpowered by a strange emotion—it seemed to him that no sacred tie which had once united two human hearts could be sundered, without shedding some of the heart's blood.

Telesippe had borne him children, children whose faces had the impress of his features, his character. How could a man fail to hold forever sacred the woman, who had given him children who bore his features? On the brows of Telesippe's children shone the stamp of their mother's unsullied honor. This heritage she left to her husband and her sons. Pericles first became clearly conscious of it when she quitted his house.

He had parted from her with a cold, quiet clasp of the hand; now he again seized the hand of the woman, who had given him children, and a tear fell upon it. Long after Telesippe had gone, Pericles stood with his head bowed in thought, pondering over one of those questions no human wisdom has ever solved.

Strangely and intricately entangled are human rights and duties.

The die was cast for Pericles and his married life.

The turning-point in his domestic existence had a twofold face, like almost every earthly event. Telesippe's stern departure was followed by Aspasia's joyous entrance. Her coming gently dispelled the shadow from Pericles' thoughtful brow, and diffused light and splendor to the remotest corner of the house. Aspasia came attended by all the smiling spirits of youth. A

fresh, fragrant breeze swept away the oppressive atmosphere of the house.

The venerable household gods had gone with Tele-sippe. Aspasia brought new ones. She placed in the peristyle joyous Dionysus, smiling Aphrodite, and the bright guardian deity of the gay Ionic race, Apollo, director of the Muses. The Graces too did not lack an altar in this house, where a fitting sacrifice had been so long denied them.

The spirit of innovation, that everywhere followed Aspasia's steps, accompanied her into Pericles' dwelling. Within a short time this house was transformed into a gay and luxurious abode. Artists were summoned to adorn the walls of the rooms with charming pictures. Henceforward, not merely the things which ornament and beautify life, but even those that minister to the daily wants of existence, were supplied by artists' hands.

Hitherto Pericles' style of housekeeping had been very simple; now this simplicity displeased him. Nothing is more delightful to a lover, than to make the home of the woman he loves as charming as possible. No husband decorates his house for himself; but for a beloved wife even the miser will become a spendthrift. Pericles joyfully aided Aspasia to transform the abode of his new happiness into a temple of beauty.

The finely-developed sense of what is pleasing to the eye, suitable and harmonious, peculiar to woman, and which she exercises in the choice of her dress and ornaments, Aspasia possessed to so remarkable a degree that Pericles felt as if under the spell of an enchantrèss, and entreated her not to transform him, like everything else around her. Yet he was already transformed.

Without having become a weakling, he now developed a sense that had hitherto slumbered in the ever restless, active man. The woman he loved, or rather love itself, taught him to recognize and value the contemplative poesy hitherto unheeded. What had pearls and jewels formerly been to him? Now he could long watch a gem glittering in a gold bracelet on Aspasia's lily-white arm, becoming absorbed in the sparkling colored light, as if it were some wondrous revelation.

What had fragrant perfumes, all the sweet odors in the world, formerly been to him? Now his appreciation of the most delicate scent that he could detect near the woman he loved was aroused, and each variety corresponded in his mind with a different, keen delight. What had colors been to him? At best a fleeting charm, of which he was scarcely aware. And now? What life, what magic to his eye dwelt in vivid red, fiery yellow, enchanting blue, lovely green, when they floated around Aspasia, or her rosy limbs were relieved against them, in their dazzling whiteness.

No matter how long and happily the bond of love and limitless devotion may have united two hearts, the tie Hymen weaves around them affords a new happiness, hitherto unknown. Marriage, like love, has its special honey-moon. To daily lose each other and daily meet again, may give spice to the honey-moon of love, but the consciousness of being always in the presence of one's fairest happiness is enviable.

Whoever inveighs against marriage, does not know love.

Each day now had its special pleasure, its special brightness, its special bloom. Aspasia was always everything to Pericles, yet ever changing—in the morning

his rosy-fingered Eos; in the evening his Selene, dropping sweet slumber on his eyelids; during the day his Hebe, who filled the beaker of life. She was the Hera of the "Olympian," but never needed to borrow golden Aphrodite's girdle. Nay more, she often seemed to command the reverence due a mother, and at other times he loved her with a feeling akin to that bestowed upon a child.

If lifeless ornaments, gems, pearls, perfumes, brilliant colors, gain a new charm through love, what exalted life, what a new, fresh spell must poesy and music obtain for loving hearts. What a wealth and variety of charm and pleasure Aspasia, so skilled in witchery, must have drawn from *these* sources!

If she sang to the accompaniment of a lute, or read aloud from some roll of MS., as she had done to Philammon when a child, Pericles knew not which most delighted him—when, with glowing cheeks, she became wholly absorbed in her art or the poet she was reading, or when, with saucy petulance, she constantly interrupted her music or reading with childish prattle, superfluous love questions, or pretty blandishments.

The Athenians, as a rule, had no real home. Pericles now possessed one.

Nay, did not even the fact that his sons, Xanthippus and Paralus, were not Aspasia's children, tend to increase his conjugal happiness? He need not share Aspasia's love with them.

If anything was wanting in the happiness of the wedded pair, it was perhaps the full, complete *consciousness of it*. It is not the fortunate, who perfectly realize their bliss, but those deprived of it. The gods benevolently mingle a drop of wormwood in every cup of

pleasure; for only shadowed or imperilled happiness is really conscious of its joy.

The love-marriage of Pericles and Aspasia afforded the Athenians an inexhaustible topic of conversation. The fact that Pericles kissed his wife, whenever he left the house or returned home was discussed on the Agora, in all the booths, all the gymnasia, all the shops of the artisans and barbers throughout Athens. A man in love with his own wife! People talked of the white Sicyonian steeds and superb equipage, which sometimes bore Pericles' new wife through the streets, of the transformation his unpretending house had undergone. They discussed the magnificent new paintings which adorned its walls, especially that depicting the plundering of Olympus by Cupids. Decked with the spoils of the robbery, Cupids flitted joyously about; some with Apollo's bow, others with the helm and shield of Ares, the gnarled club of Heracles, the Bacchic thyrsus, the torch of Artemis, the winged shoes of Hermes.

It was even said, that Aspasia prepared the speeches Pericles delivered before the people. Pericles, the Olympian, the famous orator, smilingly allowed it, and confessed that he owed to her the happiest inspirations. Aspasia possessed the charm of ready, fluent speech, sometimes found in women, united to a silvery, musical voice, and thus produced upon men the impression that she was a fine rhetorician, from whom they might learn with advantage.

But it was also rumored among the people, that Aspasia wished to induce Pericles to strive for royal power. It was said she was unwilling to remain behind her countrywoman Thargelia, who succeeded in becoming the consort of a king.

The venerable Elpinice continued to be the leader of the news-mongers in Athens. She might have been called the living, perambulating chronicle of the events occurring in Pericles' house. From her came the tidings of the kiss the statesman gave his wife at parting and meeting. She knew Aspasia's feelings towards Pericles' children and Alcibiades.

She was able to relate, that Aspasia did not like Paralus and Xanthippus, troubled herself very little about them, and left them to the care of the pedagogue, but lavished a mother's affection on Alcibiades, and reared him so delicately, that in her hands Cleinias' son would become a weakling, or something worse.

Was it any marvel if Aspasia was more partial to Pericles' handsome, talented ward, than to the sons, who it is true had their father's features, but in character were the image of their mother, Telesippe?

Besides Alcibiades, Paralus, and Xanthippus, another boy was growing up in Pericles' house, who would not probably be numbered among his relatives, yet could not be included with the slaves. This lad, whom Pericles had brought to Athens from the Samian war, occupied a peculiar position. Nothing more was known of his origin than that he was the son of a Thracian, Scythian, or some other northern king, that he had been stolen from his parents by enemies when a child, and then sold for a slave. Pericles found him at Samos; his interest was awakened by the boy's peculiar character and destiny, he purchased him and took him to Athens, where he had him educated with his own children. His name was Manes. His features were far removed from the delicacy and nobility of Hellenic forms; he even bore some slight resemblance to his kin-

dred nation, the Scythian mercenaries on the Agora. But he was distinguished by his beautiful, lustrous light-brown hair, bright eyes, and roseate fairness of complexion. He was silent and thoughtful, betraying a peculiar sensitiveness in many things.

Alcibiades tried to tempt his new playfellow, infect him with his own careless gayety. He did not succeed. Manes liked to be alone, showed no brilliant mental gifts, but eagerly entered into all the branches of learning taught to him in common with the sons of Pericles. Pericles himself became warmly attached to him, Aspasia thought him droll, and Alcibiades made him the butt of his jeers and saucy jests.

It was no detriment to Pericles' domestic happiness, that his house now stood more open to his friends, and that Aspasia, intentionally abandoning the custom of the Athenian women, took part in her husband's presence, in the conversation of the men.

Nay, it merely adds new zest, twofold bliss to the happiness of those who love each other, when after, as it were, wasting hours in a larger company, they again find themselves alone.

Among Pericles' older friends, Anaxagoras now retired more into the background. He was supplanted by the brilliant Protagoras, whom Aspasia favored, and whose fresh, unprejudiced, boldly progressive views of life, made him seem a fitting ally for the Milesian. The author of "Antigone" appeared very rarely in Pericles' house, either because, with the delicate tact peculiar to him, he did not wish to fan the jealousy he well knew his friend already felt, or because he found it necessary to repress some increasing but untimely emotion, or because some other charming woman had gained the mas-

tery over him and withdrew him from older friends. It is not impossible, that all these various motives influenced him.

If the cheerful Sophocles made himself a rare visitor, gloomy Euripides, his rival in the domain of tragic poetry, sought Aspasia's society all the more frequently. With him came Socrates, still unchanged in his faithful devotion. Business connected with his profession sometimes brought Phidias, and Aspasia enjoyed the triumph of seeing that he did not avoid her society. In his company she developed a kind of charm well suited to his peculiar temperament, yet in her conversations with him always reverted to his Lemnian goddess. She grew excited, even angry. In her opinion, Phidias now stood where two roads crossed, and she hoped to influence his decision in regard to the direction he should choose. She made every effort to break the obstinacy of his view of art.

She repeated the reproach that, as a sculptor, he did not allow feminine charms to exert their full influence over him.

Phidias really did disdain the so-called models. He carried within himself the perfect original types of all beautiful forms. Thus his artist-eye was constantly turned inward, and the older he grew, the more he relied upon his mental vision. He was too proud to simply copy reality in bronze or marble. Yet this was exactly what Aspasia desired of him.

Once, when she had again carried on an animated conversation of this kind with Phidias, and the latter had taken leave, Pericles said smiling :

" You seem to be very angry with Phidias, because he will no longer attend the school of charming reality."

"Of course," replied Aspasia. "The only ideals formed in his soul are those, so to speak, of grave, unconscious beauty. It is time he ceased to disdain to draw from reality fully developed, conscious loveliness."

"To what woman would you direct him, that he might draw from the purest source this perfect loveliness, rejoicing in its own charms?" asked Pericles. "As Phidias cannot conjure up from Hades the Homeric Helen, and you are yourself, according to unanimous opinion, the fairest of all living Hellenic women, I should like to know how you intend to answer him, if he asks you to what woman you will direct him?"

"I would direct him to a woman, who belongs only to herself," replied Aspasia.

"But suppose he should insist upon applying to a woman, who doesn't belong to herself?"

"Then he would be obliged to apply to the person to whom she belonged," answered Aspasia—"to her master, if she is a slave, or her husband if she is the wife of an Athenian."

"And do you think," said Pericles, "that an Athenian could ever consent to allow the woman, who belongs to him, to be exposed to another's eyes?"

"Why ask me a question you are better able to answer?" replied Aspasia.

"Well then," returned Pericles, "I will answer it. The Athenian will never suffer the woman, who belongs to him, to reveal her charms to another. Feminine modesty should be no empty name; and if the virgin is chaste by nature, the wife must be doubly so from love, because by renouncing modesty she does not disgrace herself alone."

"Your opinion is an ancient one and doubtless cor-

rect," said Aspasia, "but the reason you assign for it does not seem to me to stand the test in every respect. You men often commit your wives to the hands of physicians, though only in your own presence. So it seems, that modesty is not the highest of all considerations, or every revelation is not shameless."

Aspasia and Pericles had advanced to this point in their conversation, when they were interrupted by two men, whose simultaneous entrance greatly surprised them.

These men were Protagoras and Socrates.

After the first greetings were exchanged, Aspasia said, smiling:

"Why, how does it happen that two distinguished men whom, ever since Hipponicus' banquet, I have feared might be at enmity with each other, enter the house to-day in such peaceful companionship?"

"I'll tell you how it happened, if you wish to know," replied Socrates. "Protagoras and I, coming from opposite directions, ran against each other before the door. I had been standing some time on the threshold, delaying my entrance because, just at the moment I was coming in, a thought seized upon me, which I could not escape. While I stood there with my eyes fixed on the ground, Protagoras came up from the other side. He didn't see me any more than I saw him, for while my eyes were bent on the ground, he held his head erect, gazing at the clouds and the heavens. So our bodies struck against each other; I recognized Protagoras and he me, and as each of us noticed that the other intended to enter here, both wished to turn back and let the other go in alone. But when each declared himself ready to leave the field to the other, neither would accept the sac-

rifice, and so we finally hit upon the idea of coming in hap-hazard together."

Pericles and Aspasia smiled, saying that they saw a good omen in this meeting, the more so as they had just been engaged in a sort of philosophical discussion. The question, that occupied their attention, was one whose solution might be aided by the opinions of two men, who, different as their modes of thought might be, were both undeniably wise.

As Protagoras and Socrates inquired about the subject, Pericles had no hesitation in explaining the matter.

"We were beginning to argue the question whether a man could be found, who was willing to disclose the beauty of the woman he loves to a sculptor's gaze for the purpose of having it copied. I denied it; but Aspasia proved to me that we men give our wives into the hands of physicians, though only in our own presence, and therefore are sometimes disposed to place other considerations higher than a regard for modesty. The accident that brought you here is a sign from the gods, to request you, as philosophers, to decide the matter."

"Undoubtedly," said Protagoras, "there are considerations higher than those of modesty, and motives which can excuse its apparent violation. One of these motives Aspasia herself has already cited. I will add—what would become of the art of sculpture, if the most beautiful forms prudishly denied themselves to the artist's eye? Beauty's obligations are not solely to itself. What nature has so lavishly bestowed she should turn to the advantage of art. Beauty, in a certain sense, belongs to the world, and the world will not allow itself to be deprived of its right. Besides, beauty in its very nature is something fleeting, something which

only exists for its contemporaries, and cannot be perpetuated and transmitted to posterity, unless the poet glorifies it in song, as Homer did the wife of Menelaus, or a sculptor delivers the living charm of loveliness to future generations, so far as it is possible, in bronze or marble."

"Then, in your opinion," said Pericles, "a beautiful woman should be considered common property, which no one ought to be permitted to possess alone."

"Only her *beauty*—not *she herself*!" replied Protagoras. "As everything that may happen in the world depends upon the *manner* of the event, and the circumstances under which it occurs, so in my opinion the exhibition of feminine charms for the promotion of a great artistic purpose, may take place in a way and under circumstances, which entirely remove the objectionable part of the matter."

"And what might these circumstances be?" asked Pericles.

"That is a matter," replied Protagoras, "which is somewhat difficult to discuss. As Aspasia, from what you have told us of your previous conversation with her, has already said, we consider a woman, who without witnesses seeks a physician's aid, immodest and coquetish, but regard it as perfectly unobjectionable if the consultation takes place before the husband's eyes. Therefore it might be established, once for all, that there is a method, in which the husband thinks a woman can reveal her charms to a stranger's eyes without dishonor."

"Of course," said Pericles, "this is the only way I could regard a woman's exhibition of her beauty, if made from force of circumstances or for some great

purpose. I hope you will also add the condition, that the woman shall only give the sculptor what he requires for his art, and that modesty shall retire to a certain point, but defend that point, so to speak, to the last drop of blood. Yet, do you not remember the story of that Eastern king, who enchanted with his wife's charms, had them displayed to a favorite? If I remember rightly, that monarch lost throne, wife, and life, through the favorite who, enraptured by these charms, never rested until he possessed them."

"A sculptor," replied Protagoras, "gazes at a beautiful figure with far different thoughts and feelings from the effeminate favorite of an Eastern king. The former, in beholding exquisitely-rounded limbs, perceives so much to occupy an eye trained to observe symmetry of form, such a wealth of information flows into his mind, that there is little room for sensual emotions. Whatever might find space, he has learned to *control*. Moreover, habit has rendered him obtuse to the grosser charm of unveiled beauty. There is old Phidias—is he a man? No, he is a divinely-inspired, sexless artist soul, which has a body, a hand merely to guide the chisel—he is a person to whom everything in the world is *form*, never *substance*."

"We now know the opinion of Protagoras," said Pericles. "Let us hear what Socrates has to bring forward about the matter. What do you think, Socrates? Is it allowable for a woman to lay aside her modesty, to promote a great artistic purpose?"

"That seems to me to depend upon whether beauty ranks higher in the world than goodness," replied Socrates. "This, to the best of my recollection, is the very question in whose solution we have been so long

engaged, and whose discussion was again broken off at Hipponicus' banquet—"

"By all the Olympic gods," interrupted Aspasia, laughing, "you will greatly oblige me, my dear Socrates, if you will give up the discussion of that question to-day, and also pardon me for not perceiving why morality should have the preference over beauty. If it is a law, that everything in the world ought to be good and moral, it is also a law that everything in the world aspires towards beauty, and finds in it the bloom of its existence, the goal of its development. Finally, both of these laws must be a secret, self-given rule to men. There, I believe, we can let the matter rest for to-day."

"Certainly!" cried Protagoras. "As each individual calls truth only what seems to him true, so the good and beautiful must be to each what appears so to him. There is no fixed morality in and of itself, any more than there is a fixed truth."

Socrates' good-natured face assumed a somewhat scornful expression, as he said:

"You always assert, Protagoras, that there is no fixed truth, and yet are the very man who can give the most brilliant and irrefutable information about everything concerning which people may choose to inquire."

"To express one's opinion openly," replied Protagoras, "is better than for a man to allege, with false modesty, that he knows *nothing*, and then always pretend to know everything *better* than others."

"I yearn for the knowledge I do not possess," said Socrates. "But you deny all possibility of its existence. Shall we give up the labor of human thought as vain, when we have just commenced it?"

"Far better," retorted Protagoras, "than to seek to

destroy the freshness and harmony of Hellenic life, by subtle and peevish investigation."

"I understand now," replied Socrates, "that there are people, who as they set little value on the profession of thought, cultivate the art of speech still more brilliantly. For since, according to their own confessions, the thoughts they express have no absolute value, it can only be the brilliant words with which they expect to influence their hearers."

"There are also people," rejoined Protagoras, "who neglect the art of rhetoric, because they believe others will seek behind their feigned simplicity profound thought, behind their stammering the wisdom of an oracle, and behind their modest questions the condescension of a superior mind."

"It seems to me better to compel people to think, by asking questions which disturb their comfort, than guide them to thoughtlessness by hasty, ever-ready answers, agreeable to the inquirer," said Socrates.

"Thoughtlessness is better," replied Protagoras, "than, leaving the firm ground of reality behind and riding in clouds and airy images, to lose one's self in boundless space. Yet such absorption in the world of boundless thought is often intelligible. There are probably persons, who were compelled to set out in pursuit of *ideas*, because the divine gift of living, artistic creation was denied them—"

"There are also people," retorted Socrates, "who dally with images, because the gift of clear and pure ideas is denied them."

"Those peevish investigators," said Protagoras, "are the very men who make virtue repulsive, by constantly reverting to it in words—"

"Those people are certainly more worthy of admiration," rejoined Socrates, "who cast virtue wholly aside, in order never to emerge from the sphere of a pleasant and beautiful sensuality."

"So long as sensuality is beautiful and pleasant," retorted Protagoras, "it is better than the enforced renunciation of those, who see the weeds of anxious doubts in the fields of beauty and enjoyment, because they themselves are not summoned to beauty and pleasure."

"*Such a man am I!*" replied Socrates quietly. "But you, Protagoras, seem to me to belong to the ranks of those, who wish to make free thought what they are themselves, slaves of the senses!"

"I regret," said Pericles, interrupting the disputants, "that you have not come to any decision regarding the point in question by this argument, but it seems to me have become heated with fruitless words."

"I know I can be nothing but the vanquished party here," said Socrates.

After this reply he quietly took his leave, without the slightest trace of excitement on his features.

Protagoras soon withdrew also, but not without first having given vent to his emotion in words.

"The two philosophers seem to be perfectly-matched foes," said Pericles to Aspasia. "They attacked each other like practised warriors, and it is hard to tell which of the two should claim the honor of the victory."

Aspasia only smiled, and even when Pericles left her alone the smile still hovered around her lips. She knew exactly what gave the dispute between the two men so sharp a point, and mingled with it so many cutting and bitter words, even on the part of the gentle Socrates.

She read the truth-seeker's heart as plainly as the brilliant sophist's, who uttered no word which he was not sure would please the ear of the beautiful Milesian.

This dispute between Socrates and Protagoras roused an increasing anger in Aspasia's mind against the former, and almost unconsciously a plan arose by which, with feminine cunning, she might detract from the wisdom of the man who boasted of "free thought," and despised the "slaves of the senses."

CHAPTER III.

THE THESMOPHORIAN FESTIVAL.

"*THAT is beauty itself!*" cried the Athenians, when Phidias had finished the new bronze statue of Pallas, ordered by the Lemnians, and revealed it for the first time to the gaze of his fellow-citizens. A cry of astonishment ran through all Athens.

"What did Phidias mean?" No Greek had ever imagined the goddess as his last statue represented her.

She was without helm or shield. Waving locks floated unconfined around the face, upturned with an expression full of dignity and sweetness. The contour of this face was marvellous, the cheeks were chiselled with incomparable delicacy. People fancied they could see them blush. The bare arms, like the hands, were models of the most perfect and noble symmetry. One upraised arm permitted part of the right side to be seen, the robe was draped loosely about the hips, and here, as well as everywhere else, disclosed the outlines of the figure with perfect distinctness.

Unanimous as were the Athenians in praising this last creation of Phidias, they were equally so in declaring that Aspasia must have been the sculptor's model.

Nor was the assertion wholly erroneous.

Indeed, though Theodota understood how to treat her figure as artistic material, and by it give expression to the character of various female divinities, while all Athens went to witness these performances, Aspasia could practise the art in a still nobler and higher degree of perfection. But the only spectators were Pericles and Phidias.

Grave Phidias went so far, as to admit for a moment that nature could often approach the ideal.

Yet in Aspasia's Pallas, Phidias no longer had simple nature before his eyes. What he beheld was a creation of mimetic art, a physical perfection born of the mind. Aspasia, with artistic knowledge, impressed upon the natural material of her beauty a precise stamp, as much as Phidias carved the marble block according to a precise idea and design.

As Phidias transferred the fair and wise Aspasia's charms to enduring bronze, he was really fulfilling Pericles' injunction to represent wisdom in the enchanting, all-conquering garb of beauty.

Alcamenes had attained new and wonderful results, when permitted to draw from the living fount of Aspasia's beauty. Phidias performed the same task, but like the great master of all, lofty and peerless.

What Phidias produced in his last Pallas was Aspasia, but elevated to a height so pure and superhuman, that she appeared at the same time like an ideal vision, the embodied dream of the noblest sculptor's soul.

When Socrates saw the new statue, he said in his thoughtful way:

"The beautiful Aspasia might learn as much from Phidias, as Phidias has learned from the beautiful Aspasia."

It was strange, that the praises heaped by the Athenians upon his Lemnian Pallas rendered the sculptor morose and gloomy. He did not like to hear it mentioned, and perhaps valued the work less because he had not created it solely from his own mind. He had apparently discharged, with a residue of half unconscious displeasure the task imposed upon him from without, and by whose performance he strove to shake off a restlessness aroused by some alien spell.

Now he seemed to wish to retire still more completely into himself. He wandered about more silent and grave than ever, absorbed in some sublime vision gleaming in the hidden depths of his heart. He had become himself again. He avoided Aspasia, scarcely held any intercourse with Pericles, and one day left Athens quietly and secretly, to realize, in a place sacred to all the Greeks, the loftiest idea of his lofty soul.

Socrates remained the insatiable and unwearied observer of the Lemnian Pallas. He seemed to transfer his love for the Milesian to Phidias' goddess. The natural Aspasia never again seemed to him perfect, from the moment he beheld her higher ideal embodied in bronze. Yet it might have been said he divided his time between that Pallas and her living original. His steps were daily bent towards Pericles' house, even at the risk of meeting the eloquent Protagoras.

How did it happen? When Socrates wandered

thoughtfully, and, as he thought, aimlessly through the streets of Athens, he at last found himself unexpectedly before Pericles' house. Like the labyrinth of streets, he seemed to be walking through a labyrinth of feelings, from which he found no exit, and which constantly brought him back to the same spot.

So it was unintentional when Socrates directed his steps to that dwelling. But what did he do there? Offer homage? Give signs of the secret fire consuming him? Had he, like Protagoras, grown accustomed to draw his wisdom from the eyes of others? No one of these things. He argued with Aspasia. He taunted her; once even making in her presence the remark—since frequently quoted, but which tradition ascribes to Pericles, though he obtained it from Socrates—that the best woman was the one least talked about. He made bitter speeches to her, and even when seeming to flatter, was full of the subtle irony characteristic of his character and conversation.

And Aspasia? She appeared to grow more gentle, conciliatory, amiable and bewitching, as Socrates gave freer rein to his caprice. And *vice versa*—the more gentle and winning Aspasia was, the more peevish and eccentric became the wise Socrates.

What did these two strange natures desire of each other? Were they fighting the old vexatious duel between wisdom and beauty? This singular game had been carried on with special eagerness, ever since the argument between Socrates and Protagoras in the presence of Pericles and Aspasia.

Aspasia feigned to believe, that Socrates visited the house on account of his favorite Alcibiades. Nay, she carried her teasing mood so far as to address verses to

him, in which she gave him counsel as if to a lover. Socrates smilingly accepted all this without the slightest objection, the least attempt to contradict his mischievous friend. He never seemed to grow tired of the handsome boy, who still clung to him with almost tender affection. To the lad he was frank, cheerful and kind, without a trace of the whimsicality and irony, with which it suited him to return the graceful advances of the loveliest of Hellenic women.

Aspasia also still had frequent conversations with the woman-hater Euripides, who had now won still greater distinction as a tragic poet. The character of his Muse, which inclined to meditation, found sympathy, and he soon became the favorite poet of a period, that was advancing more and more from the direct and simple view of things to thoughtful and enlightened observation. He had had rich experiences, and the mental results of these experiences constantly overflowed from his lips. Moreover he had a severe, unreserved temperament, which allowed him to express what he thought frankly and boldly. He made concessions to no one, not even the Athenian nation, which every one considered himself obliged to flatter. When a verse, whose purport did not please the Athenians, was once hissed, he came out on the open stage to defend himself, and when the people shouted that the lines must be omitted, replied that the populace must learn from the poets, not the poets from the populace.

Neither did he flatter Aspasia, indeed no one else would have ventured to talk with her about women in the tone he adopted.

He had cast off his first wife and married another, a fact Aspasia, as has been already mentioned, craftily

praised in a letter to Pericles as an example of manly resolution.

One day Aspasia accidentally reverted to this matter in the presence of her husband and Socrates. After commending his prompt decision, she asked him about his newly-chosen wife.

"She's exactly the opposite of the former one," Euripides answered morosely, "but no better for that—she merely has the opposite faults. The first was a plain but honest woman, who wearied me by her commonplace love; this one is a coquette, who drives me to desperation by her frivolity and fickleness. I've come out of the frying-pan into the fire. I am born under an evil star, and the gods give me every bitter thing to taste in succession."

"I heard that your wife is beautiful and amiable," said Aspasia.

"Yes indeed, to everybody except myself," replied Euripides. "She would doubtless be so to me too, if I could resolve to look upon all her bad qualities as so many virtues."

"What are the bad qualities with which you reproach her?" asked Aspasia.

"She neglects the housekeeping; the hens peck the yarn on the loom. She dances and feasts with her female friends, and is so ill-bred as to peep out of the house door into the street."

"Is that all?" asked Aspasia.

"No!" replied Euripides. "She is fickle, whimsical, treacherous, untruthful, full of deceit, false, malicious, spiteful, unjust, cruel, revengeful, envious, stubborn, frivolous, silly, sly, jealous, fond of dress, coquettish, unprincipled, heartless, brainless—"

"Enough!" interrupted Aspasia. "It might be hard for you to prove all this in one individual."

"All this and more!" replied Euripides.

"Perhaps you show your wife too little love, and thus render her averse to you."

"Why, of course!" cried Euripides, with a sneering laugh. "When such wives are heard of, the husbands are always charged with want of love. 'You have no heart, my friend, said the viper to the he-goat.' But on the contrary, I tell you, my unhappiness proceeds from not treating the woman as most Athenians treat their wives, from allowing her too much influence over me and my mind, permitting myself to be tormented by her. Women are gentle as lambs, so long as they are held in check, but grow overbearing if they have reason to think themselves indispensable. Yes, there is only one way of securing a woman's heart, love, esteem, devotion; that is, to *neglect* her. Woe betide the man, who lets his wife perceive he cannot do without her. She will set her foot on his neck. To love a woman is to arouse the evil demon within her. But whoever treats his wife with cool friendliness and goes on his own way, whoever shows her that he can do without her, will be petted and caressed, have his cheeks stroked and feel her hand laid on his shoulder with the question: 'What will you have to eat to-day, dear?' He will be honored as the sacred shield and master of the family, will receive eager thanks for the crumbs of favor he lets fall. But if the same man showed he was pining with love for her, he would seem tiresome in a week, be detested in a month, and tormented to death in a year."

Pericles and Aspasia smiled as they listened to this

peevish outburst of feeling, but Euripides, with the same sullen earnestness and emphasis, continued :

"Man's destiny is woman. She it is who spins the thread of his life—dark or golden."

Pericles almost started at these words. Aspasia smiled.

"I cannot believe," said Pericles, "that the husband is usually so dependent on the wife."

"He will *become* so, if he is not now," replied Euripides. "I see the future. Woman's power is dangerously increasing. Do you not understand the poets and sculptors, who from ancient times have brought forward the fabulous sphinx, the mysterious woman with a soft bosom and sharp claws. The sphinx is *woman*. She offers us the beautiful alluring face, the beautiful alluring bosom, but the rest of her body is a beast with tiger's paws and deadly talons!"

"Will you not make the whole feminine sex proud," said Aspasia, "if by such comparisons you impress upon it so magnificent a character?"

"Magnificent crimes on the part of a *man*," replied Euripides, "may inspire admiration, but a woman with great vices is always repulsive. A man's sins may sometimes arise from an excess of noble qualities, but a woman's proceed from petty, exaggerated *weaknesses*."

"Yet we see women triumph with these petty weaknesses!" said Aspasia.

"Not forever!" retorted Euripides. "The avenging day comes which, with the fire of a healthy, lawful passion, extinguishes the flicker of a sickly, feeble fancy. Women are strong, only so long as we men show ourselves weak. Woman is a sphinx, it is true, but we need

only cut the great claws and she becomes harmless. With uncut claws she is a tigress, when they are cut, only a cat. Our fathers did well to hold woman in check. But we innovators are too tender-hearted—including myself—we let the women's claws grow. That is not well—"

Aspasia's brow slightly contracted, as the peevish poet blusteringly uttered these words. Socrates noticed it and said:

"Don't forget, friend, that you are speaking to Aspasia."

"To Aspasia," replied Euripides, quickly recovering himself, "but not *of* Aspasia. I am speaking of women. Aspasia is a woman, but women are not Aspasia's."

Socrates, as has already been mentioned, did not lack asperity in his conversations with Pericles' wife. But he had never entered into Euripides' tone. It is proper to state, that Euripides in talking to Aspasia, abused the whole feminine sex, but with ready courtesy excepted her, while Socrates on the contrary discharged his arrows at Aspasia personally, but willingly defended the sex in general.

Now, too, he took their part against the misogynist Euripides, by saying:

"It seems to me a strange, but undeniable fact, that every man when he speaks of woman, always means *his own wife*. Therefore I think only bachelors should be allowed to discuss women in general. I boast of being one; and however far my friend Euripides may surpass me in wisdom in other respects, in regard to women, as he is married, I possess the advantage of greater impartiality. Since Pericles is also married, and Aspasia herself is a wife, I am the only person here who

seems called upon to take up the cause of the sex so persecuted by Euripides. True, I lack eloquence, and might well wish for Protagoras. The latter would not fail to praise woman as the giver of the sweetest joys, the dispenser of the brightest happiness, the guardian of the divine treasures of beauty and pleasures on earth, the delight of man's eyes, his rest from toil, his relief from pain. What a marvellous creation, he would say, is a beautiful woman! She enraptures us with every atom of her being. Her presence exhales bliss. Such would be Protagoras' words. Euripides, on the contrary asserts: women are sphinxes; they have lovely faces and tender bosoms, but sharp talons. Would it not be allowable to say, *vice versa*: women, it is true, have sharp talons, but lovely faces. Why should we not lay the principal stress on woman's good qualities, instead of her evil ones? Their claws must be cut, says Euripides. But would this deprive their hostile feelings of all possibility of doing harm? Would it not be more profitable to strive to correct them? The claws would then become harmless of their own will. How many virtues a woman can display! How many blessings she can bestow, not only by what she gives, or says, or does, but by what she is. Women are the natural champions of the beautiful; but as they make every cause they uphold victorious, how glorious it would be if we could henceforth make them champions of *goodness* and *truth*! So long as the light of a wise discernment does not illumine women's brains, they will follow only the impulses of their physical nature, and these impulses are always coarse and selfish. Perhaps in future the efforts of men will be directed to rendering women, through clear perception, priestesses not only

of real beauty but of genuine goodness, instead of servants of the dark instincts of nature."

"Yes, the serpents still lack wings!" cried Euripides, with a scornful smile. "Besides, this hope of woman's improvement, by means of knowledge, is not surprising on the part of a man who expects the salvation of mankind to proceed from discernment and clear ideas. But I tell you woman's worth and nobleness does not depend upon the cultivation of her perceptive faculties, but of her *heart*, her feelings."

"That will have its due proportion," replied Socrates; "but it is questionable whether the heart and its feelings can ever be cultivated by themselves, whether the influence of a certain degree of knowledge is not requisite."

Pericles applauded Socrates' words. Aspasia was silent and instantly let the conversation drop; for much as part of what Socrates had said harmonized with her own ideas, it seemed to her as if, under the mask of modesty, he had again sought to cope with her, instruct her. She was aware that she herself toiled for intellectual freedom, for the elevation of her sex.

Had she not long since placed before her an unconcealed goal? Had she not openly vowed to herself and her friends on the Acropolis, to strive towards that goal with all her powers, after she became Pericles' wife?

She had kept her word. To thoroughly transform the lives and positions of women, had since that time been her bold aim.

But to accomplish this, she had been compelled to strive to obtain an influence over the Athenian women, to play the part of leaven in this indolent throng, to

conciliate those hostile to the intruder and make them adherents, pupils, friends.

Pericles had aided her designs, for he loved her and cheerfully procured her every gratification. He introduced her, if this expression is allowable, into Athenian society. The women of Athens were excluded from intercourse with men, but they associated with each other. Aspasia mingled in this society with apparent ease.

Among the beautiful and really clever women, who possess the power of bewitching men, are some who, in spite of the envy, hatred, and jealousy they arouse, also have the gift of attracting and winning members of their own sex. Of course they do not attain this by an excess of amiability, or by garrulous, intrusive advances, but rather by the unassuming manner with which they seem to voluntarily subdue the dangerous lustre of their charms, and by the most accurate knowledge of the peculiarities and pretensions of those they seek to win. Aspasia endeavored to inspire *confidence*. Unlike the foolish of her sex, she knew that a beautiful woman generally allures men, as well as women, by a sensible, quiet, dignified manner. She first saw that people were forced to esteem her; to appear charming followed as a matter of course.

When Aspasia had prepared the ground for her enterprises by this style of conduct, which in her was not even the result of reflection, but only a natural womanly impulse, she brought forward her plans and designs more openly.

After a short time the Athenian women were divided by Pericles' wife into a number of parties.

There were the implacable ones, who hated her and fought against her openly and secretly, with all the

weapons of feminine hostility. There were some, who did not refuse a sort of personal liking, but were of the opinion that her efforts were too bold and unbridled, and others who, while regarding her personally with disapproving eyes, were urged by some secret impulse to follow the track of her efforts and imitate her in many things. But there were also some, who had been completely convinced and won, though all did not have courage to openly unite with their leader in a battle for women's rights.

Among Aspasia's most implacable and dangerous enemies, as may be easily supposed, were Pericles' rejected wife and Cimon's sister. The latter, as it were, kept an account of Aspasia's life and conduct, learned and spread abroad the remarks she made about women, and it not unfrequently happened that these remarks were so distorted in passing from mouth to mouth, that they became well calculated to rouse the Athenians' anger against the wife of Pericles.

It happened one day, that Aspasia was talking with a newly-married wife in her husband's presence. The young couple asked her on what the secure happiness of love and marriage depended.

Aspasia was seized with a desire to try Socrates' method of expression.

"If your neighbor," she said to the young wife, "has a handsomer dress than you, which do you prefer, yours or hers?"

"Hers," replied Hipparchia.

"And if your neighbor has a handsomer ornament than you," continued Aspasia, "which do you prefer?"

"Hers, of course," answered the young wife.

"And if she has a better husband than you, to whom would you give the preference, yours or hers?"

Hipparchia blushed at this unexpected, bold, perplexing question, but Aspasia said smiling:

"In the natural course of things the wife will prefer the better husband, the husband the better wife. So it seems there is no other possible way of securing happiness in love and marriage, except by the husband striving to seem to the wife the best of men, and the wife trying to appear to the husband the best of women. Many demand love from others as a *duty*, which is very unfair. We must seek to deserve it, and constantly strive to foster it."

The suggestion made to the young couple in these words was not without excellent sense. But what did it become in the mouths of Elpinice and those of the same mind? Aspasia's conversation with the newly-wedded pair went the round of Athens. But instead of reporting that Aspasia had said the sole security of changeless conjugal happiness was, that the husband should consider his wife the most charming of women, and the wife think her husband the best of men, it was rumored that she had told young Hipparchia, in her husband's presence, to prefer a stranger to her own spouse, if the former pleased her better.

Aspasia determined to give up the Socratic manner in her future conversations, and be still more careful about the kind of people with whom she talked. But her enemies went so far as to intentionally draw her into conversations, in order, under the pretence of affection, to lure from her remarks calculated to lower her in the opinion of the Athenians. Aspasia easily penetrated such a design, and sometimes succeeded in baf-

fling their plans in a way which, besides the satisfaction of attaining her object, afforded her a certain degree of amusement.

Thus one day a certain Cleitagora approached her with feigned admiration. But Aspasia knew Cleitagora belonged to the circle of the friends of Telesippe and Elpinice.

Cleitagora asked Aspasia by what arts a wife could best bind her husband.

"The most effectual of all the arts, by which a crafty woman can bind her unsuspecting husband to herself and the domestic hearth," replied Aspasia with a very mysterious manner, "is that of *cooking*. I know a woman, whose husband reverences her as if she were a goddess, merely on account of the dainties she daily sets before him. Her masterpiece is the light and delicate sesame porridge she makes by mixing sesame meal, honey and oil in a pan. She takes barley, crushes it in a mortar, shakes the meal in a vessel, adds oil to it, constantly stirs the porridge while it slowly cooks, moistens it from time to time with strong broth made of chicken, goat, or lamb, sees that it doesn't get overdone, and when boiling has it served up to him. Her hare-pasties, and pies made of hedge-sparrows and other small birds, are also excellent. What man would withdraw from the allurements of such things? There are men too, who go into raptures over the so-called Cappadocian cakes. It is best to knead them with honey and cut the dough into thin sheets, which roll up at the mere sight of the pan. These little rolls are then dipped in wine, but must come to the table very hot."

In this manner Aspasia continued to dilate upon the rules of delicate cookery, to the amazement of part of

her listeners and the vexation of others, who found nothing in these explanations that could be used to lower her in the opinion of the public, and strengthen the reports of her frivolity and dangerous principles.

The disagreeable opposition Aspasia's efforts encountered among the Athenian women, made her all the more gladly seize the opportunity afforded her to adopt the orphaned daughters of her older sister, who had died at Miletus. In these delicate young girls, Drosis and Prasina, one fifteen, the other only a year older, Aspasia believed she would find pliant material for the realization of her ideas about the cultivation of the Hellenic woman to intellectual and personal freedom. They might be expected to do honor to the school from which they came, and help win the victory for Aspasia's cause, which was at the same time the cause of the whole female sex.

Meantime Aspasia was impatient, capable of forming extensive plans, that in their nature could only ripen slowly, but also not averse to bold, hasty strokes.

Such a stroke she now attempted, in order, if possible, to gather, once for all, the reins of guidance over her sex into her own hands.

Among the numerous religious festivals of the Athenians, was one exclusively celebrated by women, which no man was permitted to attend on pain of severe punishment. This was the Thesmophorian festival in honor of Demeter, worshipped not only as the goddess of agriculture but also of marriage, on account of the connection between the ideas of growing and producing, harvest and birth.

The sacred rites of this festival were performed not only by appointed priestesses, but women chosen each

time from the different families. These women were compelled to prepare to take part in the ceremonies by practising abstemiousness for a certain period. They slept on herbs, to which were attributed the virtue of cooling the blood and promoting abstinence. Among these were the *agnus castus* and a certain species of nettle. The festival itself consisted of processions, assemblies in the Thesmophorian temple, and traditional customs, in whose seriousness blended jest and merriment.

The festival lasted four days. On the first, they went to the seaport of Halimus, and there celebrated certain mysteries in a temple consecrated to Demeter. On the second they returned to Athens. The third day the women were assembled from early dawn till evening in the Thesmophorian sanctuary. Demeter, Proserpina and other divinities were invoked, and dances were performed in their honor. In the pauses the women sat on *agnus castus* and other herbs of the kind mentioned, entertaining each other with conversation and jests customary on this occasion. During their stay in the temple, they took no food, but made up for this abstemiousness by the joyous sacrificial banquet, with which the whole ceremony closed on the following day.

Imagine the women of Athens, usually shut within the narrow limits of their households, under their husbands' eyes, left to themselves for four days with the men rigidly excluded, united in a vast throng, holding festal processions, then assembled in the temple, sitting down on the sacred herbs to rest, and talking with perfect freedom—imagine this buzzing feminine assembly, and it will be understood that it was well adapted to

unbridle not only women's tongues, but also their minds, and rouse them to defy the restraints of custom.

The Thesmophorian festival had returned.

Again the Athenian women sat on the agnus castus in the Thesmophorian temple, chatting together during the intervals between the songs and dances. Again a confused hum of voices arose. What were the subjects discussed among the various groups of women sitting on the floor? Some were talking about the bad habits of their husbands, others of the faults of their slaves, or saying that children were far more saucy and unruly than in former days; some were arguing about the best way of making sesame cakes, some telling each other of magic spells, or giving their younger companions advice about preparing love potions. Some told ghost stories or tales of Thessalian witches, or the newest family secrets. Some talked of Aspasia, and this conversation gradually became the most animated one in the temple.

"Aspasia is right," said a pretty young wife, whose blooming face was most advantageously set off by the withered, rouged countenances of most of the women around her. "She is right, we must compel the men to treat us as Pericles treats Aspasia."

"That we will!" cried several of the Milesian's adherents. "We must force them to arrange our domestic and married life, as Pericles does his with Aspasia."

"I've already made a beginning with my husband," exclaimed a vivacious little lady named Chariclea. "My Diagoras has already become accustomed to kiss me whenever he leaves the house or returns to it, as Pericles does Aspasia."

"Do you also receive visits from philosophers, and serve sculptors as a model?" scornfully asked one of the

women in the group, one of those whose cheeks were most withered and painted.

"Why shouldn't Aspasia and Chariclea do so, if their husbands permit it?" cried another. "We'll do so too, and compel our husbands to allow it."

"Every man isn't born so lenient," said the first speaker, with a malicious smile.

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed Chariclea angrily, placing herself before this woman, with arms akimbo, "do you mean to say I betray my husband?"

"I won't say it of you," replied the other, "but perhaps your mistress, Aspasia, will teach you this too!"

As the insolent words were uttered, a slender, exquisitely-formed woman, closely veiled, suddenly stepped forward from among the group who had listened to this conversation, passed directly in front of the sharp-tongued speaker, threw back her veil and gazed at her with flashing eyes.

"*Aspasia!*" exclaimed several of the spectators, and the name ran quickly through the temple, causing an excitement which was communicated to the most distant groups. The whole temple was in an uproar. "What is it?" cried those most distant. "Has a man slipped in?"

"Aspasia!" echoed the reply. "Aspasia is here."

At this news all the women pressed forward, and Aspasia soon found herself the centre of the whole assembly.

She had come, surrounded by her adherents, amidst whom, veiled beyond the possibility of recognition, she had remained concealed from the eyes of the throng.

Even now these followers encompassed her like a

body-guard, as she stood with her figure drawn up to its full height, gazing angrily at her insolent opponent.

While Aspasia thus confronted her foe, one of her companions pressed in front of her, exclaiming contemptuously :

“You are right! Every man isn’t born so lenient. You must be well aware of that. I know you! You are Critylla, whose first husband, Xanthias, cast off because he discovered you met your lover at night before the door, beside the laurel-tree that shades the altar of Apollo, protector of streets.

A dull red flush crimsoned Crytilla’s face, she started up and made a movement as if to seize her foe. But she was forced back by Aspasia’s adherents, and the latter herself began :

“This woman has defamed my husband—defamed him only because he, the first of all the Athenians, honors the dignity of woman in his wife, and does not degrade her to the level of a slave. If men like Pericles have to endure mockery and abuse, not merely from the mouths of men, but even from women themselves, on account of the love and reverence they pay their wives, how can you hope that your husbands will resolve to follow the example of the noblest of men?”

“That is true!” said the women, looking at each other, “Crytilla has done wrong to abuse Pericles and Diagoras. Would to the gods all husbands were like them.”

“Husbands are what you deserve to have them,” replied Aspasia. “Try for once to use the power, the irresistible influence bestowed upon the female sex. You have hitherto neglected to develop this power, nay, seem never to have known of it. Your slavery is a voluntary

one. You boast of the title of mistresses of the house, and are kept under more rigid government than the female slaves—for slaves are permitted to show themselves freely in the streets or at the market. You are prisoners! Is it not so?"

"It is indeed!" cried one of the women in the group. "My husband, when he was going away on a journey for a few days, once locked me into the women's apartment and sealed its door with his signet."

"Mine," exclaimed another, "has procured a huge Molossian dog, which keeps guard at the door, that no lover may slip in during his absence."

"Even the housekeeping is not entrusted to you without control!" continued Aspasia.

"Quite true!" eagerly interposed another woman, "my husband carries the keys of the store-room about with him."

"Don't they go to market themselves, to buy meat and vegetables?" exclaimed a second.

"Yes, and in time of war," cried a third, "when the men go about armed, they can be seen in the market in suits of mail with Gorgon shields on their arms, bargaining for eggs and vegetables, or bringing meat home in a brazen helmet."

"Since they don't even allow you to assert your authority by the domestic hearth," said Aspasia, "it is not surprising they don't permit you to utter a word about public affairs. When they come from the Pnyx, where the question of peace or war has been discussed, are you even permitted to inquire what was decided there?"

"No indeed!" cried the women. "'What is it to you?' they say. 'Keep to your distaff and be silent.'"

"And if you are not silent?"

"Then matters are worse!"

"My husband," said one of the women, "repeats till I am fairly sick, the foolish old proverb: '*Oh! woman, woman's fairest ornament is silence.*'"

"We know the proverb too! It's in every man's mouth," ran through the circle.

"Why do we have tongues?" asked one, and added: "Merely to be kissed and caressed, and talk folly."

The women laughed, but Aspasia continued:

"They wish you to be spiritless and dull; for only then can they rule you. The moment you become clever and intelligent, conscious of the power given to women over man, that moment their tyranny would be over. You think you have done everything if you keep the house clean, wash and nurse your children, see that moths don't gnaw the woollen garments, and the hens don't tangle the yarn on the loom. If one of you does more and seeks to please her husband, she imagines she can gain this object with the help of a crocus-yellow robe, pointed shoes, perfume boxes, and a little cinabar. But physical beauty and fine clothes are dangerous weapons against men only in the hands of those, who also possess a little intellect. Where could you get what I call a little intellect, except by having freer intercourse with the world, from which men shut you out as if by a brazen wall? You must in future be allowed to purify and refresh your dull minds with the vivifying atmosphere of freedom, be influenced by the external world, and receiving impressions from what is occurring there, exert a counter influence on the world and life, with the ennobling liberty of the developed feminine soul. Woman's intellect must exert an equal influence upon the world with man's. Then only will marriage

and the whole domestic life be transformed, the arts reach their fullest development, war and all rudeness vanish from mankind. Let us form a league, a peaceful conspiracy, and take a mutual vow to do all in our power, to battle for the rights our sex requires in order to freely exert the sovereignty to which it is called."

Eager assent greeted Aspasia's words from the greater portion of the assembly; but so loud and confused a roar of voices followed, that nothing could be distinctly heard, for the women began to vehemently discuss the subject together, all speaking at once. It seemed as if a wandering flock of twittering, screaming birds, had suddenly entered the Thesmophorian temple.

At last a slender, but energetic figure elbowed its way through the dense throng towards the centre of the group where Aspasia stood. The white kerchief that covered her head also concealed a portion of her face, so that she could not be instantly recognized. But as she now paused, fixing her eyes maliciously on Aspasia, all distinguished the sharp masculine features of Cimon's sister.

Elpinice was dreaded throughout Athens, feared by all the members of her own sex. She ruled by the power of her tongue, her almost masculine strength of will, the wide extent of her connections. So a timid silence fell upon the whole circle, while Cimon's sister attacked Aspasia with the words:

"By what right is the stranger allowed to speak among native Athenian women?"

Elpinice's question instantly made a deep impression, and many eagerly nodded, wondering why this scruple had not at once occurred to them.

The former continued: "How does this Milesian

venture to teach us? Does she dare make herself one of our circle? Has she shared our customs, our rules, our manners, our sacred rites from childhood? We are Athenians: at eight years old we wore the holy garb of the Arrephori, at ten we ground the sacrificial meal in the temple of Artemis, we were consecrated as blooming maidens to the same goddess, walked together as basket-bearers in the Panathenaic procession. And this woman? She came from a foreign country, without the guidance or blessing of the gods, a profligate, crafty adventuress, and now seeks to force herself among us because she succeeded in beguiling an Athenian, till contrary to law and custom, he received her into his house?"

Quietly, yet not without a sarcastic smile, Aspasia answered:

"You are right! I did not grow up in the dull solitude of an Athenian women's apartment; I did not attend your Brauronia* in a saffron robe, did not carry a basket on my head and wear a string of withered figs around my neck in your Panathenaic procession, did not wail upon the roofs at your Adonis festival. I have not spoken as an Athenian to Athenians, but as a woman to women."

* Brauronia (*Βραυρώνια*), a festival celebrated in honour of Artemis Brauronia, in the Attic town of Brauron (Herod. vi. 138), where, according to Pausanias (i. 23. § 9, 33. § 1, iii. 16. § 6, viii. 46. § 2), Orestes and Iphigeneia, on their return from Tauris, were supposed by the Athenians to have landed, and left the statue of the Taurian goddess. (See Müller, *Dor.* i. 9. § 5 and 6.) It was held every fifth year, under the superintendence of ten *ιεροποιοί* (Pollux, viii. 9, 31); and the chief solemnity consisted in the circumstance that the Attic girls between the ages of five and ten years, dressed in crocus-coloured garments, went in solemn procession to the sanctuary (Suidas, s. v. *ἄρκρος*; Schol. on *Aristoph. Lysistr.* 646), where they were consecrated to the goddess. During this act the *ιεροποιοί* sacrificed a goat and the girls performed a propitiatory rite in which they imitated bears.—*Smith's Dict. of Greek and Roman Antiquities.*

"Corrupter of men! Ally of the godless!" cried Elpinice still more furiously, "dare you enter our temple, profane our sanctuaries with your presence?"

These words were impetuously uttered, the short hairs on Elpinice's upper lip fairly bristled with indignation. Her friends, who had gathered around, assumed a threatening attitude towards the Milesian.

But Aspasia's friends also drew nearer to their leader, ready to protect her, and the number of those who still remained by Pericles' wife was by no means small.

The buzz of eager voices again rose, and many a violent altercation threatened to cause a passionate quarrel between the parties.

At last Cimon's resolute sister again obtained a hearing, to play her strongest trump.

"*Remember Telesippe!*" she cried. "Remember how this foreign adventuress, this Milesian hetæra drove an Athenian wife from her hearth, from her children, from her husband! Which of you can believe herself secure from this woman's wiles, if she takes it into her head to bewitch other women's husbands? Before you listen to this serpent's hiss, remember that she has poison in her mouth."

"Look," continued Elpinice, glancing towards a corner of the temple, "look at Telesippe! See her shrouded in her grief—see her pale face—see the tears roll down her cheeks at the mention of her children!"

All the women, following Elpinice's eyes, turned towards Pericles' rejected wife, who was standing at some distance, gazing, pallid with wrath and anger, at Aspasia.

Elpinice went on:

"Do you know what she thinks of us Athenians?"

Need I say it? Has she not told you herself? She thinks us foolish, ignorant, inexperienced, unworthy a husband's love, and graciously condescends to teach us, securely conscious, in her secret pride, that we can never become like her, the fair, wise, peerless, bewitching Milesian, with whom even the loveliest of you all can never vie."

These words produced an almost meretricious influence upon the assembly. The mood of all suddenly changed, even in the hearts of those who had hitherto favored Aspasia.

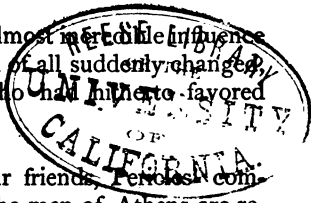
Elpinice continued:

"Do you know what your friends, Pericles' companions, say of her, what all the men of Athens are repeating? 'Aspasia is the most charming woman in Athens—nay, the *only* charming woman in Athens—people must go to Miletus if they wish to find lovely and bewitching women.'"

At these words the humiliation and craftily-kindled rage of the women burst forth. They pressed upon Aspasia with fierce outcries and upraised arms. She stood erect and calm, white with anger, yet with a look of unspeakable contempt, saying:

"Hush, you beet, parsley, caraway-seed women! Hush, you apple, cheese, butter women! Do you mean to scratch and bite?"

The few remaining faithful followers of Aspasia threw themselves before her, a wild tumult, almost a scuffle, arose. Some of Elpinice's companions gesticulated as if they intended to scratch Aspasia's eyes out with their nails, others drew the sharp clasp pins from their garments and threatened their enemy with them. Aspasia, under the protection of those who still closed



bravely around her, hastily left the Thesmophorian temple.

Thus ended the attempt to free the women of Athens, by the power of the mind.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ARCADIAN GIRL.

SEVERAL years had passed. Aspasia had battled bravely, but could not boast of having conquered. The stormy scene in the Thesmophorian temple had become known throughout the city, and she was compelled to endure the mortification, that under all circumstances, is connected with defeat. Some few persons clung to her, but the greater part of her sex, through envy, blindness, and the malicious reports disseminated by her enemies, had become enraged against her.

A feeling of melancholy sometimes overmastered Pericles. He thought of the unclouded happiness he had enjoyed with the Milesian during their brief, but blissful seclusion on the strand of Ionia. It seemed at times as if he must again tear himself away from his daily anxieties, fly from noisy Athens, where his best happiness was destroyed by the many-tongued expressions of animosity buzzing like a swarm of bees about his head.

When the news reached Athens, that Phidias had completed in Elis his gold and ivory statue of the Olympic Zeus, the most sublime and magnificent of all his works, what a tempting opportunity it seemed to Pericles to take a short excursion to the land of the

Dorians. But the journey through the mountain region of Argos and Arcadia appeared too toilsome for Aspasia, and the idea of such an expedition, when first mentioned between the two, was only regarded as a pleasant jest.

The Athenian nation had gradually taken that sort of aversion to Aspasia, with which beautiful, influential women, whose fate is connected with that of a man in high position, always have to contend. They continued to attribute Pericles' plans and enterprises to her secret influence, and assert that she was inciting him to make himself ruler of all Hellas. The gay authors of comedies, at their head Cratinus, the friend of Polygnotus, who had been enraged against the Milesian at Hipponicus' banquet, put sharper and sharper points to the arrows directed against her. The Attic Muse resembled the bee-hive—it dripped with virgin honey, but carried a sharp sting.

Pericles became indignant, and attempted to restrain the insolence of the comedy.

Every one attributed the effort to Aspasia's influence.

"Do they take me for an old lion, whose teeth have dropped out and who can only drivel?" said Cratinus.

In his next comedy, he fearlessly hurled an insulting epithet at Aspasia before the assembled Athenians.

Cratinus' invective was unboundedly insolent, terribly wounding, almost crushing. In it culminated the ill-will of Aspasia's secret and open enemies. The mirth-loving crowd seized upon and repeated it. The soil of Athens was beginning to burn under the Milesian's feet.

From that day the journey to Elis was a settled fact

between Pericles and Aspasia. It now seemed less difficult to the angry pair, to tread the rough ground of the peninsula of Pelops, than to linger on the glowing soil of Athens.

In Athens the Milesian's life was divided among many, who basked in the light of her intellect and beauty. In the still, quiet meadows of Argos, on the idyllic heights of Arcadia, even amid the tumult of Olympia, they would again live wholly for themselves and their own happiness.

The preparations for the journey were quickly made, and soon Cimon's sister, who was first to know everything that happened, could tell loquacious Athens that Pericles was about to go to Olympia, and the effeminate hero could not do without his beloved Aspasia, who however did wisely to escape from the disgrace that covered her in Athens. There were many, who jested about the inseparableness of the pair. There were many also, who secretly envied them.

A light carriage conveyed the two inseparables to the Isthmus. Slaves and mules had been sent forward to Corinth, to be used on the journey over the rough paths of the Peloponnesus.

What a sigh of relief both uttered, when they had left Athens, once so beloved, behind them.—They knew not, that in flying from the city they did not retard, but hastened the fate appointed.

From the magnificent, ever-changing views of land and sea constantly presented to their eyes, down to the monuments along the roads, the statues of Hermes and altars of Hecate at the cross-roads, everything was charming and significant to the pair, who had once more regained their happiness.

They found the broad road from Eleusis full of travellers. Devout and philanthropic people were placing fruits and other food before the statues and temples of the way-side gods, that poor and starving wanderers might refresh themselves. Here and there trees were planted by the side of the road, whose fruit was also common property to all who were thirsty. Nor was there any lack of shelter.

"We Hellenes are fond of travelling," said Pericles to Aspasia. "Generous hospitality and joyous festivals lure us from place to place. And as you see, provision is made for the wanderer."

Many a spring leaped from the mountain slopes along the road, and many a traveller resting beside the huge trunks of the poplars that shaded them, had carved, in token of his gratitude, a proverb or a verse, or hung an offering on them.

Flourishing cities and hamlets, adorned with temples and columns, attracted the eyes of the wedded pair. First Eleusis, the sacred city of the mysteries, where at Pericles' suggestion a superb new temple for the celebration was rising under Ictinus' hands. Then Megara, the Dorian city, which awakened unpleasant memories in Aspasia's mind. Her fair face clouded; she was silent, but unforgotten sorrow and unavenged disgrace forced tears from her eyes. Pericles understood her and said:

"Be comforted. Your enemies are mine. Megara will atone for her crime."

On reaching crowded Corinth, Pericles went to the house of his friend Amynias, who received him and his wife with great honors.

The height of Acrocorinthus, the Acropolis of the city of Corinth, a cliff densely overgrown with flowers

and plants, sloping abruptly down towards the city, a watch-tower of Hellas, beckoned alluringly to the new comers. On its summit gleamed the famous temple of the goddess of love. As intellectual Athens was under the protection of reflecting Pallas Athena, the rich, pleasure-loving commercial city placed herself under the guardianship of joy-giving Aphrodite. Like Pallas Athena in Athens, Aphrodite was here the ruler of the citadel, and stood armed within her sanctuary. From the highest peak the pinnacles of her temple shone far over the sea, she too was a sign to mariners. A thousand hieroduli, servants of the goddess, charming and complaisant daughters of pleasure, dwelt within the temple precincts on the mountain height, which by terraces, porticos, gardens, groves and baths had been transformed into a doubly charming Eden.

From this height, standing in the centre of the Hellenic countries and seas, Pericles and Aspasia overlooked all the oddly-shaped peaks, glowing in a peculiar magic of tints. In the north they beheld the snow-capped summit of Parnassus, farther eastward Helicon, greeted the mountains of Attica, and with no little pleasure even saw the familiar cliff of the Athenian Acropolis glimmering through the pure air in the distance. Towards the south their eyes wandered over the heights of Northern Arcadia. Amid the countless mountains and valleys they saw the sparkling bays and coasts, the sea-islands—either green or with glittering white cliffs, all steeped in the charm of a peerless atmosphere.

Pericles and Aspasia were somewhat disturbed in their enjoyment of this lovely scene, by the crowd of hieroduli wandering through the porticos and groves near the temple precincts.

"You have no such worship in Athens," said the Corinthian host, who had accompanied the pair, to Pericles, "and are perhaps not disposed to see in these priestesses sacred persons. With us such a priesthood has long been held in high and honorable esteem. These gay, hospitable girls, who, presiding over the service of Aphrodite, strive towards the spirit of the mother of love, are present at the sacrifices and other religious ceremonies, take part in the festal processions of the citizens, and while so doing sing the pæan to Aphrodite. We apply to them for their intercession with the goddess, the guardian divinity of our city. You smile? Well, you Athenians may think you owe more to Pallas Athena. With you the community is rich and powerful, with us it is the individual citizen. Each is a Croesus, a king in himself, and enjoys the good things of life, obtained by trade and commerce. We do not strive for power and wealth in Greece; we do not lavish our treasures on building fortifications or navies and similar things, but live comfortably, and believe that after all only the individual exists, the community is a mere idea. Be this as it may, even though you Athenians still look down upon us so scornfully, you have entered the path that brings us nearer to each other. You love and foster the beautiful, with which a love for the pleasant things of life always makes its appearance."

The Corinthian's words made a deep impression on Pericles, though he did not seem to heed them. He gazed across at the mountains of the Peloponnesus, and after a pause, turned with a fleeting smile to Aspasia, saying:

"It is significant that here, on the threshold of the

grave, stern Peloponnesus, we meet Hellenic life developed to the climax of luxuriousness. Who would imagine, on coming from bright, art-loving, intellectual Athens, or standing in joyous Corinth on the summit crowned by Aphrodite's temple, surrounded by throngs of hieroduli, that so short a distance away, on the other side of the isthmus and yonder gloomy mountains, unspoiled shepherd folk live in primitive simplicity on the heights of Arcadia, that opposite to these abodes of beautiful, delightful leisure, on the farther side of those mountains, the rude Spartan and morose Messenian, like the fierce lions and wolves, destroy each other in savage conflicts amid the horrible ravines or dark forests. What a wrestling ground of fierce, heroic power that region behind the lofty mountains has been from ancient times. From citadels reared of rocks piled one above another, the Argive princes went forth against Ilium. Along the paths of the Peloponnesus, Heracles and Perseus went their heroic way, strangled lions, battled with the brood of serpents in the marshes, and the flocks of noxious birds in the air. Even at the present day, does not manly vigor strive for the prize on the meadows, on the isthmus at Nemea, at Olympia? Do not men, longing for the laurel that crowns heroic strength, flock thither from all Hellas? This Peloponnesus seems gloomy, rude, and threatening, and the waters of the Styx do not wash its dark mountain shores in vain. But we will defy its terrors, we will venture into the lions' dens, and if we have grown too effeminate, steel ourselves with fresh strength in these harsher airs."

"Since when has Pericles admired, nay even envied the rude and simple men on the other side of the isth-

mus?" asked Aspasia, smiling. "Cheer up, my friend! Let them strive and fight as they choose. *The victorious light of Pallas Athena* does not shine on their mountain peaks, as on the Acropolis of Athens."

The travellers left Corinth the next morning with a large escort, and set out in high spirits for the journey across the Argolian mountains into the land of the Dorians. Aspasia usually disdained the litter Pericles, with affectionate solicitude, had had prepared for her use, and which could be carried by slaves or mules across the most rugged portion of the hilly region. She preferred to ride on a mule by her husband's side. Thus, engaged in familiar conversation, they travelled through the rustling mountain forests, following the course of the streams that rushed through the ravines, passing over steep ascents and wooded peaks to broad open plateaus, then through narrow passes and valleys, where the oleander and wild pear-tree intertwined their shady branches over the dark path.

In such gloomy ravines, Aspasia cast many an anxious glance into the bushes, in search of the dark form of some lurking robber. Pericles smiled, and glancing at the troop of well-armed men, familiar with every path, whom he had obtained for an escort through the mountains, said:

"Fear nothing, Aspasia! The savage giants long since vanished from these defiles, even the malicious tyrant Sinis, the pine-bender. We need only guard against the serpents that infest these hills and valleys; for you doubtless remember, what happened close by the Nemean plain, when the nurse laid the little boy down to fetch a drink of water, at request of *the seven passing towards Thebes*."

After a toilsome day's journey, the travellers reached the threshold of the plain of Inachus, and saw between the grey mountain peaks Agamemnon's city, famed in legend, the ancient guardian of this mountain road, the citadel of Mycenæ, lying watchfully in its rocky nook—"in the corner of Argos," according to the words of the Homeric song. At the right rose the bare cone-shaped mountain, with the ancient citadel of Larisa, the Acropolis of the city of Argos, which extended over a wide portion of the plain at the foot of the mountain, still flourishing and no less densely populated than Athens. Beyond the long sea-beach sparkled the blue waves of the bay of Nauplia; mountain-chains, steeped in sunset hues, here towered in jagged peaks towards the sky, and yonder ran in sweeping curves to the sea. On the opposite side of the glittering gulf appeared the dim outlines of mighty mountains.

A strange emotion took possession of the travellers. Their eyes rested on the grey height of Mycenæ, seeking some traces of the royal palace of the Pelopidæ, and all the other indestructible remains of the Cyclopiæan treasures, graves, walls, and arches of former days.

When they reached Mycenæ itself, darkness had closed in. They stood on the rocky height, where the grey masonry, built of huge but regularly-hewn blocks of stone, and overgrown with moss and ivy, produced a dismal, almost ghastly impression in the gloom. Yet they scorned to go down to the houses of the few Mycenæans, who still lived in the ruined, deserted city of the Atridæ. Pericles and Aspasia determined to spend the warm summer night in a tent near this venerable relic of the past. But the moon rose, flooding with her

white, radiant light the masonry, the height itself, all the mountain peaks of Argos and the plain between to the distant sea. Though weary, Pericles and Aspasia could not resist the temptation of this bewitching moonlight, and drew fresh strength from the strange excitement of their minds. A few days ago noisy Athens surrounded them, and now, in the starry night, they stood thrilled with awe on the ruins of Mycenæ, amid the death-like stillness of the Argolian mountains. The spirit of Homer seized upon them. In the sighing of the wind, the rustling of the tree-tops, they heard a faint echo of the immortal heroic song. The full moonlight, shining upon the peaks of the mountains of Argos, reminded them of the fire that had once flashed from one summit to another, bearing the message of the Greek conquest of Troy over sea and mountain to Agamemnon's citadel, where the fierce Clytemnestra, secretly sharpening the murderous steel, with her lover Ægisthus by her side, awaited the return of the victorious Greek commander. And within the deserted ruins that lay before them, in the silent, night-shrouded solitude, that dagger flashed. Behind those walls echoed the death-rattle of the ruler.

Pericles and Aspasia walked along the mighty wall, which, with many turns and angles, followed the edge of the rugged mountain. They reached the famed lion-gate, the ancient entrance to the citadel of the Atridæ, above which rose the oldest piece of sculpture in the world. Through this gate-way they entered the stronghold, and stood before the inner walls, behind which the Atridæ lived in security; but only the foundations showed them the position of the royal apartments. They continued their walk, and farther on, not on the

summit of the mountain, but its slope, reached the venerable, still uninjured circular building, which was at once a treasury and the tomb of the Pelopidæ.

As Pericles and Aspasia approached this building, they were startled by the figure of a gigantic man lying before the door, who raised himself to a sitting posture as the strangers came up. He recalled the huge forms of Homer, that hurled blocks of stone, whose weight the men of later generations could not have raised from the ground. Pericles accosted him, and after a short conversation perceived that he had encountered one of the beggars wandering through the mountains of Argos. His limbs were scantily covered with rags; his bronzed face seemed worn by wind and weather. So perhaps looked the patient wanderer Ulysses, when he escaped from his wrecked ship to land, after struggling with the waves for days, while the salt tide gnawed his limbs.

The weird, gigantic, gray-haired beggar said that he was guarding the treasure of Atreus, and no one should approach the door of the treasury without his consent. Then he began to babble of vast stores of gold, which still lay concealed in these rock-chambers, and would make the finder the richest of all mortals, a leader and king in Hellas, the heir and successor of the Hellenic prince Agamemnon.

Pericles smiled and said to Aspasia: "Mycenæ was famed in ancient times as the richest of the Hellenic cities; but I think her gold has long since flowed to Athens, and we need not seek it here. Yet this wonderful rock-tomb irresistibly allures me."

"Guide us into the treasury, you guard," he continued, turning to the giant. "We are Athenians, and

have come into the mountains of Argos, to show our reverence for the dust of the divine Atridæ."

He then ordered several slaves to light torches. The beggar, over whom Pericles' manner seemed to exert a certain influence, silently prepared to act as guide. Exerting his gigantic strength, he pushed aside with his strong hand a piece of rock that lay before the entrance, completely barring it. Even then it was not easy to make their way over the rubbish and stones, that almost choked the door, into the vault, which extended far into the earth.

Through the entrance, formed of huge blocks of stone, Pericles and Aspasia reached the lofty, gloomy vault, whose walls were not erected in the usual manner—the layers of stone were placed one above another in ever-narrowing circles, and finished with a conical arch. Traces of a metal lining were on the walls, a favorite ornament in the days of which Homer writes. How the smooth, polished metal walls of the royal apartments must have sparkled in the light of blazing torches! But here the metal plates had been violently torn away, and the gray stone masses of the huge circles, piled one above another, stared nakedly down upon the spectators.

Pericles and Aspasia passed from the circular room, through a narrow door, into a chamber hewn in a square form from the solid rock.

They stood absorbed in thought. The dim light of the burning torches feebly illumined the gloomy stone vault.

"It would be a bold idea," said Pericles, "to take shelter for the night in this stone vault, which seems pervaded with a strange horror."

Aspasia shuddered, but the next instant smiled, and could not resist the spell exerted by the terrible, yet tempting thought of spending a night in the tomb of the Pelopidæ, which had endured a thousand years, resting above the dust of Atreus and Agamemnon.

Many objections were raised, but at last they resolved to execute the daring idea. The slaves spread carpets and prepared a couch on the stone floor of the smaller rock-chamber. The gigantic beggar stretched himself out in the vaulted room to sleep, the servants lay around the outer entrance.

Pericles and Aspasia now found themselves alone in the awful, rock-hewn chamber. The uncertain light of the torch, fastened on the floor, flickered with a ghostly glimmer over the gray, windowless walls. A death-like stillness reigned. The repose of a sepulchre surrounded them.

"On this night and in this place," said Pericles, "the thought of corruption and annihilation confronts me almost in bodily form, with Titanic power. How delicate, variable and perishing every living thing appears, and how stubbornly and tenaciously that, which we are accustomed to call dead, defies the teeth of time. Atreus and Agamemnon perished long ago, and we are perhaps inhaling the invisible atoms of their dust with every breath we draw. But the lifeless walls, which towered above those men, surround us now, and will perhaps rise over those who will absorb *our* dust a thousand years hence."

"I do not think, like you, Pericles," replied Aspasia, "that this fleeting human existence has any reason to envy the indestructible life of the dead. The falling block of stone buries the flowers, but they return with

every spring and twine their shoots about the rock, which after centuries crumbles away, but the flowers are always here. So life lies buried under the ruins of cities, but secretly creeps forth again and surrounds the masonry that boasts of its duration: its shoots even grow through and burst the rock, and thus at last only what is apparently fleeting and perishable becomes eternal."

"You are right," said Pericles, "life would soon become weary and disgusted with itself, if allotted the changelessness of the dead. Changelessness is synonymous with death, and change is life."

"Is not the heroic soul of Agamemnon renewed in a thousand heroes?" said Aspasia. "Does not the love of Paris and Helen live on forever in a thousand lovers?"

"Yes, life comes and goes," replied Pericles, "and returns in perpetual transformations. But are we sure, that in this coming and going some portion of its original strength is not at last lost? Must not the grandeur in the world slightly resemble the stone circles in the arch of this vault, which it is true repeat themselves towards the top, but constantly grow *smaller*? Agamemnon's heroic spirit seems to have returned, and we have defeated the Persians, but it seems to me we have shrivelled a little in comparison with Homer's heroes."

"Many things may become weaker in returning," answered Aspasia, "but do you not perceive, that many are still more vigorous and beautiful? The art that perished with these ruins has returned, and carved the sculptured marble ornaments of the Parthenon!"

"But," said Pericles, "when these sculptured marble ornaments have also some day crumbled into ruins—if perhaps Pallas' magnificent team of four horses, falling

from the pediment of the Parthenon, is shattered with a thundering crash upon the rocky slope, are you sure that art will only return in a more glorious form? Or will a time come, whose glory will merely exist upon the reflection from the immortal ruins?"

"Let later generations trouble themselves about that," replied Aspasia.

"You have also spoken of the love of the handsomest couple of ancient times," continued Pericles, "and how it is revived in countless pairs."

"Do you doubt it?" said Aspasia.

"No," cried Pericles, "and I believe that love, and love alone, always returns with the same power, the same freshness, the same bliss."

"Love and pleasure!" said Aspasia smiling.

"Even so!" repeated Pericles. "True, I must wander through this place with shame, and perhaps am not worthy to rest even one night above the dust of Homeric heroes. But if, with sorrowful envy, I must renounce the heroic fame of Achilles, I share the happiness of Paris—the possession of the fairest Hellenic woman."

The expression with which Pericles said this, was not wholly in harmony with the words themselves. He looked as if he doubted whether it was seemly for a man to renounce the fame of Achilles, and be content with the happiness of Paris.

But Aspasia understood how to soothe the thoughts stirring in Pericles' mind, by exerting the spell at the command of the most beautiful woman in Greece. Her eyes shed a magical light through the gloomy rock-chamber, the rose-hue on her cheek seemed diffused through the whole vault. The torch, which but now

had flickered so dimly, perhaps like those that had once burned here at the interment of the buried Agamemnon, suddenly appeared to blaze up cheerily like a hymeneal taper. The light of beauty, shining in the gloomy tomb, seemed to transform the dark vault to a bridal-chamber, and the eternal freshness of life and love gained the mastery over the horror of death and corruption, the dust of the Atridæ that had lain mouldering for a thousand years.

When Pericles and Aspasia left the sepulchre and emerged from the rock-hewn vault, the dewy light of morning was shining on all the fields and slopes. Yet, even in the brilliant radiance of day, the ruins of the citadel of the Atridæ were no less lonely and silent. Only a vulture, with outspread pinions, hovered high in the blue air above Mycenæ.

While the travellers breakfasted on the provisions brought with them, and some wine carried by a slave in a skin, Pericles asked Aspasia if she had had no dream during her slumber in the tomb of the Atridæ.

"Yes," replied Aspasia, "a dream really did transport me to the camp before Ilium. I saw Achilles in bodily form, and he still hovers before my eyes—a youthful figure, fiercely beautiful, of almost unearthly aspect, tall and slender, the face of the purest oval, framed by dark waving locks, the eyes, black as coals and almost circular in shape, which, despite the nobility of the features, gave the face a somewhat Gorgon-like, terrible expression; the mouth was unusually small, but the lips wore an impress of power; everywhere youthful beauty was blended with fierce, almost superhuman, heroic strength. So I saw him standing on the ship,

his battle shout alone spreading terror within the walls of Ilium."

"A dream bore me also into the Homeric world," said Pericles, "but strangely enough, not among the heroes. I saw Penelope, yet stranger still, not as Homer describes her, the faithful wife waiting for Ulysses, but as the youthful bride in the light of a legend, which charms me more than all Homer has sung of her. You surely know the story of Ulysses' courtship—how the Spartan king Icarius consented to give his daughter to Ulysses, hoping to induce the latter to settle in Lacedæmon, but when he did not succeed in this, sought to estrange his beloved child from the suitor; nay when Ulysses took away his bride to Ithaca, followed the carriage with his paternal pleadings, until Ulysses asked the maiden to say whether she accompanied him willingly, or would rather return to Sparta with her father. Penelope made no reply, but timidly veiled her face; upon which Icarius let her go and erected a statue of virgin modesty in the spot where this occurred. What a charming picture is this silent, blushing Penelope, veiling her face in maidenly embarrassment. And in that virginal form I saw her last night in my dream."

Thus Pericles and Aspasia related the visions that had fallen to their lot, while resting on the dust of the Atridæ, and wondered half in jest, half in earnest, whether they concealed any omen or secret meaning.

Casting one more glance from the ruined citadel of Mycenæ upon the plain of Inachus and ancient Argos, they continued their journey, and began to cross the Argolian mountains into the Arcadian chain.

Pericles and Aspasia enjoyed walking for long dis-

tances over the paths of the wooded heights, engaged in familiar conversation.

Aspasia had hitherto been accustomed to rest only on cushions and carpets; she now learned that it was possible to recline on green turf, moss, herbs, and pine needles. Sometimes, when they sat down in a pleasant spot, a slave, at a sign from Pericles, brought one of the rolls of MS., containing Homer's poetry, and Aspasia, at her husband's request, read aloud to him in her clear, sweet voice. They had not wished to visit the remains of the ancient kingdom of the Atridæ without the poet, and indeed, since seeing these ruins, the bard appeared to them in all his reality.

From time to time a passing difference of opinion arose, when Pericles praised the patriarchal heroic days too enthusiastically, while Aspasia preferred to seek the ideal of human life in the present or even the future.

"I find a remarkable lesson in Homer," Pericles said—"namely that men were once animals, and gradually became human beings. We see in his writings, especially in the *Odyssey*, how the transformation gradually took place. Everywhere he lays special stress upon the victory of humanity over what is rude and animal. Everywhere we see this struggle of humanity against the still unconquered remnants of brutishness. He shows us in the savage *Læstrygones* and *Cyclopes*, what we once were. He describes these fierce barbarians in contrast with noble human feelings, compares the cannibals with the hospitable *Phæacians*, and to guard mankind from any relapse into brutishness, associates it as closely as possible with the divine nature. *Pallas Athena*, the goddess of wise human judgment, energy ennobled by humanity, is the constant companion and guide of his heroes.

Humanity is what he preaches, humanity in contrast with brutishness. With him pure humanity is coined into pure poesy. Every object floats in a pure, clear atmosphere. Lofty simplicity never spoke more eloquently from any lips."

Here Aspasia interrupted Pericles' praise.

"Pardon me," she said, "a word has escaped you, which I cannot let pass, and you perhaps will gladly retract. Homer is neither plain nor simple, at least not in the sense that some of the sculptors were, who preceded Phidias. With Homer, to use an old comparison, poetry sprang fully matured from the brain of Zeus. His language is broad, rich, sonorous. His descriptions are sometimes as pompous as they are vivid, and there are passages in the Iliad and Odyssey whose rhetorical magnificence of expression no later poet will surpass. And his eloquence! Are not the speeches with which the angry Achilles is persuaded to return to the battle, and the answer he makes, masterpieces? Not merely in consequence of their vigor; by their arrangement and striking force of demonstration they will remain models of perfect oratory."

"What you say is true!" said Pericles. "Yet Homer, in a certain sense, possesses what I call sublime simplicity. Perhaps it is the secret of the highest art, to permit this lofty simplicity to echo through the cultivated magnificence of style, and blend primeval freshness with the maturity of the present."

After a journey of several days, the travellers found themselves in the midst of the rough mountainous portion of Arcadia. They were accompanied through the hilly region by native shepherds, who not only acted as guides but, armed with clubs and spears, served also for

guards. Amid the solitude of the mountains they saw eagles circling in the clouds above them, beheld other birds with sharp talons and crooked beaks fighting and screaming on the jagged rocks, saw flocks of cranes, starlings, and daws flying before the hawks that darted down upon them from the peaks. Here and there the blows of axes and the crash of ancient trees, falling under the hands of wood-cutters, resounded from the forest depths. Not one of the carnivorous animals, which usually only emerge from their dens at night, crossed their path, but they found the ground in the Arcadian woods covered with bright-eyed tortoises, creeping clumsily among the plants and stones, or basking in the sun.

Thus Pericles and Aspasia wandered through the quiet country, and while supposing that they calmly regarded everything new and strange as a temporary and chance event, all these things had a momentous secret influence, fitted into their lives like a previously-ordained link, and without perceiving or suspecting it, they were going forward to meet changes, transformations, decisions in their future destiny.

Passing over lofty plateaus near the clouds, the travellers often obtained wonderful views of Hellas, and sometimes saw the peaks of snow-clad mountains glittering on the most distant horizons. One day they set out before dawn; and traversed summits still veiled in darkness.

"Are you shivering in the chill mountain air?" Pericles asked the shuddering Aspasia.

"No, I am trembling in the presence of this dark, dreary, mountain solitude," she replied. "It seems as if we were no longer on Hellenic soil, and had been deserted by all the Hellenic gods."

At this moment Pericles' eye rested on a tiny golden cloud visible in the extreme north. He directed Aspasia's attention to it. The cloud grew larger, but remained in the same spot and stood forth in wonderful relief against the monotonous grey of the rest of the night sky. Gradually the upper surface gained remarkable distinctness and firmness of outline, which no longer resembled a cloud. It looked like a far golden meadow, where happy gods wandered. Indeed, when morning dawned and the lines of more distant mountain ranges appeared, this light spread downward, and the travellers perceived that they had beheld no motionless cloud, but the snow-clad peak of a distant mountain in the north, illumined by the rays of the still invisible sun.

"That, I believe, is the summit of the Thracian Olympus, *the mountain of the gods!*" said Pericles gaily. "Do you see, the Hellenic gods have not abandoned us. From the spot, where they sit throned in endless bliss, they send through a cleft in the mountain a greeting to this cheerless solitude."

"They want to tell us not to forget them and all other beauty in the gloomy Dorian country!" replied Aspasia smiling.

The travellers soon passed from the bare lofty plateaus into the tree-shaded western portion of Arcadia, filled with bubbling springs. Here countless little streams, now dashing swiftly, now murmuring gently, flowed down from the wooded slopes. Even in the heat of summer, the luxuriant vegetation on the meadows was always fresh and unscorched. Elms, beeches, plane-trees and oaks towered towards the sky. The valleys resounded with the lowing of cattle. Everywhere the travellers perceived that they were in the domain of the

rude god, who flung about his shoulders the red skin of the lynx, and to whom on all these heights, the sacrificial blood foamed from the shaggy breasts of rams.

Everywhere his statue, carved from the wood of the elm-tree, was erected; everywhere traces of him appeared. Here they saw a shaggy wild boar skin, hung on a plane-tree in his honor, yonder the antler of a stag, nailed to a beech-tree, in token of gratitude. Beside the springs were statues of nymphs, erected by the shepherds: offerings hung near them.

Pericles and Aspasia wandered through lofty oak forests, flooded with golden light by the rising or setting sun. Sometimes a sunbeam glowed through the boughs of a tree like a carbuncle, scattering around it long shafts of light, that seemed as if they might be grasped in the hands. All this was new and strange to them; they had never seen anything like it.

One day the pilgrims, while passing through a forest that shaded their path for miles, noticed an unusually loud rustling in the branches.

"I remember having heard of an Arcadian oak forest called Pelagos, the sea, on account of the loud rustling of its countless tree-tops, which resembled the surges of the ocean," said Pericles. "Perhaps it is the very wood through which we are walking."

But the native guides replied, that this rustling in the heart of the forest was unusual, and predicted a storm, at the same time pointing to the sky, which a short time before had been perfectly clear, but had now grown lustreless, like tarnished steel. The travellers quickened their pace to reach the spot where they intended to spend the night, before the tempest burst. But the rustling of the trees soon changed into a wild roar, and the

tops began to crack. A few small black clouds, heavy with rain and lashed by the wind, swept over the misty gray sky. The sun, a short time before so radiant in its golden light, stood like a sulphurous yellow ball above the mountains, whose peaks ever and anon were illumined by a livid glare. The hurricane bowed the trees almost to the ground, sweeping leaves, sand, and little twigs whirling before it. Single drops began to fall, and a few minutes after a torrent of rain, mixed at first with hailstones, came pouring down. The travellers hastily took refuge under the branches of a mighty oak. Suddenly a peal of thunder shook the mountains, flash followed flash, clap followed clap, and the winds from all quarters of the heavens seemed to meet. The blue flashes of lightning appeared to cross each other over the heads of the terrified travellers, and the thunder found an echo in a hundred valleys and ravines. Meanwhile the rain poured incessantly, the wind raved, birds of prey shrieked, and from the distance the howl of a wolf was heard.

The travellers gazed anxiously from their shelter under the leafy roof of the oak out into the tempest surrounding them on all sides.

Suddenly a flash of lightning, darting from a black cloud that hung over the crest of a jagged mountain, struck one of the tallest trees in the forest. In terrible splendor, the giant trunk burst into a red blaze, and in an instant was wrapped in flames from top to bottom; a shower of sparks flew from the crackling boughs, and a smell of sulphur pervaded the air. From the burning oak the flames leaped to other trees, and already threatened the travellers' shelter. The Arcadians promised to guide the fugitives to the nearest settlement, where they

could spend the night, and hurrying over the pathless ground, they followed them downward.

After a time the force of the rain abated; but they heard the dull roar of the swollen torrents rushing from the heights into the valleys. Pebbles, sand, broken boughs, and fragments of rock were washed away by the waters and hurried down into the depths.

Meantime evening had closed in, but while the travellers hastened through the wooded region, the storm ceased. The clouds were soon dispersed by the wind, and the moon smiled calmly above the forest, where the fierce battle of the elements had just raged.

The fugitives now reached a large opening in the trees, a hill covered with vegetation, stretching down over a gentle slope. A singular panorama was disclosed in the stillness of the night. On every side the jagged mountain peaks towered upward in the light of the moon, which sometimes shone brightly from the clear sky, sometimes dimly through floating clouds. The eye had a wide prospect to grasp, and the weary pilgrims walked on as if in a waking dream. In the centre of the clearing were the enclosures and buildings of a shepherd's farm. As the travellers approached an armed man, dressed in skins, who evidently guarded the premises against the attacks of wild beasts, came forward to meet them. Two huge dogs ran barking by his side.

The Arcadian guides quickly explained matters to him, and asked hospitality for the Athenian travellers. The watchman, driving away the barking dogs by throwing stones at them, led the strangers behind a wall, protected by a hawthorn hedge, which enclosing the farm-house formed a spacious court-yard, where a fire

was burning. The owner of the farm, a simple shepherd, came out, welcomed the guests without asking their origin, names, or the goal of their journey, and ordered a wether to be killed and roasted for their entertainment.

After thus refreshing the travellers, he gave the slaves quarters for the night in the barns, but he and his wife resigned their own chamber to Pericles and Aspasia, preparing a fresh couch for them by strewing small branches and dried herbs on the floor, and spreading soft fleeces over them. For coverlids he gave them several goat-skins, and his own cloak.

The changing incidents, little adventures, and even the discomfort of a journey increase instead of lessening the enjoyment of travellers. The mere change of scenes and occurrences charms, and the pure breezes of heaven bestow on the weary not only strength and refreshment, but cheerful spirits.

Pericles never felt happier than in the shepherd's hut, before the wretched couch. Aspasia's silvery laughter blended strangely with the idyllic lowing of the cattle from the stalls.

"How many wonderful things the gods, in whom we trust while travelling, bestow!" said Pericles. "A few days ago we had an ancient royal sepulchre for a sleeping room, and to-day it seems as if we were about to experience the adventures of Ulysses. Homer's spirit has hovered around us since we crossed the isthmus; I believe we shall become transformed during our wanderings, and when we return never suit the refined, almost effeminate Athenians!"

When Pericles and Aspasia, roused by the barking of the dogs and the prolonged lowing of the cattle, rose

from their couch and went out into the spacious courtyard, they saw the rude shepherd lads going to the stalls. A large shaggy dog was playing with a tortoise he had found in the wet grass. Barking and leaping, he seized it sometimes by the paw and sometimes by the snout, and dragged it around until it lay dead. Another dog was fighting or rather playing with a ram. The ram struck at him with his horns, but the dog snapped at the ram's beard or tried to bite his muzzle. A naked child sat by the spring, throwing pebbles at the sun's disk, reflected in the water.

The herds of cattle now came out of the stalls; first, rejoicing in their strength, the draught oxen; the calves bounded bleating around their mothers. Two men, bearing crooked shepherds' staffs, followed them, accompanied by two powerful dogs. Then, driven by boys, came the bleating goats. A shepherd caught the he-goat at the head by its long beard, and caressed it. "This good fellow," he said to Pericles and Aspasia, "always gives warning on dark nights when a wolf or lynx creeps into the farm-yard, even if the dogs are asleep and neglect to drive the creature away."

The lambs gathered around a brown-skinned girl, whose face was shaded by a broad-brimmed hat, and who held a crook in her hand. There was something about this maiden, which even at the first glance attracted attention, produced an impression which could not instantly be understood. But on looking more closely, scanning her figure and the miserable dress in which she was clad, she seemed like a shepherdess, scarcely distinguishable from any other, save by her braids of fair hair and the strange expression of her eyes. They were remarkably deep and dreamy, and

seemed to be gazing, with a sort of childish surprise, even at the familiar world which surrounded her.

The lambs pressed bleating around and leaped upon her. One of the youngest, a snow-white little creature, licked the young girl's out-stretched hand.

When the flock of lambs, led by the girl, had passed out through the gate of the court-yard, the hospitable shepherd approached Pericles and Aspasia, who learned from him that she was his daughter, his only child, and was named Cora. Then, assisted by his wife, Glycaina, he set before them various provisions from his country store.

Pericles asked his host if he would allow him and his party to remain a day in his house, as they greatly needed rest after the exertions of the last week.

The shepherd gladly consented, ran to his wife and said mysteriously:

"Glycaina, I shall always believe that the two strangers, who have come to our farm, are no common mortals. In their dignity and beauty of form, they seem like gods in disguise, as the divinities have often come to poor shepherds. Besides, they scarcely touch the food set before them."

"And the slaves," said Glycaina, "do you take them for gods too?"

"No," replied her husband, "they eat and drink like human beings. But those two—well, no matter! Only entertain them as well as you can."

The shepherd returned to his guests, led them about everywhere, showed them his stables, his store-rooms for fruit, his smoothly-polished milk-pails, bowls filled to the brim with whey, and hampers bursting with cheeses. Then he took them to see the white-toothed

sows and sucking-pigs, praised their flesh, and fed them with acorns and cornels. When Aspasia looked as if she were tired and would like to sit down, the shepherd was instantly at hand to spread a spotted chamois-skin on the ground for her, smiling slyly meanwhile, as if he wanted them to perceive he knew what treatment disguised goddesses expected from mortals.

Skins and heads of slaughtered wild beasts hung on the enclosure of the court-yard and the trees surrounding it, and after Pericles and Aspasia had looked at these, they went out into the open country and were left to themselves, breathing more freely in the spicy air of the hill-side. The mountains glittered in their robes of green, as if washed clean by the rain. The dewy blades of grass sparkled in the sun like polished swords. A flock of crows flew over the meadows as if absorbed in business, alighted on a solitary tree, and in a few minutes hastily rose again and were lost in the blue air. Shepherds with their flocks were seen wandering over the distant mountains. The valleys between were filled with white mist and vaporous fog, that floated like the waves of the sea, and in which the flocks descending from the heights seemed to plunge and vanish. Lambs and cattle were grazing in all the low-lands, and nimble goats climbed the rocky slopes. Ever and anon the music of reed-pipes and song, the shepherd's pastime, echoed from the distance. The two loiterers heard from a certain spot sounds whose sweetness allured them. They turned in that direction, and found a group of shepherds listening to the best performer on the shepherd's flute. But soon some one emerged from the circle of listeners to cope with him. As Pericles and Aspasia approached, the rival musicians took the

reed-pipes from their mouths and almost dropped them, while all the shepherds looked amazed at the appearance of strangers. But when Pericles kindly invited them to continue their contest, and told them that he and his wife were Athenians, detained by a violent thunder-storm on their way to Elis, the shepherds resumed their contest with still greater zeal, and begged the Athenian and his wife to act as umpire.

Pericles and Aspasia were delighted with the music of the shepherds' flutes, and wondered that among such rude, untaught people as these mountaineers, any art, however insignificant, could have been cultivated to such perfection.

Aspasia asked the shepherds if they did not understand how to vie with each other in pantomimic dances. They pointed to the youngest, a slender boy, who, at Pericles' request, came forward, and with blended drollery and grace executed a rural dance, in which he imitated various occupations of country life.

"Couldn't you try a dance in pairs?" asked Aspasia.

"If Cora would,"—he answered almost sadly, gazing mournfully into the distance.

"Cora?" cried the other shepherds laughing. "Foolish boy! Why do you talk of Cora? Cora cares nothing for you."

The boy sighed and slipped away.

Walking farther on, Pericles and Aspasia reached the lambs' pasture, a pleasant forest meadow surrounded with trees. Here they found Cora sitting among her flock. Some of the little white-fleeced ones forgot to graze, and preferred to rest, with their heads lying on her lap. Cora herself sat with bowed head, absorbed in gazing at a tortoise, which lay on her knee and

seemed to answer the glance of the girl's beautiful eyes.

"Where did you find that creature?" asked Pericles, who had approached with Aspasia. The girl had been so absorbed in her dreamy reverie, that she did not notice the two strangers until they stood before her. Then she looked up, measured them with a glance from her round, childlike eyes, and said:

"These creatures come creeping up to me of their own accord from the neighboring woods. This one, in particular, always returns, and has so little fear, that instead of hiding its neck and head when I touch them, it stretches them out as far as possible, and looks at me with its bright eyes. Old Baubo says Pan sometimes conceals himself under the form of a tortoise. I think," the girl softly continued—"there is something mysterious about this one, for since it has constantly come out of the forest and spent the day with me and the lambs, the herd increases and thrives in a wonderful way."

After being induced to talk, the Arcadian girl was easily led, by Aspasia's questions, to continue her strange, childlike prattle. Charming to hear was her story of Pan, the woodland and shepherd god, how wonderfully the music of his flute echoed from the distance in the lonely mountains, how he was sometimes gracious, sometimes malicious. She also told of the goat-footed satyrs, who wandered through the woods, teasing with their mischievous pranks not only the nymphs, but the shepherdesses. One of them had once laid in wait for her, but she drove him away with a brand snatched from the watch-fire lighted in the forest. Then she spoke of the nymphs, who like the satyrs lived in the

forest, and sometimes met mortals in the moonlight, which was a great misfortune, for whoever met a nymph in the depths of the woods was seized with madness, and could never be cured.

The young girl's mind was filled with the marvelous legends and tales of her Arcadian native land. She spoke of wild swamps and horrible ravines, lakes cursed by the gods, in whose waters no fish thrived, of caves where evil spirits lurked, of strange sanctuaries of Pan on lonely mountain heights. The more horrible the girl's stories became, the wider she opened her childlike, frightened eyes.

"In Stymphalus," she said, "under the temple roof, hang the dead Stymphalian birds the hero Heracles slew. My father has seen them himself. And behind the temple stand marble statues of maidens with birds' feet. The dead Stymphalian birds are as large as cranes, and when they were alive flew at men, hacked their heads with their beaks, and eat them. Their beaks were so strong that they could bite metal."

From the lakes cursed by the gods, in which no fish could live, and into which even the birds that chanced to fly over them fell dead, Cora went on to the horrible waters of the Styx, which drip from desolate rocks in the most terrible mountain ravine of Arcadia. From the dreadful waters she spoke of the wild beasts in the mountain forests, and the hunts of the Arcadians for them. Then her eyes lost their timid, childlike expression, and a brave spirit sparkled in their depths. She told them how the shepherds, when a wild beast appeared near the farm, were compelled to watch out of doors through many a rainy night, how bright fires were kept burning in the yards, how the hungry roars of the

beasts were heard from the forest in the stillness of the night, how all set out to follow its trail, or lurked in some hiding-place, and when it tried to leap over the wall of the enclosure, suddenly rushed out upon it with spears, fragments of rock, and firebrands until it succumbed, overpowered by the number of its assailants. Pericles and Aspasia were surprised at the expression of daring courage, that flashed in the shepherdess' eyes while relating these tales, though her mind seemed to have no room for anything beyond the legend-fostered superstitions of her native land.

"It seems as if you yourself would not be unwilling to take part in such conflicts!" said Aspasia.

"Oh! I would do so gladly!" cried Cora. "Besides the malicious satyr, I have twice driven away with firebrands a wolf, that endeavored to approach my flock."

"This girl reminds me," said Pericles, "as she stands before us at this moment, of that famous daughter of Arcadia, Atalanta, who cast off by her father when a child, because he wanted sons only, was nursed by a she-wolf, reared by hunters and then, armed with spear and bow, lived in the Arcadian woods, a terror to wild beasts, a bold virginal huntress, who would yield to no tender emotion."

"Are you always alone here with the lambs?" asked Aspasia. "Is there nothing you love, and would gladly have with you always?"

"Oh! Yes indeed," said Cora, looking into her questioner's face with the old expression of childlike wonder in her eyes. "I love the tortoise, that always gazes at me with its bright glance, and will perhaps suddenly be transformed and speak to me, for I sometimes dream of it at night, and then it always talks. I love

the lambs too, and these well-known rustling trees, to whose murmur I listen for hours. I love the sunshine; but I also like the rain that comes plashing on the leaves, and the thunder that rolls so beautifully among the mountains. I love the birds, the larger ones, the eagles and cranes that fly over my head, as well as the smaller which sing among the branches. But most of all I love the mountains, especially in the evening when they glow with crimson hues, or at night when all is still, perfectly still, and their peaks stand so calmly in the white light."

Pericles and Aspasia smiled. "We were mistaken," said the former, "in supposing a shepherd maiden, who loves so many things, incapable of all tender emotions."

Aspasia drew him aside, saying:

"How this simple Arcadian girl, who sits with the tortoise in her lap, waiting for it to change into the god Pan, would stare if she were suddenly transported to Athens. How drolly she would behave, if I placed her with the two young maidens I have adopted, and whom the Athenians have already begun to call my *school*."

"She would appear like a raven among doves!" replied Pericles.

Yet they were both attracted by the girl's prattle, which revealed an unusual degree of imagination and a peculiar phase of feeling. But Aspasia soon began to change places with the Arcadian, becoming narrator, instead of listener. She began to tell the shepherd girl about Athens, until Pericles broke off the conversation by asking her to continue their walk. They soon lost themselves in the forest. Noontide had come, the sun had dried the morning dampness and warming the depths of the woods, released all their spicy odors. In the

meadows and clearings stood tall blooming plants, whose fragrance, blending with the aroma of the resin, made the mountain air refreshing, almost intoxicating. Cicadas chirped in the thickets under the scorching sun.

When they sat down to rest in the seclusion of the forest, the tortoises Cora loved crept up to them also; the large birds flew over their heads, and the smaller ones sang in the branches, the rustle of the leaves to which Cora listened for hours, murmured above, and Cora's beloved sunshine played around them.

"The deep rustle of these Arcadian mountain forests," said Pericles, "which seem to come from an infinite distance and die away again in endless space, fills me with strange awe. I never felt anything like it. I have never listened to the voices of a forest, carelessly passed by things which now suddenly seem to wish to say something to me. Look at the delicate threads shining in the sunlight, stretched from the tip of the wild-oats to the top of the blue bell-flower; have you noticed the wondrously fine silvery work of the spider? This Arcadian girl teaches us, that we can admire and learn to love things usually scarcely noticed, and which we enjoy unconsciously and therefore ungratefully, as we breathe."

"Your mind opens too easily to new impressions, Pericles," replied Aspasia. "An Arcadian child has infected you with a novel and unprecedented kind of love, a love for trees, passing clouds, and flying birds, and the perfume of the Arcadian mountain herbs perhaps already seems sweeter, than the fragrance of the Milesian rose-hedges."

"Only admit," said Pericles, "that this aromatic forest fragrance invigorates the heart, but amid the heavy odor of roses the mind at last becomes enfeebled.

I really feel a breath of renewed life. When we once stood in the grotto of Pan on the Acropolis, and you despised the shepherd god, we did not suspect he would afterwards receive us so kindly as his guests, entertain us so hospitably. Peaceful happiness surrounds us here, and when I mentally transport myself from this primeval solitude to noisy Athens, the impetuous haste and restlessness of its citizens seem almost frivolous, compared with the divine repose of these shepherds on their lovely mountain slopes."

"I only half share your enjoyment of the pleasures prepared for us by the hospitality of the shepherd god," replied Aspasia. "These people are plain and coarse, the distant snow-capped peaks of the mountains chill me, and the nearer ones make me timid, as if they were about to fall upon me. The solemn, monotonous rustling of these lofty firs affects me unpleasantly, and seems adapted to awaken a gloomy, thoughtful, fanatical spirit in the human mind. I love open sunny plains, blooming meadows, shores with a wide view of the sea. I like the places where a cheerful spirit develops in beautiful maturity. You would apparently like to stay here with these shepherds, I on the contrary would fain take them all away with me, to make men of them. Well, do as Apollo did, when he once took a fancy to join the shepherds and tend flocks. Stay here! You can live like a cicada: be wise, passionless, bloodless. If you sometimes long for activity, you can weave snares for crickets, or push lime-twigs through the trees to catch birds, or drive the starlings and cranes from the grain fields, with stones hurled from a sling. Or, you can watch the lambs for Cora, who will accompany me to Athens."

Pericles smiled. "So you really mean to take Cora away with you."

"Of course I do," replied Aspasia, "and hope you will not refuse your consent."

Pericles was surprised. "My consent will not be withheld. But what is your object in the matter?"

"A jest," replied Aspasia. "This comical Arcadian will serve to amuse me. It makes me laugh, whenever I look into her big, round, timid eyes."

It was precisely as Aspasia said. She wanted to amuse herself with the young girl, see how oddly the superstitious, inexperienced shepherd maiden would behave, if suddenly transported into the midst of the super-refined life of Athens.

The illness of one of his slaves induced Pericles to remain the shepherd's guest another day.

This was spent principally in the society of the brown-skinned shepherdess. Again Cora prattled, told shepherd tales, nay even sang some strange childish songs, composed by herself, like the following :

Down from the cliff the little brook,
Plunges in merry play,
Casting the while a laughing look,
Where the deer, grazing, stray.

Sprinkling the flowers with its foam,
The beasts it doth entice
To slake their thirst. Let winter come,
And it is pure, clear ice.

She also related the story of the love-sick Daphne, who pined away in sorrow and melancholy, and for whom all the animals mourned. But the sad tale did not find favor with Aspasia; she listened with a scornful smile on her rosy lips.

If in walking they came to one of the springs, surrounded by luxuriant herbage, which formed a clear crystal basin, and Aspasia wanted to look in, Cora anxiously pulled her back, saying that a person who looked into a spring sometimes saw the reflection of another image, that of a nymph, looking over her shoulder, and was then hopelessly lost.

When the sun stood in the zenith, and the notes of a reed-pipe were heard in the brooding noontide stillness, Cora said: "Pan will be angry again; he doesn't like to be roused from slumber at noon, when he is resting, by the sound of a pipe or other instruments." The music came from the shepherd lad, who requested by Pericles and Aspasia, had performed a rural dance the day before. He was well aware that Pan did not like the notes of a pipe at noon, yet always played when he saw Cora near, because he hoped to please her. But she reproached the poor fellow. Still, she had a kind heart, for she compassionately rescued a cicada, that had become entangled in a spider's web.

The young girl listened earnestly, when Aspasia began to tell her about Athens.

During the conversations the former held with Cora, she intentionally described the life of the Athenian city in the most tempting colors. She disturbed the peace of this idyllic nature, awakened discord in the harmonious world of the child's heart. Finally she invited her to accompany her to Athens. Cora made no reply, but seemed absorbed in thought.

Aspasia appealed to Cora's estimable parents, and told them she would take their daughter to Athens, where she might expect a happy fate.

"If it please the gods!" said the honest shepherd.

"If it please the gods!" replied the shepherdess. But they did not say *yes*. No matter how often Aspasia renewed her request for their consent, they only said:

"If it please the gods!"

The father and mother could not easily resolve to part from their only child, even if she had the happiest fate.

On the evening of the same day, Cora was suddenly missed after returning with her flock of lambs, and they searched for her a long time in vain. At last Pericles and Aspasia, who were standing near the entrance of the court-yard, saw the young girl coming up the slope. Her attitude and bearing were very singular, for she held both hands pressed firmly over her ears. A group of Pericles' slaves stood outside the court-yard at some distance. When the girl had approached very near them, she suddenly removed her hands from her ears, seemed to be listening to their words, then started back, pressed her hand on her breast, and stood as if rooted to the earth.

The Athenians approached and asked the cause of her confusion.

"I asked Pan, whether it was the will of the gods that I should go with you to Athens," she replied.

"How did you do that?" both inquired.

"Down in the valley," said the girl, "is a grotto-sanctuary of Pan. The god's statue, carved from oak, stands in the cave. All the shepherds go there, when they want to ask anything secret. They whisper the question in the god's ear, cover their own with their hands until they come near people who are talking together, and then suddenly remove them. The first word heard is Pan's reply, the god's answer to the question whispered in his ear."

"And what word did you hear first among those slaves?" asked Aspasia.

"*Athens!*" replied Cora, trembling with excitement.

"So it is Pan's will, that I shall go to Athens," she continued sighing.

"He will permit you to take your favorite tortoise," said Aspasia smiling.

Cora's parents came up.

"Pan wills that I shall go to Athens!" said the young girl in a sorrowful, but resolute tone. And she repeated the story of the oracle, for which she had gone to Pan's grotto.

The shepherd and shepherdess heard the tale, looked at each other in perplexity, and then repeated, no less sadly than the young girl:

"Pan wills, that Cora shall go with the strangers to Athens."

Then they went up to the weeping girl and kissed her.

"Cora will be rewarded for her obedience to the god!" said Aspasia. "She will often send messengers to bring you news and gifts, and when you have grown old, summon you to spend the rest of your days with her."

"An omen happened in the house yesterday," said the shepherd, "a snake that stole into the swallow's nest on the roof, fell down on the hearth through the vent-hole for the smoke."

Aspasia continued to speak encouraging, consoling words, and the father and mother at last yielded to the will of the gods, though with sore distress.

Mournfully the notes of the shepherd lover's pipe echoed from the distance, while the shadows gathered more deeply around the quiet paths across the country.

All went into the court-yard together, to spend the night, which to Pericles and Aspasia was their last among the Arcadian mountains. They intended to set out at daybreak and continue their journey to Elis, where more important events awaited them, than in the quiet country of the shepherds.

CHAPTER V.

THE NEW GOD AND HIS LIGHTNING.

PERICLES and Aspasia had not wandered to Elis, to see the Olympian racers dart towards the goal, the wrestlers and pugilists struggle over the sand, or to hear the loud shouts, with which the Hellenes greeted the victors. Their hearts yearned towards their friend Phidias, when amid the radiance of a dewy morning, they reached the famous plain of Olympia, watered by the waves of the sacred stream Alpheus. They found all the roads leading to Elis from the Arcadian mountains, the south of the Peloponnesus across Messenia, or the north across Achaia, crowded with travellers; but especially the so-called sacred holiday road, that ran along the Alpheus; even across the western sea they saw garlanded galleys coming from the Italian and Sicilian coasts.

They mingled in the throng of festal caravans, festal embassies, which no large community in Hellas neglected to send to the great, peaceful Hellenic contest in Olympia. Wherever such a caravan passed, the stream of other travellers on foot and horseback divided, and all

gazed at the members of the procession, who, clad in festal robes and crowned with wreaths, sat in garlanded chariots, at the chariots themselves, which were not unfrequently adorned with paintings, gilded, and hung with tapestry, the magnificent beasts for sacrifices, costly sacrificial vessels, and numerous attendants.

Not far from the rows of shops and booths, almost opposite to the entrance of the sacred grove, was a sculptor's studio. Here Phidias had toiled for years; here with Alcamenes and some of his other pupils he had labored in the seclusion of the lowlands of Elis, whose quiet was interrupted only once in five years by the gay tumult of the Olympic festival, to complete the noblest and most magnificent of all his statues. Having escaped the spell of joyous Athens, shaken off all the influences that sought to bind his sublime thoughts to earth with flowery chains, he created in this solitude, fanned by mountain breezes and soothed by the waters of the sacred stream, his Olympic Zeus.

Two men came out of Phidias' studio and walked up the bank of the Alpheus.

One was the impetuous Alcamenes. His companion might be recognized as the much-praised Polycleitus of Argos, whose statues in bronze and marble vied with the great Athenian's. Yet, with the quiet, sober temperament of the Peloponnesian, he endeavored to comprehend humanity solely as such, especially the masculine sex, which he liked best to embody in statues of athletes. His school was Olympia; here he trained and saturated eyes and mind with the living contours of harmoniously powerful figures.

The difference between Phidias' art and that of his Argive rival, caused a secret hostility. While the

Athenian thought people were beginning to value the Argive's unaspiring art too highly, the latter was secretly offended because, passing over the Peloponnesian artist, the Athenian and his pupils had been summoned to execute the largest and most superb piece of sculpture on Peloponnesian soil. This was one of the Athenian triumphs Aspasia had predicted, when she tried to prove to Pericles, that a community can surpass its rivals by fostering the beautiful.

Therefore Polycleitus, during his stay in Olympia, had held no intercourse with Phidias and his companions, except Alcamenes, whose frank, cheerful, vivacious temper always triumphed over petty scruples, and who had now on the occasion of a chance meeting, entered into an unembarrassed conversation with his Argive brother artist.

Polycleitus, a sensible, circumspect man, who even in his hostility to Phidias and his school felt no passionate bitterness, inquired for Agoracritus, and asked why he had not accompanied his master to help finish his glorious work, as he did on the Acropolis.

"You may well wonder," replied Alcamenes, "that the master's favorite pupil is absent, while I, who since the victory won over him by my Aphrodite, can scarcely venture to boast of Phidias' personal regard, followed him here and continue to work by his side. When people live and labor together, it doesn't depend upon whether they love each other more or less, but whether they have peaceable dispositions. I could have endured Agoracritus' companionship, though he is ill-disposed towards me; but he could not bear mine, and since the completion of the Parthenon has gone his own way merely to escape the sight of my hated face. Meantime,

he undertook to carve a Zeus for Coroneia. But, as when he intended to make an Aphrodite he produced a Nemesis, so people supposed his Zeus, when finished, to be a god of the nether world. Thus he becomes more and more absorbed in melancholy, and as my style of art constantly progresses in the contrary direction, we have reached a degree of opposition, in which we are certainly no longer fit to labor side by side at the same task."

"Your impetuous spirit, Alcamenes," replied Polycleitus, "urges you to take long strides in your art, which your companions cannot easily follow."

"I could move more freely here, than among the works on the Acropolis," said Alcamenes. "There the master's mind held everything created in strict unity, according to a fixed plan; here he left the external decoration of the temple entirely to Pæonius and myself, while he remained completely absorbed in his Olympian ruler of the gods."

As Alcamenes uttered these words, he suddenly fixed his eyes upon a distant part of the crowd surging along the bank of the Alpheus. He seemed to have recognized some one, and his manner betrayed unusual excitement. Turning to Polycleitus, he said:

"Do you see that stately, dignified man, trying to make his way through the throng, beside a closely-veiled woman with a charming figure? That is Pericles from Athens, accompanied by his wife, the beautiful Milesian, Aspasia."

"I recognize Pericles," said Polycleitus. "I saw him years ago at Athens. But the beautiful woman is a stranger to me."

"A woman as dangerous and crafty, as she is beau-

tiful," replied Alcamenes. "You cannot love without hating her, or hate without loving her."

When Pericles and Aspasia saw Alcamenes and Polycleitus, they approached each other, and after the Athenians had exchanged cordial greetings with the two sculptors, Pericles instantly asked for Phidias.

"We arrived at Olympia late last evening," said he, "not to witness the games, which for me have long since lost the charm of novelty, and my wife as a woman is prohibited from attending, but merely to see Phidias and his god, about which marvellous things have been told recently. We are just looking for the master and you, Alcamenes, will doubtless gladly direct us to him."

"He is in the sacred grove," replied Alcamenes, "in the newly-finished temple of Zeus. He shut himself up there with his assistants and workmen, and will admit no one, partly in order not to be disturbed, and partly because he doesn't wish to expose his statue to the eyes of spectators until it is in its place, erected in its full splendor. The temple will not be opened until the games are over. Rigidly as the reserved and almost misanthropic man secludes himself from every one, I will try to enter the closed temple and announce guests, whom he surely will not fail to receive with joy."

"Never mind, Alcamenes!" said Pericles. "Phidias ought not to be disturbed in his occupation, even by us, and will not wish us to see his work, except in the full splendor of completion. We will have patience for a time, but I don't intend to wait with Aspasia for the formal opening of the temple. We should not care to enjoy that spectacle for the first time, amid the countless throng of Hellenes. I hope Phidias will conduct us

at least a day before into the lonely sanctuary, and allow us to gaze at his completed statue of the god in silence."

"That wish certainly will accord with the master's desire," replied Alcamenes. "Then, if you intend to leave Phidias undisturbed in the temple, content yourselves with my society and Polycleitus', who is more at home on the soil of Olympia than almost any other Greek, and whose bronze and marble statues are gleaming yonder amid the branches of the plane and olive-trees in the sacred grove."

Pericles and Aspasia, with cordial thanks, accepted the guidance of the two famous men.

They walked together through the vast crowd in the wide, open plain, that extended between the tree-shaded bank of the Alpheus and the sacred grove of Attis, where the new temple of the Olympic Zeus towered amid a forest of bronze and marble statues.

They passed the houses intended for the numerous persons who belonged to the service of the temple, the inns, which could not contain half the strangers, the buildings where the war-chariots were kept, the stables where noble steeds and mules were neighing. The larger portion of the multitude had encamped in tents in the open air.

After walking a few steps, they came to the superb tent of the embassy from Sicyon, somewhat farther on to those which sheltered the envoys from Corinth, Argos, Samos, Rhodes and others. Around these tents thronged many persons, especially those connected with their owners by the ties of nationality. Then they were told: This magnificent tent belongs to the rich Periander from Chios, that to wealthy Euphorides from Orchomenus,

the third to Pauson from Eretria. The occupants of the tents stood at the entrances, talking and gesticulating eagerly together, greeting their friends and inviting them to rest under the shade of the purple linen. Strangers, sunburnt youths, approached, endeavoring to prove themselves the sons and relatives of former guests, by showing one half of a broken ring, whose other half was in the hands of those whom they accosted.

Booths of every description adjoined the gay city of tents.

The populace surged to and fro. All the various Greek dialects blended confusedly together. People did not always understand each other. Beside the harsh tones of the Peloponnesian, the broad accent of the Theban, the heavy one of the Megarian, echoed the soft Ionian and Æolian tongues. Amid the crowd of Hellenes, the eager, bright-eyed Athenian and grave, gloomy Spartan were especially conspicuous, and were often seen to measure each other with hostile glances.

The gigantic forms of the athletes also moved to and fro. People pointed them out, and mentioned their names and victories.

Before the tent of the embassy from Chios, Pericles saw a boy weeping bitterly, while an old man, perhaps his grandfather, vainly strove to console him. Pericles asked the cause of the tears, and learned that the lad had been excluded from the contests of the boys on the charge of *effeminacy*, because he had come to Olympia with long hair and a purple robe. Aspasia, in tones of mingled scorn and anger, without fearing those who might hear, blamed the gloomy, old-fashioned strictness of the Elis inspectors of combats, then caressingly stroked the boy's dark curls, saying :

“Don’t cry! Pericles from Athens will intercede for you with the Hellenodicæ.”

The wide space became more and more densely crowded. Pericles and Aspasia, in passing along, saw groups thronging around sculptors, who publicly exhibited their works, or rhapsodists, or a clear-voiced man, who mounted a sort of orator’s platform, to read aloud to the listening Hellenes the histories he had composed of Greek cities and islands. Or they pressed around some excellent musician, or men of haughty bearing clad in magnificent purple robes, Sophists who sought here in Olympia to increase the renown of their name, and were ready to declaim to the throng on any subject; or some insignificant little man, on whose bald crown the perspiration, under the burning sun of Elis, glittered like morning dew-drops, and who offered for general examination an astronomical chart, a work of great ingenuity and toilsome calculation.

An aged, white-haired Spartan gazed at the eager bustle with a gloomy, dissatisfied expression. “I like the time, when Olympia was nothing more than the place for testing the manly strength of the Hellenes, while now it is abused as a spot for exhibiting effeminate arts. When I was a boy, nothing was sold here except necessary food, and articles especially required for the festival, such as ornaments, fillets, wreaths. Now the booths bristle with useless trash; we have a great fair here, at which the tradesfolk from all the cities and islands wish to offer their most tempting wares. The place swarms more and more with rhapsodists, musicians, sculptors, sophists, and other people of that sort, and soon the great purpose of the Olympic festival will disappear amid exhibitions and displays of unmanly rivalry, with

which the Athenians and other Hellenes of the lowlands, the islands, and the Ionian coast try to press forward. Ambitious fools! Each wants to parade in some way, make himself conspicuous. See, yonder are some Megarians scrawling their names on the bark of the poplars, to do something to secure immortality."

"And I see some people gathering the beautiful, bright-hued pebbles from the sand of the sacred stream," replied his companion. "I must get some too, to take home to my boys."

At these words the Spartan's friend disappeared among the poplars on the banks of the Alpheus. The former looked after him, shaking his head.

At this moment, drowning every other sound, arose the loud voice of the herald, who passing through the city of tents from time to time, succeeded in fixing the eyes and ears of all the Hellenes upon himself for a moment. He was the universal mouth-piece of the Greeks, and announced the most diverse events: "The Panormitans and Leontines solemnly inform all the Hellenes of the treaty of peace they have concluded, after the settlement of their quarrels." Then: "The Magnesians announce to the Hellenes, that they have formed a perpetual defensive alliance with the Larissæans and Demetrians."

Again his sonorous shout echoed on the air: "The Lechæans, in the presence of the whole Hellenic nation, thank the Pliasians for the assistance rendered in the conflict with the Cenchreæns."

"That was worth while!" exclaimed a Cenchreæn. "Do the Lechæans really suppose we feared them and the Pliasians? By Heracles! They'll hear a different proclamation from the herald, at the next Olympic festival."

"Admirable bragging!" replied a Lechæan who stood near. "Never mind! We still have arrows enough to cover the whole Cenchreæn city."

"And we spears enough," retorted the Cenchreæn, "to spit all the Lechæans!"

"Be off!" cried the Lechæan furiously, "or you won't recognize your own face in the mirror to-morrow." He raised his clenched fist.

The Athenian caught his arm. "What does this mean? Let the Cenchreæn alone or you'll have to deal with me."

"Why, just see," said a Samian in the group of spectators who crowded around the pair; "the Athenians even want to ingratiate themselves with the Cenchreæns, and we know their designs, when they sneak into favor."

"Yes, indeed we do!" cried several Spartans and Argives.

"For some time," exclaimed one of the Argives, "the Athenians have been making extraordinary efforts, to win friendship on the isthmus and at the entrances to the Peloponnesus!"

"Have they time?" asked one of the Spartans, grinning. "Has the great Pericles, the Olympian, finished his magnificent temples, propylæa, and gold and ivory statues of Pallas? And does the Hera of the Athenian Olympian desire to extend her domain beyond the pine forests of the isthmus?"

"She has already sent her friends and champions in advance!" cried the Argive, pointing over his shoulder towards Phidias' workshop.

The Athenians would not submit to be laughed at, and the wordy war threatened to grow fiercer and more general.

Suddenly a man's voice was heard. Powerful, melodious, and wonderfully impressive, it instantly gained a hearing from all.

"Whose is the Hellenic tongue," cried the speaker, "that derides the new temple and statues of the Athenians? Whatever praiseworthy thing has been created at Athens, has been created for the honor of the whole Hellenic name. Remember that for centuries our forefathers, no matter of what race, have always maintained *peace* in this spot, where the sacred waves of the Alpheus flash in time to the festal Olympic songs of the whole Hellenic nation. We have ever met here for peaceful contests; this was sacred soil, here dwelt divine peace. The Panhellenic festival within the temple precincts of our common god, Zeus, unites us. Keep the peace, Hellenes, on the Pisatian meadow. No weapons must clash, no clang of metal be heard here, save the tinkling of broken halves of rings fitted together, by which Hellenic guests from every land affectionately recognize each other."

At these words the shout "Pericles!" rang through the crowd. "Pericles of Athens! Pericles, the Olympian!" Fathers lifted their sons to show them Pericles. He had at first been recognized only by a few. Now that he had spoken, now that the thunder of his Olympic oratory had resounded, he was known by the whole Hellenic nation. Shouts of applause echoed across the Alpheus, and the waves of the stream seemed to splash in harmony.

Pericles withdrew from the crowd by entering the sacred grove Altis, accompanied by his friends and Aspasia. Here they wandered amid temples and sanctuaries of every kind, statues, tripods, monumental

columns, beneath the rustling foliage of olive, white poplar, plane, and palm-trees. A gilded goddess of victory, placed between two gilded prize vessels, flashed with dazzling lustre on the summit of the new temple of Zeus. They examined Alcámenes' sculpture on the rear pediment. He had represented the battle of the Lapithæ and Centaurs, and in so doing given freer rein to his predilection for animated life and manifold variety of attitude and gesture, than at the Acropolis of Athens.

Guided by Polycleitus and Alcámenes, Pericles and Aspasia examined the countless wonders of the sacred grove.

At last they ascended a flight of steps, leading northward from the Altis to a wide terrace. This terrace extended along the southern base of the hill of Cronus to the Stadium. Upon it stood a row of so-called treasure-houses of different cities, in which they deposited the offerings intended for Olympia.

Ascending the hill of Cronus from the treasure-houses, Pericles and Aspasia saw the sanctuaries that adorned it. From the summit they had a most beautiful view of Olympia. Below lay the sacred grove Altis, with its temples and statues; beyond it the majestic river Alpheus flowed through the plain; on the right was the river Cladeus, flowing from the Pisatian mountains to mingle its waters with the Alpheus; on the left was the Stadium, and farther down, bounding the sacred grove, the Hippodrome, the scene of the Olympic contests. At the right of the hill of Cronus, nearer the northern exit of the Altis, they saw the buildings which formed the centre of the government of Olympia, and where the umpires, as well as the athletes themselves, swore to observe the laws of the contests before the

statue of Zeus Harkios, armed with the double lightnings. Beyond, nothing was to be seen on all sides except the circle of towering mountains, beneath whose shelter lay the sacred plain of Olympia.

The men of the party gazed at the scene with delight, but Aspasia began to complain of the burning heat, and the numerous gnats that tormented them.

"How does it happen," said she, "that the Hellenes chose for their athletic contests the season of midsummer, and this sultry, marshy lowland?"

"Their founder, Heracles, didn't mind gnats!" said Alcamenes smiling.

"Nor we men until now!" added Pericles. "But since our attention has been called to it, I must agree with you, Aspasia; the countless tiny blood-suckers are certainly annoying."

Returning through the Altis, Pericles and Aspasia lingered near Polycleitus' statues.

Meantime the throng and bustle between the Altis and the Alpheus had constantly increased. Countless victims were offered towards evening at the flower-wreathed altars of the gods in the Altis. The athletes were seen watching for omens of their success in the entrails of the slaughtered animals. The largest throng of spectators gathered around the festal burnt-offering on the famous ancient altar of Zeus.

The performance of these sacred rites lasted until far into the night, amid the sound of music, by the light of the moon, which was approaching its full. Everything was done in magnificent style, and yet in perfect order, amid a silence that commanded reverence. Not until midnight were the torches in the sacred grove extinguished, while the last flames on the sacrificial altars died

glimmering away. Then no small part of the throng hurried to the race-course, to secure places and wait for the grey dawn and the commencement of the games.

The next morning Pericles and Aspasia ascended the hill of Cronus.

Pericles' eyes rested upon the crowded Stadium, of which he had a distant view, with the interest such a spectacle always obtained from the Greeks. He had only renounced the pleasure of mingling with the spectators for Aspasia's sake.

The Milesian's eye did not turn with the same satisfaction to the spot where physical strength, excited to almost murderous eagerness, was struggling in the dust and sun.

"Why does your glance wander almost contemptuously to those rejoicing spectators?" asked Pericles.

"Does it not seem," said Aspasia, "as if the Hellenic nation, which has become so eminent in many things truly beautiful and magnificent, reserves the highest of its crowns of glory for the athletes of Olympia? Ought strength of arm and nimbleness of foot, to be considered the highest of all excellencies on Hellenic soil?"

"I understand," replied Pericles; "you are the champion of womanhood, and everything that refines, ennobles, and beautifies life; but here the rude masculine nature celebrates its triumph."

"Such wrestling and pugilistic contests, where men fight each other till the blood streams from their mouths, is a true Dorian spectacle," replied Aspasia. "You are right, I hate these games, for where virility goes beyond its mark, barbarism does not seem far distant. I fear the rude charm of this spectacle will en-

snare the minds of men more and more, and at last lead them again to barbarism."

"You go too far," replied her husband, smiling.

The conflict of opinions between Pericles and Aspasia was destined to receive a still greater stimulus by a little scene of which they became witnesses.

The evening of that same day, accompanied by Polycleitus and Alcamenes, they were strolling near the Stadium, Aspasia gazing at the places so new to her, when it happened that just as they sat down to rest on a stone bench, a party of athletes, who had taken part in the contests of the day, met another group, and all entered into an animated conversation. The battles of the first day were fought over again in words, and each success underwent a severe scrutiny. Those who were vanquished explained by what accident their opponents had become conquerors, and how the victory had merely hung by a hair, or accused their foes of having violated the laws of the games; but this was usually of little avail, and they were sometimes compelled to hear the jeers of their companions.

"No matter, worthy Theagenes," one said, "you must bear the thumps you received from Nisostratus. You look very pitiable with the oil-soaked rags around your broken head, and diffuse the odor of a lamp-post."

"Scoff on!" said the person addressed, a youthful wrestler and pugilist, who had received a good drubbing, and therefore wore a cloth soaked in oil wrapped about his head. "Scoff on!" he continued; "I've tried now what flesh and blood can bear. I received blows on the head, which I believe, would have crushed a block of stone. Yet do you suppose I feel any discomfort except a little heat? At the utmost, a few harm-

less bumps have swollen. But my spine is beginning to ache a little—very possibly from the violence, with which I fell backward on the ground in the wrestling match."

"It's evident you are a novice," said the others, "since you don't yet know that the head is the least, and the spine the most sensitive part of the body."

"Your spine will recover in three days," said one, "but look at *me*—where shall I get back my teeth? If I had spit them out, when a blow from Meleager's fist struck me, I should have confessed my loss, so I preferred to swallow them. It's disagreeable to carry one's teeth about in the stomach, instead of in the mouth."

"You'll digest them!" said Cnemon the Boeotian. "An athlete's stomach must digest teeth."

"I shall hardly get as much flesh on my limbs from them as *you* have!" replied Theagenes. Cnemon was really an elderly coarse fellow, who had absorbed the juices of many cattle, calves, and lambs. His ears were crushed by numerous blows, the flesh on his broad arched breast and back seemed like brass, he resembled a hammered bronze statue. The muscles on his arms stood out round and firm, like the pebbles in a river-bed, which have long been rolled and rounded by the waves.

"Do you suppose," he cried, "that I'll yield to any of you because I'm a little clumsy, and not so light footed? I'm no racer, but a man who can no more be overthrown than an iron column. If the earth itself trembles—I stand firm."

Cnemon laid a disk on the ground, and continued:

"Well! Is there any one of you who can push me down?"

The athletes, one after another, vainly tried their strength. Cnemon moistened the disk with oil till it was very slippery, but still stood his ground.

Then he stretched out his right hand, holding the fingers, also extended, pressed firmly together. "Now try to separate the little finger from the rest!" he exclaimed.

They attempted to do so, but the fingers seemed soldered to each other like metal.

"That's nothing!" boastfully exclaimed Stenelos the Argive. "I can stop a team of four horses at full speed, by grasping the spokes of the wheels."

"And I," said Thermios the Elian, "once seized a stallion by the hoof at Pylus, and when he tore himself free, I held the hoof in my hand."

"These are feats of strength," said the Thessalian, Enagoras, "but equal what I once did at Larissa—I stole the sandals from the feet of the famous runner, Cresilas, in the midst of the race."

"What?" cried the Spartan Anactor, "does the light-footed Thessalian boast in the presence of boxers? What will your swift legs profit you, if I hurl you face downward on the ground?"

"My fists are no worse than my legs!" exclaimed the Thessalian, "and if I should touch you, you can gather up your bones from the sand."

"Silence!" cried the Spartan, "or I'll crush your eyes out, as a cook mashes a cuttle-fish."

"I'll tear you to pieces," replied the Thessalian, "till the ants carry you away in crumbs."

"You fight with words!" exclaimed Cnemon the Boeotian. "That is not the custom of athletes. Put it to the test."

"That we will!" cried both.

"Very well!" said the burly Theban, "but what do you mean to do? Will you race together, or belabor each other with your fists? They are trials by no means to be despised. Meantime, do you know the athlete's best test, in which all, be they runners, pugilists, or anything else, meet on common ground?"

"Well?" asked the Spartan and the Thessalian at the same instant.

"The athlete's best test," said the Theban, stroking his stomach, "is the power of *digestion*. Think of Heracles; he killed lions by dozens among the mountains, but he also consumed a bull at one sitting. Here is Rhodus, men, fight here. Have—I won't say an ox, for what would Heracles be, if he did not remain the only man of his kind—but have a large fat wether roasted, divide it into two equal parts, and eat it at one sitting. He, whose stomach first refuses its service, must admit himself conquered, for he will be the weaker of you two."

"Quite right!" ran through the group; "Anactor and Enagoras must undergo the great test of athletes before our eyes. We'll bring the wether at once and roast it on a spit." Anactor and Enagoras agreed. At the same time several went away to get the largest wether they could find.

The scene had progressed thus far under the eyes of Pericles and his companions, when Aspasia rose from her seat, saying: "Let us go, Pericles, I no longer have strength to witness these Olympic games."

The rest of the group smilingly rose, and set out on their return.

"Aspasia's feeling towards these athletes," said Alca-

menes, "seems to me neither more nor less than the right and natural impulse of a woman, who is thoroughly healthy in body and soul. What real use are these immensely powerful men? Are they more effective in war than others? Do they mow down the ranks of the enemies, like the Homeric heroes? No! Experience opposes it. Are they adapted to be of service in improving the human race? No! Experience contradicts that also. They are good for nothing, except the feats they perform in the Stadium, amid the approving shouts of the spectators."

"Yes," replied Pericles, "the usefulness of the profession the athletes practise, is not realized in their own persons. Yet the advantage derived from that exhibition of strength, and the undue honor paid it, is great and priceless, in so far as it vividly reminds the Hellenic nation, that the powers of the body are no less capable of being increased and developed than those of the mind. There is more danger that man will neglect his physical, than his mental training, for he is constantly urged to intellectual activity by a secret impulse and the pressure of necessity. The cultivation of the body he leaves to nature, unless stimulated by some external spur."

As Pericles uttered these words, the party had reached the sacred grove and were nearly opposite to some statues of famous victors, from the hand of Polycleitus.

Aspasia, fixing her eyes upon them, said:

"In looking at these works of Polycleitus, the sculptor seems to me to be of my opinion in these disputes. He has not vouchsafed to represent the excess of strength or the unyielding bulk of the limbs, but places before us

images and types of just proportions, the harmonious, fully-developed figure. It always appears to me that Polycleitus is to be commended, because he does not, like Phidias, despise human nature, but gives it the honor that is its due, and as Phidias represents divine nature in its most sublime form, he most clearly realizes unpretending humanity."

This eulogy produced a less pleasant impression on Polycleitus' mind, than Aspasia expected.

"The artist," he replied, "is dependent upon the wishes and needs of those who claim his skill. The Elians also seem to believe, that Phidias alone can worthily represent the gods, since they summoned him to Olympia. Not so the Argives, who wish to try me, their countryman, and have commissioned me to make the gold and ivory statue of Hera for their great temple at Argos."

Aspasia could not succeed in soothing the visible ill-humor of the sculptor, who, in a short time, on some trivial pretext took his leave.

"You have now served as a spur to stimulate Polycleitus to do his best, and make the Hera of Argos worthy the Zeus of Olympia," said Alcamenes smiling.

"He may execute an admirable statue in emulation of Phidias," replied Aspasia.

"But as Phidias, after once stooping to earth with his Lemnian Pallas, quickly soared back again to Olympus, and since then has done penance at the feet of the Olympic Zeus, Polycleitus, I believe, will speedily return from Olympus to earth and his own peculiar domain. True, the imaginative Peloponnesian suggests in his statues little of the activity and depth of the soul; but do not Athenian artists also leave something to be

hoped for and desired? May I confess, that I sometimes see in dreams visions of the gods no Phidias, Alcamenes or Polycleitus has yet realized with the chisel. Last night, Apollo, dearest to me of all the divinities, the god of light and music, appeared before me. He made himself manifest under the guise of a marvellous, slender, youthful figure, victorious and bewitching, moving with a bold yet graceful stride. The dragons of gloom, mortally wounded by the mere sight of him and the bow in his out-stretched hand, writhed before him. Who can chisel the god as I beheld him? Not you, Alcamenes! Yet you are the most ardent of all our sculptors, and with ever-youthful mind devote yourself to life and its charms. That is why life reveals its mysteries to you, and in your statues its mighty breath ruffles the too level surface of pure form."

Alcamenes' eyes sparkled enthusiastically.

"The Arcadians have long intended to build a temple to your favorite god, and applied to Phidias to adorn its frieze with sculpture. The latter sent them to me. But the Arcadian mind is circumspect, and they will doubtless wait many a year until the god, with his fatal darts, causes them to fulfil their vow. If they then remember their plan and me, the carving on that frieze shall bear witness, for all futurity, of the flame to which you encourage me to give free course, Aspasia."

"Be wholly yourself," said Aspasia, "do not heed the words of the cold and stern, and you will create something at which even the fault-finders will gaze with wondering admiration."

From this moment, the last spark of ill-will towards Aspasia vanished from Alcamenes' heart.

The following day some trifling accident led Pericles

to go out without Aspasia, leaving her in the society of Alcamenes, Polycleitus, and some other friends he had met at Olympia. After a long interview, all took their leave except Alcamenes, who continued the conversation with his usual vivacity.

More and more ardent became the young sculptor's words and looks.

But Alcamenes not only displayed his admiration of Pericles' wife, now that he found himself alone with her, but—apparently unconsciously and involuntarily—adopted a tone which had a shade of familiarity. Was he justified by the courtesy, with which the art-loving Milesian had once admitted to friendly intercourse Phidias' most talented pupil?

Aspasia noticed this touch of familiarity with a feeling of offended pride.

Impetuous Alcamenes began to make comparisons between the contours of her mature and youthful charms, speaking of them as people discuss things, with which they are thoroughly familiar.

This also offended the high-spirited Aspasia.

Alcamenes took her hand, scanned it with the eye of a connoisseur, praised its beauty, and said it was an inexhaustible source of artistic instruction to him.

Aspasia withdrew it, reminding him that Theodota would be no less inexhaustible in instructive charms.

"You are angry with me, because I have praised Theodota!" cried Alcamenes.

"Have I ever made you suffer for it?" replied Aspasia coldly; "did you find me hostile, when we met each other here again? Have I ceased to cherish expectations that do you honor, and urge you, as the most talented sculptor, to the attainment of the highest goal?"

I knew you hated me, but to me Alcamenes' art and Alcamenes himself are wholly separate. I have returned neither your love nor your hate."

"Your words may seem cold and sensible," replied Alcamenes, "but secret emotion gives them a keen and bitter point. You are still angry with me on Theodota's account. Forgive the sin I committed! What you call my *hate*, was the vengeance of *love*."

"Long before your hatred became apparent to me, I told you what I have just recommended to your consideration—that there is a line between the interest a man's mind takes in anything, and that felt by his heart."

"Is it so with women?" asked Alcamenes, smiling insolently. "I repeat: you are angry with me on Theodota's account. It was perhaps also a deed of vengeance, that you have rekindled the same old fires within me. Once more, forgive, and do not condemn the ardor you yourself have usually praised in Alcamenes' nature."

With these words the impetuous fellow suddenly embraced Pericles' wife.

The proud beauty measured the aggressor with a look, that recalled him to his senses.

At this moment Pericles entered, and read what had happened in the expression of Alcamenes' face.

The latter took his leave in great embarrassment and rushed away, his heart filled with fresh wrath against Aspasia.

Pericles looked very pale.

"Is explanation necessary?" said Aspasia. "You read in Alcamenes' features—"

"It seems," replied Pericles, "that Alcamenes treated you as people treat a woman, who—"

"Say no more!" cried Aspasia.

"I know," continued Pericles, "the line you draw, according to Protagoras' meaning, between your beauty and yourself. I know the precept, according to which woman's veil might be shrivelled to a fig-leaf. You see he has a different opinion of the sacredness of the fig-leaf. He is wrong, you say; but *his* view of the matter, not yours, decides his manner of treating you. You know the man's ardent, but not ignoble nature. He will now be doubly incensed against you, and increase the number of your open enemies."

"He will apparently find an unexpected ally in this hostility!" said Aspasia.

After a few more bitter speeches and retorts, Pericles left the room.

Aspasia stamped indignantly.

"This accursed Peloponnesian soil is bringing me misfortune," she murmured.

But fresh courage soon returned. "This is only a passing cloud," she thought, "which will sail harmlessly across the clear sky of love. The fire will blaze more brightly after the new heat, than before the chill."

Aspasia was not disappointed. But does not an uncomfortable residue of old ashes linger in the breast, beneath those brightly-blazing flames? Does love forget all it forgives?

Pericles and Aspasia were Phidias' guests at Olympia. He had lodged them in one of the spacious apartments of his workshop, though he himself remained invisible. He was constantly engaged in the temple, superintending the completion and erection of the huge gold and ivory statue, and refused to see them, but had promised, through Alcamenes, that they should be the

first of the whole Hellenic nation, to whom he would reveal the greatest work of his hands.

The eagerly-anticipated hour was approaching.

A glowing summer day was followed by a sultry evening, with a threatening thunder-shower. Dark flying clouds had gathered around the lofty mountain-peaks. After darkness had closed in, one of Phidias' slaves came to Pericles, saying that he had been ordered to conduct him and Aspasia into the temple of Zeus. The Arcadian girl, at Aspasia's request, accompanied them. They passed through the sacred grove of Altis, which lay in deep shadow under the clouded night-heavens. The place was deserted; only a faint rustle echoed through the tree-tops.

They reached the temple. The slave opened the doors, led them into the inner hall, conducted them to a raised platform at the end where they could sit down, then withdrew, closing the doors behind him, and left the three alone in the darkness. A faint glimmer of light fell through the opening in the roof from the dark, clouded sky, but did not reach far into the hall.

They waited silently, almost timidly. Suddenly the veil of gloom before their eyes was rent asunder, and they started, dazzled by an indescribable vision of light. The curtain that divided the back of the hall from the front had been drawn aside, and the three spectators beheld, in the bright glow, the colossal gold and ivory statue of the Olympic god. He was represented seated on a glittering, richly-ornamented throne, yet touching the temple-roof with the august head, whose nod, according to the singer's words, shook the heights of Olympus.

Around the ivory limbs of the ruler of the gods

hung a golden mantle, enveloping the left shoulder, arms, and lower portions of the body. This golden cloak sparkled with bright enamel, a decoration of tiny figures and blooming lilies seemed embroidered on its surface. The olive-wreath on the Olympian's locks was of gold enameled with green. In the left hand he held a sceptre, which artistically wrought of various precious metals, and sparkling brightly, inclined slightly forward, and was supported by the floor. The out-stretched right palm held a goddess of victory, formed of the same materials as the statue of the god himself. Four pillar-shaped feet, between which stood small columns, supported the superbly-decorated throne, gleaming with gold and marble, ivory and ebony. The flat front was colored dark-blue, a background well suited to display the lustre of the gold and ivory.

Beautiful, significant carvings surrounded the god and the throne on all sides. An eagle perched on the sceptre, golden lions adorned the supports of the stool, on which rested the feet of the ruler of the gods, sphinxes emblems of the fathomless counsels of Zeus, upheld the arms of the throne. On the sides, painted by Pæonius, glittered, in bright hues, the deeds of the famous son of Zeus, Heracles. Other heroic forms appeared, and also representations of all the contests of Olympia.

On the wide surface of the socle, above which rose the throne itself, the fairest of Zeus' daughters, golden Aphrodite, ascended from the foam of the sea.

The Olympian's face was divinely gentle, yet full of indescribably sublime earnestness. The mild benevolence was wonderfully blended with stern power and grave wisdom, but the expression of supreme power was the predominant and prevailing one.

Aspasia, almost terrified, hid her face on Pericles' breast. This luminous vision inspired her with a sort of awe. Here there was nothing womanly blended with the divine nature, as in the figure of the virginal Pallas Athena. The grave, stern, lofty power of the ruler of the gods was here raised to its summit.

Aspasia felt something like a sudden pain in her breast at the spectacle.

The Arcadian girl was also greatly startled; but instantly recovered herself and gazed up at the god with the confidence of a child.

The storm had slowly risen. Through the opening in the temple-roof, they saw the lightning flash across the sky and heard the roll of distant thunder.

Aspasia wanted to draw Pericles away with her, but he remained absorbed in silent contemplation. He, too, was accustomed to receive a pleasant impression from sculpture, but now saw himself confronted with the sublime in a form never before imagined. There was something like a new revelation in this statue.

The thunder rolled nearer and nearer.

Suddenly a flash of lightning darted through the opening in the temple-roof.

Pericles and Aspasia were blinded for a moment; when they recovered their sight, they saw a marble tablet, on which the twelve Olympic divinities were carved in relief, cleft and blackened by the thunder-bolt.

Zeus' countenance had shone for an instant with Titanic majesty in the glare of the lightning. It seemed as if *his* hand had hurled the dart, that shattered the inferior Olympic deities.

Now his face beamed with such quiet dignity, that the terror roused by the lightning melted at the sight.

The god appeared so great, that even the lightning played around him like faint, feeble sparks.

"This god of Phidias'," said Pericles, absorbed in thought, "has grown above the temples of the Hellenes. His head towers towards the unattainable, the infinite—"

Half-constrained, Pericles at last yielded to Aspasia's urgency, and both went in search of Phidias.

The latter, unseen, had watched the pair, while they stood gazing at the god.

Then, to avoid speaking, he disappeared and remained concealed.

When the husband and wife thoughtfully returned to their lodging, Aspasia shook from her mind the impression produced by the solemnly sublime spectacle, as a bird shakes the glittering rain-drops from its light wings.

Not so Pericles.

But Aspasia did not rest, till she had banished the Olympic sternness from his brow.

At last the supernatural, solemnly sublime spectacle, beheld amid lightning and thunder, receded into the background, and admiration of the peerless sculptor obtained mastery in his soul.

Even with closed eyes, the Arcadian girl saw herself in her sleep that night surrounded by streams of light, the sparkle of gold, the gleam of ivory, and the flash of lightning strangely blended together.

Pericles started restlessly from sleep several times. He had dreamed that Phidias' seated god had risen to his full height, and shattered the temple-roof with his head.

Aspasia had another strange dream.

She saw Zeus' eagle fly down from the sceptre to the socle, and peck out the eyes of golden, smiling, joyous Aphrodite's doves.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CHILD OF LIGHT AND THE PRIEST OF DARKNESS.

THE Peloponnesian journey of Pericles and Aspasia formed a strange contrast to their Ionian honeymoon. On the gay strand of Miletus, victorious womanhood with soft arms drew the Athenian hero into her magic circle; here, amid towering mountain peaks, the manly Dorian spirit approached Pericles, accompanied by many things well suited to awaken serious thoughts. Here nature herself filled his soul with solemn awe, here the ancient relics of a heroic past, compared with which later generations could not help feeling themselves a feeble race, accosted him; here amid scenes, whose legends were inseparably connected with the old heroic world, a worship and rivalry of virility was fostered, well suited, as Aspasia felt, to rouse, sustain, and develop opinions in the soul of the Greek, which would rather injure than aid the victory of beauty and womanhood in every department of life. In the shepherd's lonely mountain meadows Pericles had beheld a simple, idyllic existence, untouched by the breath of the new civilization, and which fostered views, feelings, presentiments, that perhaps only awaited the decline of the true Hellenic spirit, to weave a grey, formless mist around the bright Greek world. Even the Athenian's art, placing his last and noblest work in the temple of the Olympic ruler of the gods, seemed to seal forever the triumph of lofty sublimity over graceful beauty.

These emotions and influences affected Pericles differently from Aspasia. Their minds were not wholly alike, and the nature of their relation to the outside world also differed. Aspasia was working, giving, active in all directions; Pericles, without impairing his manly vigor, was receptive, allowing every external influence to act upon his noble Greek soul. Like the Hellenic nation itself, he was placed, with his extreme susceptibility, between the opposing powers; and, like the Hellenic nature and Hellenic mind, experienced, by the constant transition of these influences and contrasts, a development, a mental history, whose limit and issue were not yet to be seen, while Aspasia stood immovably and changelessly firm in the inmost depths of her nature—as the powerful champion of the gayety and beauty of Hellenic life.

Was there not reason to fear, that through this trifling contrast, hitherto concealed by the rose-garlands of love and happiness, the exquisite harmony of the love-life that united the handsome, noble pair on the very summit of human existence, might some day be shadowed?

Doubtless the peril was imminent, but the roses of love and happiness now seemed fadeless, gifted with a magic, eternal perfume.

Pericles still remained susceptible and receptive, Aspasia active and expressive.

They often attacked each other's opinions in conversation, and Pericles frequently believed he had drawn his beloved wife into his views and mood. Finally, however, he usually perceived that it was *she* who had converted him, that it was impossible wholly to resist the potent spell in the hands of this peerless woman. He constantly allowed himself to be led back from the sum-

mit of free, wide, views of life. The beautiful harmony between the two souls was constantly restored, they continually realized afresh the ideal of Hellenic life at its highest summit of development, and afforded a spectacle on which the Olympians looked down with satisfaction.

Aspasia admirably understood how to manage her husband's moods. Whether she would always be able to stifle the newly-budding germ of his inner life, check the progress of his mental development, it was as yet impossible to determine.

This only is certain, that Aspasia always understood how to blend the mirthfulness of Anacreon's songs with the earnestness aroused in Pericles by the hymns of Pindar, and between these two the real Greek spirit always maintained its ground.

The past had cast a fleeting shadow over Pericles' conjugal happiness, in the little incident connected with Alcamenes. Aspasia breathed more freely when, on their return from Olympia to Athens, they left the soil of the Peloponnesus behind. She did not suspect, that still more unpleasant events awaited her in Attica, just before reaching the desired goal.

While Phidias was creating his Zeus at Olympia for all Hellas, as he had formerly at Athens created Pallas Athena for the Athenians, his old associate and friend, Ictinus, had been employed in Eleusis, the Attic city of mysteries, where he had been summoned to erect a new temple to Demeter for the celebration of the great ceremonies.

As the time for this celebration was close at hand, Hipponicus, who at this festival held the office of a Daduchus, long hereditary in his family, had just moved to Eleusis, occupying a country villa, which, like many

other rich Athenians, he possessed in the neighborhood of the beautifully-located city, which was situated near the sea, opposite the ford and island of Salamis. The hill-sides were covered with the houses of the residents and vast temples, surrounded by extensive grounds.

During his stay at Eleusis, Pericles became Hipponicus' guest.

The first day was devoted to the inspection of the large new temple completed by Ictinus, and which, being intended for the celebration of the mysteries, contained numerous subterranean halls and labyrinthic passages of vast extent, the scene of the secret rites only the initiated were allowed to behold.

The subject of the Eleusinian mysteries was one against which Aspasia resolutely directed the sharpest arrows of her mind and wit. Everything that shrank from the light, sought the darkness, surrounded itself with the veil of secrecy, seemed to her connected with superstition and fanaticism, and she thus perceived in these ceremonies peril to the free, aspiring spirit of the Hellenes.

When she blamed the Athenians for the reverence and holy awe felt for these mysteries, Pericles said:

"Perhaps the awe experienced by the Hellenes, is the natural timidity the human mind feels in the presence of the secrets slumbering undeveloped in its own depths. Who knows how many revelations of the human intellect will yet be brought forth from the sacred abyss?"

"I wish to hear nothing about the revelations of the future," said Aspasia. "The revelation of the present is the revelation of beautiful humanity, and everything that might follow would be only a degeneration. Let

us cling with mind, soul, and every fibre of our being to the beautiful, bright present."

Pericles referred his wife to the Daduchus Hipponicus, asking whether this man, whose body constantly grew more corpulent, whose cheeks constantly glowed with a deeper crimson, showed any trace of fanaticism? Yet he was not only one of the initiated, but even the holder of a priestly office at Eleusis, one of those who consecrated the mystics.

Aspasia replied, that those who led others into the domain of superstition and fanaticism were rarely free from the sentiments they inspired, though it sometimes happened that the holders and transmitters of holy secrets were like the mules, that here and there, according to ancient custom, were used as bearers of sacred temple-vessels or statues of the gods, but received no part of the divine blessing they carried on their backs and gave to others. "Harmless Hipponicus," Aspasia added, "seems to me to belong to this latter class."

Hipponicus was proud of his office of Daduchus because the Hellenic nation regarded it as an honor. But he really felt attracted by no secret impulse, no personal inclination, towards the other things associated with and required by this dignity, only by the circumstance that he belonged to the family from which the Daduchi of Eleusis were chosen, and the choice had fallen on him.

He defended the mysteries against Aspasia's attacks as a cause he represented, but without growing excited over it.

Averse to philosophical discussion, he contented himself with showing Aspasia a painting that adorned his dining-room. The picture was executed by Polygnotus, and represented Ulysses' visit to the realm of shades.

Hades was depicted in all its terrors, and the living prince of Ithaca walked fearlessly amid the pallid ghosts.

As Pericles looked at the picture with Aspasia, he noticed, as one of the initiated, that its details contained many references to the mysteries of Eleusis. Hipponicus assented to the remark, and said to Aspasia :

“ It is allowable to betray this much, that the way to the holy light of Eleusis leads through Hades, through the terrors of Erebus. As for the uninitiated, and those who obstinately disdain to allow themselves to be consecrated, their fate in the nether world is very easily shown in this very painting.”

Hipponicus then earnestly advised Aspasia to allow herself to be initiated, reminding her that, according to the universal belief of the Hellenes, those initiated into the mysteries of Demeter at Eleusis, walk after death through the fields of the blessed, while the unconsecrated were destined to languish throughout eternity in horrible darkness and desolation.

“ I have often heard so,” replied Aspasia, “ and it always sounded like the jarring notes of a tuneless cithara, or the noise of a sharp iron instrument drawn over glass. It is marvellous to what things even Hellenic ears can become accustomed. I know there are people who, when they feel the end of life drawing near, quickly have themselves initiated, and many hasten to have their children, even at a very tender age, made sharers in this salvation.”

“ I have myself been initiated, like almost all the Athenians,” said Pericles, “ and would gladly share these secrets with you, as well as all others.”

“ I understand,” replied Aspasia, “ that superstition affords a sufficient motive for the foolish to be initiated,

and curiosity for the wise. But, as a woman, I have a double right to curiosity. What must I do, Hipponicus, to share the consecration."

"It is a very easy matter. You must go next year to the minor Eleusinian festival at Athens, receive through the intercession of some one already consecrated the minor initiation, and six months after proceed in the Eleusinian procession from Athens to Eleusis, to be initiated into the great consecration and behold the real mysteries."

"What?" cried Aspasia, "must I restrain my curiosity so long? I must wait for the minor Eleusinian festival, and then see six months elapse, before the mysteries are revealed to me? Are you not one of the Daduchi, Hipponicus, and, as such, can't you procure me the favor of receiving the minor initiation at the same time with the great one?"

"Impossible!" replied Hipponicus.

"What prevents you?" asked Aspasia.

"The interval between the two consecrations is appointed by sacred custom," replied the Daduchus.

"You can help me evade the sacred custom, if you only choose to do so!" replied Aspasia.

"The Hierophant is a stern, severe man, like Diopeithes at Athens," said Hipponicus. "Shall I bring down the wrath of the chief priest upon my head?"

Aspasia persisted in her request, but the Daduchus repeated his "impossible." He was a foe to unpleasant complications, and felt no inclination to rouse the whole Eleusinian priesthood. He liked peace and comfort.

The next day the Eleusinian procession came from Athens to Eleusis. Pericles, Aspasia and Hipponicus

were among the spectators, as the throng, numbering thousands, passed along the sacred road. While Aspasia's eyes wandered over the sacred relics borne in the procession and the throng of mystics themselves, all garlanded with myrtle and ivy, and carrying in their hands ears of corn and farming utensils in honor of Demeter, giver of the fruits of the earth, suddenly, by the light of the burning torches—for the arrival of the Eleusinian procession took place in the darkness of evening—Telesippe's dull eyes and flabby cheeks appeared amid the motley throng of faces.

Telesippe's husband, who through Pericles' influence was the newly-elected archon Basileus, who had the charge of overlooking the Eleusinian mysteries, marched in the company of the Athenian priests and superior magistrates; Telesippe, with head erect, walked by his side as Basilissa, the sharer of his religious dignities and functions.

The wife of the chief archon looked very stately, and as her glance, roving haughtily to the right and left, fell upon her former husband and the Milesian by his side, she raised her head still more proudly, while a contemptuous expression appeared on her pouting under lip. Her countenance was as solemn, as if she were standing at the Lenæan festival as "the mystic wife of the god," in the temple of Dionysus, at the head of the inferior priestesses, performing the mysterious ceremonies, rites no masculine eye was permitted to behold, and concerning which she received from the participants a vow of silence.

When Aspasia beheld this woman, so proudly supported by the consciousness of her priestly dignity, and hurling the arrow of scorn from disapproving eyes, the

old hatred and sharp-tongued ridicule stirred in the Ionian's breast.

"See," she said to Pericles smiling, "see how proudly the estimable Telesippe walks along, her well-rounded limbs covered with sleek fat! After being wedded to two mortals, she has now become the mystic wife of the god Dionysus! But I should be surprised if the youthful god did not soon yield her to another, nay to Silenus, his round-bellied comrade; for whom she seems exactly created."

Some of this sharp-edged ridicule reached Telesippe's ears. But it was still more distinctly heard by Elpinice and the seer Lampon, who walked behind her in the procession, and had also looked the Milesian sharply in the eye. Glances of ill-suppressed indignation were cast at the insolent speaker, and a silent vow to hasten a long-resolved vengeance was taken at the same moment in three wrathful souls.

During the night the festal dancers rioted on the coast of the Eleusinian bay, led by the god Iacchus with a blazing torch. The light shone over the flowery meadow, and the enthusiastic chorus whirled around the god, stamping on the ground in the dance and shaking their waving locks, crowned with myrtle-wreaths, amid which were ripe berries. The ranks, swinging their torches aloft, crossed each other in manifold curves. One mystic frequently handed a torch to another. This mystic glare was considered sacred, and the sparks showered from the torches were supposed to purify the souls of those they touched in falling.

With the closing in of the evening, that ended the preliminary festival and preceded the mysteries in the temple, the mystics prepared for the sacred rites by

various purifications, libations, sacrifices and other sacred customs.

Meantime Aspasia had repeatedly renewed her entreaty, that Hipponicus would use his influence to have her initiated into the mysteries.

Hipponicus reminded her, that the celebration of the mysteries took place under the direction of the archon Basileus, Telesippe's husband, and as he had the control of the Eleusinian priests, his wife, as Basilissa, commanded the priestesses of Eleusis during the time of the mysteries.

All this seemed only to stimulate Aspasia's obstinacy, but she would scarcely have overcome his resistance, had he not finally fared like Alcamenes at Olympia. He did not keep in the house for days, in vain, the fire-brand that had already once scorched his heart. Mindful of the incident with Alcamenes, Aspasia would probably otherwise have guarded against fanning this flame afresh, and thus conjuring up a danger that appeared momentous on Pericles' account. But she had resolved to thoroughly investigate what she must combat, in order to fight with greater success. She noticed with satisfaction the ardor of Hipponicus, whom she usually despised; it was a guarantee that he would fulfil her request.

It was even so. The Daduchus at last consented to give Aspasia the minor consecration, she ought to have received six months before at Athens. He knew how to win over the mystagogue, whose duty it was to introduce and prepare the novices at the minor Eleusinian festival at Athens.

The Daduchus, after certain preliminary ceremonies of purification, ordered Aspasia to step on the fleece

of a lamb sacrificed to Zeus, and the mystagogue then taught her various customs and formulas, which she required in the temple to prove that she was initiated, in order not to be refused admittance with the mystics into the interior of the sanctuary. Finally he made her swear, that she would forever maintain inviolable silence about everything she would hear and see in the temple of the great consecration.

All the mystics were not introduced at once when the days of the consecration came, but one division followed another.

Pericles and Aspasia were among the first throng admitted.

A smile hovered around Aspasia's lips as, guided by the mystagogue, she entered the inner hall of the sanctuary with the throng, and saw the Hierophant with the rest of the chief priests and assistants, arrayed in glittering emblematic garments, with diadems resting on the waving locks that floated freely over their shoulders—tall, aged men, of venerable aspect, displaying mysterious symbols, among them the Daduchus with a torch in his hand.

Still more charming was the fair Milesian's smile, when the "sacred herald" raised his voice before the assembled mystics, summoning every one who had not received the consecration to retire, as well as every one whose hands were not free from guilt, and who was not worthily prepared to behold the sacred light of Eleusis. Lastly, all took a solemn vow to maintain eternal silence about what they would see and hear, after which a question was whispered into the ear of each mystic, which only that particular individual could answer, and which he answered in an equally low tone

in the questioner's ear, while the solemn hymn to the goddesses of Eleusis was sung by an invisible chorus.

The subtle smile still hovered on Aspasia's lips, when the mystics were led into the interior of the temple, where certain holy objects, remnants of primeval days, emblems of the blessings and mysteries of the Eleusinian service of the gods, were shown them, and then offered to be touched and kissed, while being explained by the Hierophant.

With the same smile she watched the pantomimic representations of the holy legends, vivid and affecting when seen in the mysterious, dusky light of the temple, accompanied by the music of stringed instruments, flutes, and songs.

The throng of mystics was now conducted down flights of steps into subterranean vaults and passages, where they were soon surrounded by total darkness. The pilgrimage began, a long, toilsome, aimless wandering in nocturnal gloom. Only the Hierophant's voice, uttering in grave, dignified tones significant maxims and exclamations, served as a guide through the dark labyrinth.

Suddenly a dull roar was heard, as if the foundations of the earth trembled, amid which blended wails, groans, rushing water, rolling thunder. Timid surprise, awe, and fear now succeeded the quiet gaze of the crowd of mystics, drops of perspiration stood on their foreheads.

Terror constantly increased; for horrible shapes, monsters of the nether world, were momentarily illumined by the glare of lightning-like flames, whose tints were red, blue, white, or livid and awful, flashing alternately from the ground. There were Gorgons with horrible heads, Echidnæ crawling like serpents, strange

chimeras, blending the forms of the lion, goat, and snake, Harpies with huge jaws and protruding teeth, pale, blood-thirsty Empusæ, barking Scyllæ with dogs' heads, and the horrible figure of Hecate.

The terrible apparitions grew still more awful, until at last, surrounded by a livid glare, Thanatos, god of death, appeared throned on dead men's bones, clad in a black robe, his brow garlanded with asphodel, in his hand a reversed torch, beside him a pale steed, on which he traversed vast distances.

Around him were his faithful followers, Eurynomus, the demon of corruption, one of the spirits of Hades, whose office was to gnaw the flesh of corpses to the bones. He sat on carcasses like an eagle or vulture, and greedily closed his teeth on the mouldering flesh.

Farther on, grouped around pallid Thanatos, were the *plague*, pale, emaciated *hunger*, the fury of war *Enyo*, sickly *love-madness*, and *Ate*, the furious demon of folly, blindness, and sin.

Aspasia still smiled, but the smile was no longer charming, and her face was pale as marble.

At a sign from the Hierophant, the Daduchus lighted his torch at one of the livid flames flashing from the ground, and, while the music of flutes and the invisible chorus sounded still more terrible, a gloomy cave, filled with mephitic vapors, received the throng. A dull roar, like that of a torrent, echoed from the distance, blended with a loud barking, which seemed to come from a triple-headed dog.

As the mystics traversed the long, horrible way through the cave, they saw, as if in a dream, a wide, monotonous, gloomy domain, dripping with the dews of sleep and encircled by mournful streams.

The baying of the triple-headed dog of Hades was silenced by the sacred herald's staff, and the throng of mystics beheld, with horror, Persephone's grove of the dead; where, in the livid light, stood willows and silver-poplars, pallid and motionless, with drooping boughs.

Then came the field of Asphodel, overgrown with the mournful flower of death, whose pale blossoms swayed dreamily on their lofty stalks.

Above this field the shades, the souls of the dead, hovered to and fro, like visions of a dream, or smoke, intangible, destitute of human speech, but filling the wide space with a low, monotonous hum. They were only half conscious, as if sunk in dreamy, waking slumber, only aroused by a proffered draught of the fresh-steaming blood of a victim.

Night-birds whirled through the air, but these too were shadowy and ghost-like. Shadowy also, with transparent bodies, the fish glided noiselessly to and fro in the streams of the nether world. These streams, which surrounded Erebus, were Acheron, the river of eternal woe; Cocytus, the river of tears; Pyriphlegethon, the river of fire, and the night-black waters of the Styx.

The mystics, conducted by the sacred herald, walked dreamily through the twilight of the floating, wavering world of shadows, until, with a noise like thunder, a huge brazen door crashed open before them.

Across the brazen threshold they entered Tartarus, the abode of souls, who were not permitted to float over the field of Asphodel in a half slumber, feeling neither joy nor sorrow, but were dragged by the avenging Erinnyes into the deeper gulf of Hades, filled with lamentations.

To be bound forever to a rolling wheel—to be for-

ever threatened by overhanging rocks just ready to fall—to eternally stretch out the hand with unfulfilled longing towards boughs laden with fruit, that constantly escaped—to perpetually roll up a mountain a stone that continually rolled down again—to toil with desperate energy to dip up constantly escaping water in a pail full of holes—to expose entrails continually renewed to a vulture's bite, and the limbs to the lashing of the Erinnyes' serpent scourge—to be forever a plaything in the hands of these Stygian shapes of horror: this was the lot of those, whom the throng of the initiated beheld with a shudder in this realm of anguish.

The images of these tortures of the nether world were various, but most numerous of all were the symbols of vain perpetual striving and aspiration.

Thus those summoned to the consecration were led, with souls filled with fear, through the horrors of the abyss, the sufferings of life, and the terrors of death.

Through all these apparitions and scenes of horror, the Hierophant's voice was heard, raised in solemn tones of warning and interpretation.

Still more horrible grew the subterranean darkness, still louder the wails and groans of the tortured. The rivers of the nether world began to roar, the whole realm of darkness seemed to groan in a heart-rending death-gasp, in which the upper world appeared also to unite, and the voices of all living creatures to blend in a prolonged wail of agony.

Suddenly a wondrous light burst from the bosom of the most intense darkness.

Pleasant scenes appeared, meadows strewn with golden flowers; sweet voices resounded, happy groups of dancers hovered over the bright fields.

Here Persephone's palace beckoned invitingly in the brilliant glow. On its threshold, holding a lyre on his arm, stood Orpheus, the ancient sacred singer of mysteries, his lips proclaiming mysterious tidings.

Behind him the boy Demophoon smilingly greeted the mystics from the midst of the purifying flames, with which his divine nurse, Demeter, had surrounded him, to the terror of his mortal mother.

Above the golden doors of the temple hovered, illumined by the most brilliant rays, the emblem of the *winged Psyche*, no longer brooding, shadow-like, in Hades, but soaring upward above fields of Asphodel, out of Tartarus and Elysium into the kindred divine ether.

The pilgrims from the nether world were conducted through the temple-gates. Here the unuttered part of the mysteries was revealed. Here glowed before them, according to each individual's power of vision, the full sacred light of Eleusis.

The day succeeding Aspasia's initiation into the Eleusinian mysteries, found the Milesian in a bewildered, strangely-altered state. Her excitement almost rose to the height of fever. In an eager conversation with Pericles about what she had seen and heard by his side, she strove to restore the lost harmony of her mind. As there are night-birds and other creatures of darkness, whose eyes love gloom and cannot bear the light, there are also children of light, who are only at ease in the golden rays of the kindred and familiar element, and whose pupils cannot endure to gaze down into the black gulf of night. Aspasia was one of them. This pilgrimage seemed to her a look into the darkness, a glimpse of the black night, and what was called the holy light

of Eleusis did not appear to her like light, but a different kind of obscurity, for it was gloomy and led to gloom. She could only imagine the light as cheerful. To her light was only that which brightened and made glad. The livid, cold, ghostly, and then glaring, dazzling rays the Hierophant of Eleusis had cast into the depths of life, appeared to her a base counterpart of the real roseate light. The fantastic arts, bordering upon magic, of the Eleusinian priests, she called jugglery and confused symbolical nonsense.

She was agitated, seized with an oppressive restlessness and urged to opposition in a way never felt before.

Meantime it had remained no secret to the strangers, especially to the Athenians who thronged Eleusis, that Aspasia had been allowed to be initiated into the mysteries by her husband's side. Even the minor circumstances of this initiation were soon learned by those, who followed the Milesian's acts with the sharp eyes of disapproval. The worst of her foes, whom she had just again insulted and roused to vengeance, remained in Eleusis, among them Lampon, the officious Lampon, who had won a still higher place in Telesippe's confidence and favor since she became the wife of a man high among the priesthood, and was exactly adapted to be the tool of the revengeful wife and her intriguing friend. Lampon soon wrested from the unsuspecting mystagogue the secret of the bold expedient, in defiance of the sacred law, to which Aspasia owed her initiation. Through him the news reached her enemies.

The archon Basileus, as guardian of the holy laws, was speedily informed of the sacrilege, and a storm gathered over the heads of Aspasia and her accomplice,

Hipponicus, who against priestly rule had helped her obtain the consecration.

Aspasia as yet knew nothing of the impending trouble, and ere she obtained tidings of it, an unpleasant event of a different nature occurred in Hipponicus' house.

She was seated with her husband and their hospitable host at the morning meal. Sacred usage required a certain degree of abstemiousness during the celebration of the mysteries, and Aspasia therefore took still greater pleasure in urging on the old reveller, Hipponicus, by gay toasts and songs, until he was more mindful of the inspiring god Iacchus than of stern Persephone. He applied himself industriously to the beaker, and his eyes sparkled more and more brightly as the charming woman took the field against the mournful solemnity of the mysteries, nay against all melancholy, even the gloomy idea of *duty*, to which she opposed the bright claims of life and joy.

Pericles withdrew to visit one of his colleagues, and Aspasia went to her room.

Suddenly Hipponicus, much intoxicated, appeared before her and began to load her with reproaches.

"Woman," he stammered, "your name is ingratitude. Didn't I release you from evil complications at Megara? What was my reward? Haven't I again plunged heels over head into danger, by smuggling you, contrary to all sacred customs, into the mysteries? And am I to have no reward for that either, not the smallest? Why, if your mind is so free, are you so reserved towards me? Do you fear your husband? He is absent. Or the gloomy idea of duty? You have just made it ridiculous. Am I not young and handsome enough for you?"

Then take this ring with its precious gems! It cost two talents in cash. Do you know whether Pericles will always love you, whether he may not some day cast you off, like Telesippe. Everything in the world changes and varies. Rely upon nothing! Seize the present! Take the ring, fair woman! Take the ring with the gems, that cost two talents! Do you know how long you will be charming? You are beautiful still, but the time will come when you will be old and ugly. Take the ring, fair woman, and give me a kiss in exchange."

The drunkard shrank back for a moment before Aspasia's wrathful eyes. Then he grew angry, and muttered:

"Who are you? Eh, who are you? A hetæra from Miletus, by Demeter! Since when have you attempted to be a Spartan wife, an austere matron? Oh! you prude, who once, without coyness, served the youthful Alcamenes as a model."

Aspasia trembled, and turned pale with rage against the insolent drunkard. Again she pushed the staggering man back, hastily threw her upper garment around her and rushed out of the room, out of the house, to meet her husband, Pericles.

She had scarcely left the villa, when Diopeithes' pliant friend, Lampon the seer, entered.

He was sent by Diopeithes, who had arrived in Eleusis the day before.

When those inspired by mortal hatred towards Pericles and Aspasia first heard the news of Aspasia's unlawful initiation, they instantly determined to accuse her and the Daduchus before the sacred council, and most of them rejoiced that they could plunge the much envied Hipponicus into ruin, as well as the woman they hated.

But Diopceithes himself, the real head of this hostile party, was of a different opinion, and devised a plan that did honor to his cunning. He would gladly have exposed Hipponicus to the accusation and sentence of condemnation, but calculated that, if not accused and condemned, he might be more useful to the party.

"If we accuse him at once," he said, "the powerful Pericles will aid him with all his influence, and even if he does not escape wholly unpunished, he will receive a much milder sentence than we desire. Perhaps he may get off with a fine, easily paid by the richest man in Athens. He will pay it, and remain precisely as he is now. It will be quite different if we do not call him immediately to account, but let the indictment for the present hover as a perpetual threat over his head. We will let him know that we possess his secret, and have the power to ruin him as soon as we choose. This will render him yielding in everything. A man like him, who values his ease above all else, and for whom no price is too high to escape an annoyance or entanglement, will become a helpless tool in our hands from mere anxiety. His influence at Athens and the power of his riches are great: it will be better to conduct this water over our wheel, than our enemy's."

After addressing these words to his companion, the crafty, malicious priest sent Lampon to Hipponicus' house.

The seer found the Daduchus in a strange condition. He was intoxicated, and at the same time violently excited by rage at what had just passed between him and Pericles' wife.

Nevertheless Lampon entered into a conversation with Hipponicus, and frankly told him it was known

that, contrary to one of the sacred rules, he had initiated Pericles' wife into the mysteries.

Hipponicus was so greatly startled by these words, that he became almost sober, but his anger against the Milesian burst forth with double fury. He began to curse her as a temptress and corrupter.

"Seize her!" he exclaimed, "break her on the wheel, put her in the pillory, spear her, do whatever you choose with her, she deserves it."

Lampon heard these expressions of wrath with delight, and after craftily increasing to the utmost the man's rage and fear of the ruinous indictment, he made the disclosure that those who could arraign him were ready to secretly enter into an agreement with him, and asked if he would accept their invitation to an interview. Hipponicus breathed more freely, and promised in advance everything that could be asked. The time and place for the meeting were instantly arranged between him and Lampon.

During this conversation, Aspasia was hurrying through the streets of Eleusis. Her rapid pace was soon checked by the crowd, and she could not fail to notice that she was recognized. She found herself the object of attention that perplexed, confused, and alarmed her.

The throng of people assembled in Eleusis had been excited against Aspasia by her enemies in every possible way. The rumor of her unlawful initiation went the rounds of the populace. There were some who ventured to say loudly, that Pericles' wife had once been a *hetæra* from Miletus and Megara, had been driven from the latter place with insult, and, on account of this past, her initiation was a sacrilege. Exaggerations and tales

of the most foolish kind, as usual, ran from lip to lip, arousing contempt and anger.

The crowd through which Aspasia pressed, with anxious haste, was animated by these feelings.

There was no lack of insolent persons who curiously followed her, nay walking behind her, even uttered insulting words that could not fail to reach her ear and wound her.

"What is the news in Athens?"

"Nothing, except a woman there carries spear and shield, and the men are womanish."

"It can't be denied that Athens is ruled by a woman."

"By Pallas Athena, you mean?"

"No, by a Milesian hetæra. It is said that Pericles is going to have her statue placed on the Acropolis."

"Poor Pericles! He never could resist women. He was Elpinice's lover too, and it is known that she bribed him with her elderly charms."

"Is the Milesian the same person he wandered with in Asia Minor several years ago?"

"Yes, indeed; they say he made a pilgrimage with her to the under petticoat of Omphale, the hero conqueror, which is hung in the temple of Diana at Ephesus."

"But how could it have entered his head to take this same woman with him into the rude Peloponnesus, where she can't possibly feel at home. Kittens, says a proverb, like a soft place to sleep."

"It is said the gnats at Elis were very uncomfortable to her, and I'll wager the gadflies of Eleusis will please her still less."

"In truth *their buzzing seems to suit her very badly.*"

"Ah, these tender chickens from Paphia's nest, who have slept on purple cushions from childhood, these Ionians, with the melting eyes and pliant arms, without a bone in their bodies, full of gentleness and love—what do they seek in battling Olympia or grave Eleusis?"

Such were the malicious taunts, that echoed from the crowd constantly increasing behind Aspasia.

When this had lasted for some time, she suddenly stood still, threw back the covering that veiled her head, so that her face was wholly visible, and calmly gazed with radiant eyes at the throng around her.

Then her lips parted and she answered the staring populace.

"Years ago, I once stood a helpless woman in the streets of Megara, surrounded by the crowd, guiltlessly insulted, guiltlessly persecuted with looks and words. I was watched with eyes that glowed with hatred, for the hostile Dorians pressed upon me. I was mocked with unjust words, grasped with rude hands, for the rude, fierce Dorian mob surrounded me. To-day a crowd encircles me in the streets of Eleusis. But I raise my head quietly and calmly, for I think most of those who encircle me are Athenians. It is no Dorian throng, but an Ionian one, whose worst shaft, I believe, is the insolent glance of the eye, and the heedless word that always springs readily from the keen-edged tongue. But why do you crowd around me? Why do you stare at me? I have intruded unbidden into the mysteries of Eleusis, you say? Do not be paltry in your thoughts, clear-minded Athenians, and do not too readily follow the hints and words of those who hate the light and love the darkness, those who would fain sell you into the gloom! Men of Athens! Pay not too much honor

to the gloomy pair of goddesses at Eleusis, and remember your own Pallas Athena, the goddess of light, the true and worthy protectress of the Attic land and nation, whose statue, in its brilliant radiance, dispersing all the brood of night, towers on your citadel."

As Pericles' wife uttered these words, with her bright face fearlessly raised to the throng pressing around her, the men looked at each other, saying :

"By the gods, this Aspasia of Miletus is a beautiful woman, and we must forgive her many things."

Then they separated a little, and allowed her to quietly continue her way.

The friends of Diopeithes, who chanced to be among the crowd, were still more enraged with the Milesian, went to the priest of Erechtheus, and reported that Aspasia had boldly uttered contemptuous words about the sanctuaries and venerable goddesses of Eleusis before the assembled populace.

The hour for the interview with Diopeithes, to which Hipponicus was invited, had arrived.

A number of men, with sullen faces, declared enemies of Pericles, were assembled with the priest.

The trembling Daduchus consented to everything. Relying upon his declarations and the outbursts of his anger against Aspasia, which Lampon had witnessed, Diopeithes henceforth numbered him among his allies and accomplices.

For his sake, they said, the accusation against Aspasia in a matter very dangerous, according to the Athenian laws, should be deferred so long as he showed himself worthy of consideration. The conspirators thought the bold, irreverent remarks made by Pericles' wife about the Eleusinian goddesses, before all the peo-

ple, would be sufficient to ruin her. The charge of impiety, contempt for religion, could be brought against her at any moment.

There were present men belonging to the party of oligarchs, who said that they must go still farther, must not be satisfied with assailing the Milesian, who after all was nothing but a woman, but attack Pericles himself. They referred to the ruinous transformation in the community which had emanated from him, the unlimited authority of the people gained by his compliance, and held in check by nothing save the personal influence of the popular strategus. Thus Athenian affairs were exposed to the discretion and pleasure of a single individual. Others thought men like Anaxagoras, Socrates, and the Sophists, were the real root of the mischief in the state. These would have taught the Athenians to think freely and speak audaciously of the gods and divine things, seek them above everything else. There were also, among the adherents of Diopceithes, foes and enviers of Phidias and his school, who wished to see the persecution extended to them.

Diopceithes' eyes sparkled at the mention of all these names. All were equally hateful to him.

"We shall understand how to seize them all," said he, "either successively or at once. But let us craftily watch for a suitable opportunity, wait for a favorable mood of the Athenians. Meantime let us quietly do everything according to a fixed plan, to prepare for the ruin of the guilty ones."

Such was the speech made by the priest of Erechtheus. Many things were then considered and discussed among the assembled group.

Aspasia did not return to Hipponicus' house that

night; the following morning, just before leaving Eleusis with his wife, Pericles went once more to the Daduchus.

He spoke to him of the bold insult he had offered Aspasia. Hipponicus apologized on the plea of intoxication, for which Aspasia was herself partly to blame, since by Anacreon's songs and gay conversation she had encouraged him to Dionysian freedom. Then he complained bitterly of the embarrassment and danger, into which he had been betrayed by his complicity in Aspasia's unlawful initiation into the mysteries.

Pericles deplored these embarrassments and promised his protection. But Hipponicus was not to be soothed.

Yet when Pericles, shrugging his shoulders, took his leave, the Daduchus followed him to the door, glanced anxiously around several times, then whispered in his old friend's ear:

"Be on your guard, Pericles! Evil things were planned by Diopeithes yesterday evening. *I* too was present—forced to be so—for the rope was round my neck. Beware of Diopeithes, and make him harmless, if you can. They want to ruin Aspasia, Anaxagoras, Phidias, and yourself. The blood-hounds have me in their power—I was obliged to assent to everything proposed—but may dogs and ravens rend in pieces the priest of Erechtheus and all his followers!"

CHAPTER VII.

ASPASIA'S SCHOOL.

YEARS had passed since little Alcibiades wounded one of his companions in the Lyceum, by a cast of his disk.

The boy had grown into a youth and reached his majority, for he had attained his eighteenth year. According to Athenian custom, he had been introduced into the popular assembly with the other youths who became of age the same year, had been conducted, armed with spear and shield, to the sanctuary of Agraulus at the foot of the Acropolis, and there taken the solemn vow with which new Athenian citizens consecrated themselves to their native land—he had sworn not to use his weapons discredibly or desert his companion in battle, to fight for the sanctuaries and common welfare, that the commonwealth should, if possible, descend to later generations with increased power and honor, to obey the laws given by the people, and not suffer any one else to violate or cancel them.

But for the present, the native land to which young Alcibiades vowed fealty by this oath, made very moderate claims upon his zeal and efforts. The Peribolan service the Athenian youths, who had just attained their majority, were called upon to render, consisted in little expeditions for the interior security of the Attic country, and these were considered a pleasure rather than a burden.

The community allowed Cleinias' son ample leisure

to enjoy the pleasures of the golden days of youth. Young Callias, who called his father a niggard, had also grown up, and Pyrilampes' son Demos, famous for his beauty, was also of the opinion that his father did not know how to make a proper use of his wealth. These three were inseparable. Xanthippus and Paralus were sometimes drawn in to help play some wild prank by Alcibiades, who grudged them the renown of virtue, but were forced to be content with a minor part. In the first place Telesippe's children lacked intellect and cleverness, and secondly their purses were not so full as those of the sons of the two richest men in Athens, or even Alcibiades', who on attaining his majority had come into full possession of his father's property.

Alcibiades felt a peculiar affection for the young foreigner, whom Pericles had brought from the Samian war and reared in his own house, with his two sons and ward. But all the latter's efforts to draw the dreamy, taciturn, somewhat clumsy youth into his gay circle, failed.

This same youth began to be the object of attention, not unmixed with awe, on account of a strange disease that attacked him. He developed the mysterious tendency known by the name of somnambulism. In the dead of night, when every one was asleep, he rose from his couch, walked with closed eyes through the moonlit peristyle, then ascended to the flat roof of the house, wandered about there for a time, and finally returned to his bed as unconsciously as he had left it. The news of the sleep-walker in Pericles' house spread through Athens, and from that moment he began to be regarded with a certain touch of fear, as a person under the influence of evil powers.

If the boy Alcibiades had attracted general attention from the Athenians, he was naturally still more discussed when his chin became rough with the tender down of manhood. His whimsical conduct formed the daily topic of conversation, and after prematurely learning the charm associated with the reputation of an agreeable, good-for-nothing fellow, he not only imposed no restraint upon himself, but if he committed one wild prank, over which the Athenians shook their heads, made them forget it by inventing another still more outrageous. He knew that even the fault-finders secretly admired him. It often seemed, as if he were trying to discover whether he could do anything to make the Athenians really angry with him. Vain effort! No matter how wanton his conduct might be, he himself was always lovable.

Hipponicus still persisted in the idea that the fairest maiden in Greece, his daughter Hipparete, ought to become the wife of the handsomest Hellenic youth. He therefore made himself as agreeable to Alcibiades as possible, invited him frequently to his house, and treated him with almost a father-in-law's affection.

Alcibiades made sport of him, as he did of every one else, and teased him with insolent jests. One day Hipponicus sent him a deliciously-cooked fish on a gold platter. Alcibiades kept the platter, and thanked Hipponicus by saying: "You are too kind to send so nice a fish besides the gold platter."—Hipponicus laughed till his stout frame shook, and praised the wit of his daughter's future husband to everybody.

The lovely girl herself, whose father had constantly pointed out Alcibiades as her future husband, was secretly in love with the handsome fellow. She had seen him several times at the public festivals. But he

scoffed at the fair young maiden and preferred the beautiful, clever hetæraë, whose number was constantly increasing in the Athenian city.

Theodota, in particular, initiated the youth into all the mysteries of the gayest life. About ten years had passed since Alcamenes had asked the rich Corinthian for the beautiful woman, in payment for his admirable statue. She was perhaps no longer the fairest, but still the most famous of her companions.

To Alcibiades she was the centre of a seething whirlpool of gayety and pleasure—only the centre, however, while the circles constantly widened.

Diopethes rubbed his hands contentedly, saying :

“Theodota will ruin Pericles’ promising ward for us.”

But real health, strength, and beauty are apparently sometimes incorruptible.

The dissolute Alcibiades bloomed like a rose in the morning dew. His cheek had the bloom moralists think it their duty to give to virtue, while not unfrequently the virtuous go about with the sallow faces and lustreless eyes the moralizer generally depicts when, with flaming words, he paints the frightful picture of the sensualist.

Theodota at first fulfilled her task towards the pleasure-loving youth with cheerful alacrity, but soon more passionate feelings began to stir in her heart. Poor woman! While it seemed the most enviable bliss to be loved by Alcibiades, it was certainly the worst misfortune to love him.

Alcibiades attained his majority a few days after Pericles and his wife returned from their journey to Elis. Although the youth, on taking possession of his father’s property, ceased to be an inmate of Pericles’ house,

habit and affection, together with the charm Aspasia could not fail to exert over him, often brought him back to the threshold of the dwelling where he had grown up.

Need it be mentioned, that the spoiled favorite of the Graces thought he might even venture to approach Pericles' beautiful wife with a shade of the kind of homage learned in Theodota's school? But the lovely Milesian was still too young to find immature men attractive, too sensible to consider them desirable, and far too proud, in spite of the youth's remarkable beauty, to allow herself to be harnessed before the triumphal car of a stripling with a downy beard. She well knew that no woman, not even she herself, could really catch, bind, and rule this impetuous youth. Far greater than the equivocal satisfaction of increasing the number of hearts he had won, was the charm of the thought of avenging her sex on him, and punishing him for the inconstancy she gave him no opportunity of testing in her own person. Therefore it did not occur to her to adopt the tone of maternal tenderness, apparently justified by the difference in age, beneath which the wooing of an elderly woman often conceals itself, or to seek the role of confidant. She answered his civilities merely by entirely overlooking them, treating him with maternal severity rather than maternal tenderness. This bewildered the victorious, spoiled conqueror. He felt secretly indignant, but the high regard he paid the Milesian was not diminished, but on the contrary unconsciously increased. So he was constantly drawn back to Aspasia, and pressed upon her the role of confidante she was far from seeking.

One day a rumor spread through Athens of a fresh prank of Alcibiades, better calculated to attract attention

and employ every tongue than any of his previous ones. It was reported, that during a trip to Megara in the company of his chosen comrades, to transact some business, he had stolen a young girl whom he now kept concealed as a prisoner in Athens, to the no small wrath of the Megarians, who were always hostile to the Athenians.

Many already spoke of the open warfare, which would break out between Athens and her Dorian neighbor on account of this trick of an Athenian youth.

Alcibiades, when questioned, by no means denied the truth of the affair, and at last told the whole story in detail, nay with delight, to his maternal friend Aspasia.

"We had grown tired," said he, "of the wearisome Peribolan service in the country districts, though we sometimes obtained a little variety by carousing with the vagabonds and robbers we should have caught, and instead of these preferred to hunt a Thracian maid in the groves of Phelleus or a sturdy Acharnian.

"So I determined to take a little sea-voyage of a few days, with my friends Callias and Demos. A long time before at our mutual expense, we had had a handsomely-ornamented, roomy, pleasure-boat built, which we sometimes used for fishing. We went on board this vessel with three pretty Ionians, who knew how to play and sing, a couple of hunting-dogs, some nets and javelins, for we intended to row along the coast, landing here and there to hunt. We passed through the straits of Salamis. Our boat, the 'Bacchante,' danced merrily over the waves. Her gayly-painted prow, which terminated in a Bacchante astride of a gilded panther, glittered in the sun. We had garlanded the mast with ivy and myrtle, as if it

were a thyrsus. The bottom of the vessel was covered with carpets and soft cushions. We chatted, jested and sang; one of the three beauties played the flute, another the cithara, a third clashed cymbals, till the sea echoed the mirth and singing, and we were obliged to drive away the inquisitive dolphins, by striking them on the head with our oars, to keep them from jarring or overturning the barge.

“Coasting along the shore, we passed numerous country-houses and lingered a short time before one, to give the beauty who occupied it a serenade. We sang and played. The fair one was delighted to hear the music echoing from the sea, and see her young friends crowned with garlands. She stood smiling on the balcony of the house. We tossed up wreaths and kissed our hands to her, then went farther out to sea. The sun scorched, but we knew how to protect ourselves. Taking our upper garments, we stretched them over our heads like an awning. This made the barge look as if it were gayly supplied with sails and pennons, and the reflection of the purple in the sea dyed the waves. It seemed as if the clear, bell-like laugh of a siren must be heard. Those were Halcyon days, during which calms prevail and the halcyons brood. We had left the straits of Salamis behind, and the Megarian shore appeared on our right. Here the coast began to be lonely and monotonous, from time to time the sound of a shepherd's flute reached us from the mountain heights, and we saw herds of cattle, lambs and goats grazing. We landed here and there, and enjoyed ourselves in many ways. We caught fish with hooks, lowered by long lines dropped from the rocks on the shore, and even caught some wild geese, ducks and bustards with snares.

"Just as we had entered our boat again to continue our way to Megara, we met a pleasure-barge no whit inferior to ours in elegance and luxurious adornment. In this superb vessel sat an elderly man, and by his side a beautiful girl, at sight of whom my heart kindled. The meeting was only too short. The two barges glided swiftly past each other; the Megarian turned around a projecting cliff and thus vanished from our eyes.

"We again landed, in a spot that particularly allured us. Close by was a wood, which our dogs instantly rummaged. In a few minutes they started a hare, we seized our nets and javelins and, in the hope of securing the animal, followed it, leaving our friends near the barge. The hare was driven away from the woods into the fields and pastures; but as the dogs, baying loudly, pursued, they raised a great commotion among the shepherds and flocks. It happened that one goatherd's animals were scattered by the dogs rushing through their midst, and the startled goats ran down to the sea. Enraged by this dispersal of his herd, the fellow seized a sharp stone lying near, threw it at one of the dogs and wounded him fatally in the head. It was my faithful Phylax, endowed with all the qualities of an admirable hunter.

"When we saw the incident from the distance, we let the hare go and rushed furiously after the goatherd. But meantime the latter had summoned other shepherds to his protection, and we found ourselves confronted by a threatening band. At this moment a slave came running from a neighboring country-house to ask, in his master's name, what this uproar meant. When we learned from the slave's words that the shepherds were

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in the service of the owner of this country-house, we asked to speak with him to obtain satisfaction for the wounded animal. Following the slave we approached the country-house, a handsome dwelling that seemed to be the property of some rich man, and were no little surprised to see, strolling in the garden near the mansion, the very same old man and lovely child we had just met on the sea. We told the old man the story, and said we meant to take vengeance on the shepherd. The grey-beard, as a Megarian and foe of the Athenians, answered with sullen words. The shepherds, many of whom had followed at our heels, complained with loud outcries of the damage done their fields, the dispersal of their herds. Joined by the household slaves, who were encouraged by a sign from their master, they pressed upon us and amid violent abuse of the insolent Athenians, compelled us, by superior numbers, to retire without satisfaction.

"Greatly as the incident excited me, I had not neglected to cast a few glances at the youthful beauty, who had watched the conflict from the garden with mingled curiosity and terror. While returning with my companions, I told them of my resolution to avenge myself on the contemptible Megarian. I supposed the beautiful child to be some purchased slave; my plan was to remain concealed in the neighborhood with my companions for a time, watch for some moment when the country-house was unguarded and the girl alone in the garden, then hastily seize and bear her away.

"The desired opportunity came sooner than we had hoped. Before the second day elapsed we had grasped the girl, stopped her screams by fastening a bandage over her mouth, and borne her swiftly to the barge concealed beneath the cliff.

"Under the protection of the gathering dusk, we fled, with our fair prize on board, from the Megarian coast."

"And the young girl?" asked Aspasia.

"Accommodated herself to her fate," replied Alcibiades, "though she was no slave, as I supposed, but a freeborn maiden, the niece of the accursed Megarian. Her name is Simaitha, and I call her the fairest of all Hellenic—not *women*, but *maidens*."

Megara! The word had a strange sound to Aspasia's ear. She had listened to the bold youth's story with evident interest, and now asked numerous questions about the young girl. Alcibiades gave an enthusiastic description of her.

Aspasia asked to see Simaitha. The youth willingly acceded to the request, and brought the Megarian to her. The girl's beauty was so remarkable, that Aspasia marvelled, but in character she was like an unpolished gem. Had she not been reared in Megara! It was time for her to be snatched away, if this pearl were not to fade in seclusion.

The rich Megarian had received her into his house when a little child, and treated her better than a slave, but not like a daughter.

He seemed to have intended to rear her solely to be the helpless tool of his pleasure. The old Megarian bore no resemblance to the noble Milesian, Philammon, whom Aspasia had so warmly praised in relating the story of her youth to Pericles. Simaitha hated him, and declared she would rather kill herself than go back to his house. Aspasia's keen eye perceived the germs of womanly charms of the highest order, in the character of this young girl, who had scarcely passed her fifteenth year. Her eyes were as radiant with intelligence, as her

features with beauty. Aspasia longed to develop the beautiful bud, and speedily forming her plan, said to Alcibiades :

"This girl is yours, not so much by the robbery you committed, as her own firm resolve not to return to the Megarian's house. But you are not yet worthy of her. Noble maidens, nay even Hipponicus' affected little daughter, are far too good for youths like you. Women of Theodota's stamp exist for the striplings of your character; you can, so to speak, sow your wild-oats with them. For the rest, you would not fully enjoy the possession of Simaitha as she now is. You would soon weary of her, for the germs of those qualities which are necessary, if disgust is not finally to win the mastery over love, are not yet developed in her character. Leave the child to me for a time. Trust the treasure you have won to my care, put out your capital at interest—you will receive it in due time from my hands with its value enhanced tenfold."

Alcibiades was too young and too fickle, to find it a difficult task to deliver the young girl to Aspasia's care.

"I am ready to put out my precious treasure at interest," he replied. "I know I shall be richly repaid for the short sacrifice, which will not be complete, since you will doubtless allow me to see the lovely child in your house."

"Why not?" answered Aspasia, "you can be a constant witness of her progress."

Simaitha was brought to Aspasia. Pericles had at first refused his consent; but his disposition was wonderfully indulgent and, at Aspasia's repeated entreaties, he at last gave the desired permission, coupled with the con-

dition that the young girl's stay in his house should last only until the question of surrendering her to the Megarians should be positively decided. Had not the Megarians been so bitterly hated in Athens, Pericles' compliance in granting the maiden an asylum in his house, out of love for Aspasia, would doubtless have been more sharply condemned than was really the case.

People had long since began to talk of Aspasia's school, and the name was now better justified than ever.

There were no less than four young girls in the earliest bloom of maidenhood, who lived in Aspasia's house under the immediate training of the Milesian. Her nieces from Miletus, who had already been with her some time, were joined by Cora, the Arcadian girl, and the young stranger from Megara.

The name of school harmonized perfectly with Aspasia's secret plans. Her personal efforts to ennoble and free the women of Athens had been attended with very doubtful success. But the ardent longing of her soul gave her no rest. She thought she had convinced herself that it was vain to try to transform mature women, the influence, she believed, must begin in early youth.

She did not wish to train hetærae, but champions and allies, adapted by their intellect and beauty to gain influence as she herself had done. The school she established should keep alive what she transmitted, and diffuse it to wider circles. Through the operation of united powers, according to her belief, prejudices would at last be shattered, and the victory of intellect, beauty and womanhood secured.

Not in the foreground, yet not wholly alien to the thoughts of the aspiring though calculating Milesian, was the idea of the advantages which might arise from her

school in other respects. Her pupils, like their mistress, might obtain for husbands powerful and influential men, who would strengthen Pericles' authority and oppose the efforts of his enemies.

Did Pericles' wife feel no scruple about gathering around her a number of young and charming girls, under her husband's eyes? Nay, this proud, lofty soul, striving for a living influence, was elevated far above paltry considerations and petty feelings; she was not content with personal success like an ordinary woman, but lived and labored for a great idea. Besides, she knew that Aphrodite's girdle was still in her power, that it had lost none of its old magic in her hand. She knew she would long remain the mistress among her pupils, that the latter must *become* what she *was*. With regard to Pericles, she had a firm conviction that nothing in the world would break or weaken the power of the spell with which she had ensnared his heart, and custom only made the stronger.

A caprice of nature had denied Aspasia the joys of maternity. She endured it without complaint. If she had not been permitted to train daughters into her own likeness, fate offered her a compensation in these promising girls, on whom she could try, to her heart's content, the magic power of her shaping hand.

The Muses and Graces seemed to descend from Olympus and enter Aspasia's service, as teachers in her school. There was given the great lesson of how nature is refined by noble art, and art must again become nature. There the unity of everything beautiful was understood and realized; there music became a dance of the soul, and dancing a music of the limbs—there beauty became poetry, and poetry beauty.

Aspasia's endeavor was to rouse her pupils' intellect through and for the sake of beauty, and then free their awakened minds.

But not only every kind of art served as a means of waking intelligence, many of the possessions of wisdom, knowledge, and science were borne like fructifying pollen, on the wings of Cupids, into Aspasia's school. Nothing, except sternness, severity, gloom, was excluded. Gayety was proclaimed to be the chief law of beauty and life.

The principal lesson Aspasia taught her pupils, was the folly it would be to expect to win every success by their charms. She showed them that these would not long remain lovable, if dependent solely on themselves, and told them beauty was a virtue and must be learned, practised, cultivated, like any other. She made them perceive that intellect was the spice which, blended with beauty, kept it fresh. "A silly beauty soon grows old," she said, "the charm that vulgarity surrounds like a dismal swamp, soon fades. Nothing so quickly destroys the bloom, as dull vegetation in mindless monotony. To be beautiful was not a condition, but an act. Beauty was the highest activity, and its efficiency depended upon the harmony of all the noblest agencies—upon a pleasant and harmonious activity of the body and soul. It was no dead object of admiration, no motionless light, but like the sunbeams, a living dance of rays, a shower of sparks."

"Beauty cannot be directly bestowed," she used also to say, "but ugliness can be everywhere stifled, subdued, diminished. You cannot too frequently cast a glance into the mirror—not to see how beautiful you are, but to surprise yourself in some moment of ugliness. Only in that way will you learn that no one is always beautiful,

and no one is always ugly—that the flower of every beauty changes its form and color a hundred times a day, that left to itself it wavers helplessly, destitute of support or firmness; that a beauty, who sure of herself, can venture to fold her hands in her lap, is a dream of fools, and that to be beautiful is a difficult art even for the loveliest woman. Let not ugliness approach you under any form. Its shapes and disguises are countless. Ugliness is a demon with which we must struggle every day, if he is not to gradually overpower us. But most frequently of all, he turns his deadly weapons against the bloom of the body, from behind the shelter of the *soul*."

Aspasia did not content herself with warning words, but actively aided her pupils in the strife against the malicious, threatening demon, pursuing the germs and traces of everything ugly, as the bailiff follows the thief. As school-masters hold a staff or rod, she carried in her hand a little silver mirror, and held it before the culprit in whom a spark of physical or mental ugliness appeared. Thus she taught the young girls self-control, suppression of every disfiguring caprice or passion, calmness, cheerfulness, noble symmetry of body and soul. One of Aspasia's nieces, Drosis, developed a brilliant natural talent for dancing, Prasina, on the contrary, showed principally skill in singing and music. But Aspasia did not permit either to devote herself exclusively to the cultivation of such one-sided dexterity. She desired each to seek to please, not by the exercise of any one art, but by a harmoniously-developed personality. Devotion to a single art, she said, always led to neglect of the personality itself and its harmonious development.

Drosis was naturally bewitching by her grace. Her

figure was tall and elegant, so ethereally light that she seemed, like a nymph, incapable of crushing a blade of grass or flower in walking over the fields. Her limbs possessed the slenderness, youthful delicacy, and graceful softness, which is far more alluring than voluptuous roundness.

Prasina resembled her, but had the advantage of the clear, silvery voice, with which she charmed every ear, while singing the songs of Sappho. Can there be anything sweeter than the voice of a girl of sixteen? Prasina's sweet, melting, impassioned tones surpassed the songs of the nightingales in the valley of the Cephissus.

But charming Drosis and ardent Prasina were soon outstripped by the beautiful development of the budding maiden Simaitha. The loftiest charm of Hellenic form was embodied in her figure and features. Even the masters of the art of sculpture had scarcely dreamed of such marvellous purity of outline. She possessed the indescribable clearness, the lustrous yet somewhat dreamy freshness of the eye, that sometimes appears with a bewitching charm in girls of very tender years. But Simaitha most nearly resembled her mistress in mind and soul, as well as personal beauty. She seemed closely allied to her by the manner in which her thoughts and feelings were developing, and appeared destined to be no less perfect an embodiment of the real joy and beauty-loving Hellenic spirit, than was the Milesian herself. She grasped Aspasia's thoughts with fervent enthusiasm, and her intelligence surpassed that of her companions. She loved the arts, and seemed to possess Aspasia's incomparably keen and appreciative eye for sculpture. She also resembled her mistress in placing no value on any single personal talent, but de-

veloped all her powers in beautiful harmony. Thus she was the pearl of the Milesian's school. Aspasia loved her with almost a mother's tenderness, and fixed her fairest hopes upon her.

And Cora, the Arcadian girl? It was hard to say whether she ought to be included in Aspasia's school. When the latter brought her from her Arcadian home, the very crudity of the material tempted her to exert her skill upon it. But this simplicity seemed to increase faster than the power of Aspasia's forming art. Cora was the butt of her companions, who degraded her almost to the level of a servant. Yet there was something in the girl's nature, which would not suffer her to sink entirely into a slave. She was not charming, possessed no symmetry of figure, was not even gay, but grave and thoughtful, and the peculiar traits of character she had brought to Athens remained unchanged. But she startled those who surrounded her by occasional flashes of intelligence and wit, which always bore traces of originality, and thereby aroused special interest. She seemed like a creature from some strange world, hitherto unknown.

Aspasia found it advisable, contrary to Athenian custom, to allow her pupils, in spite of their youth, free intercourse with the world and society. Her house was visited by men of commanding intellect, whose conversation early roused the young girls' minds from the dull atmosphere of the commonplace. But feminine guests were not excluded. If any of these distinguished men wished to introduce a fair friend into this circle, the request was willingly granted. Among those who availed themselves of this permission was the young sculptor and architect, Callimachus, who had brought from Corinth

to Athens an orphaned girl named Philandra, of remarkable beauty, whom he tenderly loved and intended to make his wife. Philandra, being of humble origin and still very young, lacked the culture requisite to make her worthy of him. How could she obtain this better than through intercourse with Aspasia's circle, and the latter did not disdain to extend the influence of her school beyond the precincts of her house.

Philandra's beauty was nobly proportioned, but somewhat voluptuous. She revealed a passionate, impetuous nature, and her stately figure made her seem older than her years. .

Thus what might be termed a feminine Olympus was founded in Aspasia's home. Alcibiades called the young girls by the names of the goddesses they most resembled. Artists drew inspiration from them for beautiful pictures, poets for graceful verses. But wantonness and everything ignoble was banished from this circle. Aspasia's glance could hold even the bold Alcibiades in check, and the priestess of beauty always kept the reins of noble moderation in her hand. She was ever mindful of what she owed the honor of her husband's house, and knew how to avoid increasing his doubts about the school she had assembled around her, to the point of discord and strife.

One day Alcibiades invited Aspasia and her young companions to take a voyage in his pleasure-barge. The Milesian accepted, on condition that none of his wild companions accompanied him.

On a fresh, bright summer morning Aspasia entered the vessel, with Drosis, Prasina, Simaitha, and Cora. Callimachus and Philandra joined them, the latter bringing a friend named Pasikompsa, who, like Philandra

herself, had been introduced to Aspasia, and was considered by the latter worthy to be an associate of her pupils. No one else was in the barge except a few rowers.

They coasted along the shore, and soon reached the beautiful bay of Salamis. On the left was the green island, sparkling in the morning dew, on the right the Attic strand, to which descended the Ægaleon hills.

Nothing can afford more harmonious and pleasurable excitement to the soul, than an excursion on a sunny blue sea, and there could be no blue more exquisite than that of the bay of Salamis. Thus the party on Alcibiades' galley were delightfully rocked by the sea and the waves of joy. Above their heads was the blue sky, beneath them the ethereal blue of the sea; they floated as it were between the heavens, swaying in a divine azure. Whether the blue of sky or sea was most beautiful they could not say, nor did they care to ask—they only saw that the birds sometimes plunged for a moment from the blue air into the blue sea, to taste its charm, while the fishes, on the contrary, sometimes leaped gayly a moment from the sea to dip their heads into the blue air, as if to obtain a fleeting draught of bliss.

The party on Alcibiades' barge resembled these gay birds and fishes, rejoicing in the charms of sea and air. They absorbed all the bliss, yet gave it as little thought as the birds and fishes. Aspasia's charming young companions gazed down from the deck into the beautiful waves, but only to see their pretty faces mirrored in them. Cora alone, when gazing into the water, saw not her own face but the sea itself. In her mind alone the spell of the sea was vivid and conscious.

The other girls were reflected in the sea, but the sea was reflected in Cora.

The impression produced upon her mind almost rose to terror, for she at last began to listen with a sort of dread for the sounds from the bottom of the water. When the others smilingly asked if she heard the voices of the alluring sirens rising from the depths, she assented, and the merry laughter of her companions echoed far over the waves.

Perhaps tempted by the melody of these voices, a dolphin gliding along the surface of the water accompanied the voyagers. A little bird that had wandered too far from land, perched on its back a moment to rest, without being noticed by the fish.

Just as the silvery laughter at Cora again rang out from Alcibiades' barge, a large merchant-vessel passed. As it came very near, the crew of the merchant-man and the party in Alcibiades' barge could see each other distinctly. The former were rude and savage in aspect, and gazed sullenly, almost threateningly, from under their bushy brows, like hawks, at the flock of doves in Alcibiades' galley. But as the merchant-man rowed much faster, it soon left the barge behind, and the gay company paid no farther heed. Callimachus thought it was a Megarian trading-vessel.

They stopped in a small bay, and determined to land to spend some time on the tempting shore. It was the very spot where people point out the rock-chair of the Persian king, Xerxes, on the side of the Ægaleon mountains sloping towards the sea, the rock-chair on a lofty part of the shore the great king occupied when he reviewed his fleet before the decisive battle, and from which, first in the proud consciousness of victory, then

with increasing terror, he gazed down at the battle tempest of Salamis.

Callimachus and Alcibiades accompanied Aspasia and the young girls up to this seat in the cliff, and Alcibiades invited Aspasia, as the most honored guest, to seat herself in it. She accepted it, and Callimachus took his place by her side. The young girls and Alcibiades reclined around her in a graceful group.

Clumps of sea-weed and myrtle-bushes, full of dark and light berries, grew between the cliffs.

A wondrous atmosphere of peace brooded over the sunny land and sparkling sea. Seen from this elevated spot, Salamis looked doubly charming. Between the island and the main-land lay the motionless blue waves. Silvery, glittering streaks here and there furrowed the azure surface, like shimmering bridges. There was no sound save the low rustling and grating of the slowly advancing and receding waves upon the sand below, and from time to time the scream of a sea-gull hovering around the cliff.

"By all the sea-nymphs!" said Alcibiades, "it is as peaceful and silent here as on the Sicilian shore. One might think the amorous Cyclops Polyphemus must be sitting somewhere near, gazing out upon the water where the image of Galatea is reflected, as she wanders over the flood. The rude shepherd's dog runs barking down to meet her, but the nymph laughingly splashes the messenger of love with a rolling surge, so that he retreats whining."

Indeed, a blissful stillness prevailed, which seemed as if it never had been and never could be interrupted.

Aspasia cast a glance from her rocky seat towards the mountains of the Peloponnesus.

"If it is possible," she said, "to wash away from my soul all the peevish gloom I saw and experienced beyond those mountains, this hour will enable me to do so. The sea and air are too radiant for melancholy to gain any victory here. I boldly challenge you to battle, rude Peloponnesus."

"And I too!" cried Alcibiades, clenching his fist at the mountains of Argolis.

"So do we all!" exclaimed the young girls laughing.

At this moment Aspasia's eye, wandering towards the right, rested on the Megarian vessel, which now seemed very small in the distance. It appeared to be motionless. Aspasia's proud, almost contemptuous glance roved quickly away. Her eyes flashed with a spark of the arrogance that filled the heart of the Persian king, when he sat on this rocky throne.

At a sign from Alcibiades, a slave brought a skin containing a delicious cordial, and soon beakers clinked against each other and songs echoed on the air. The joyous melody sounded sweetly amid the beautiful sea-solitude, and echoed far over the peaceful bay.

Urged on by the Dionysian spirit of revelry, the young girls dispersed, some wandering along the shore, some among the cliffs, where fragrant plants grew amid the stones. They were like hovering butterflies, teased and caught by Alcibiades.

Now they ran with merry shouts after some dead sea-creature, a polyp or dolphin, which formerly, dashing through the salt waves, had terrified the smaller fishes and borne the daughters of Nereus on its back, but at last been cast by a foaming wave in some fierce storm on the rocky strand. Then they sat down and Alcibiades

told marvellous hunting-tales—for instance, how he had once caught on the sea-shore a large polyp and a hare at the same time. Drawing the polyp out of the water he hurled it on the land, where it chanced to fall upon a hare sleeping among the sea-weed, which was instantly seized by the polyp's hundred arms.

Meantime Callimachus was talking with Aspasia.

The artist's relation towards Pericles' beautiful wife was of a somewhat singular nature. A cordial friendship bound him to Alcamenes, and being informed by the latter of everything that ever occurred between Agoracritus' rival and the fair Milesian, he had brought with him from Corinth a prejudice, nay almost a secret anger against Aspasia. After the violent scene between Alcamenes and Aspasia at Olympia, of which Callimachus had also heard, he had joined his friend in a sort of league of vengeance against Aspasia. At Athens he approached the Milesian and, attracted by her magic spell, half forgot the thought of vengeance.

Aspasia herself turned the conversation upon Alcamenes, and praised the flight of his transforming imagination.

"You do well," she said, "to be on friendly terms with this man, and it seems to me that a certain kinship of souls has drawn you together. For, like him, a desire to direct art into new channels seems to animate you."

Aspasia in these words alluded to the fact, that Callimachus no longer contented himself with the chisel, but worked with the auger, executing the details of his labor with a wonderful diligence, a brilliant perfection, never before witnessed.

"If people acknowledge, that the art of sculpture has advanced by the industrious use of the auger," said

Callimachus, "I might also prove the kindred art of architecture profitable. My mind has long been occupied with a matter apparently very easy and simple, but in which—you'll smile when you hear what it is—I cannot succeed. Progressive art seems to me to require a richer decoration for our pillars. The Ionian spiral is the utmost we have accomplished. That has satisfied us for centuries. Isn't it time to venture above it with some bold design?"

"In the East," replied Aspasia, "I saw the form of leaves and flowers applied with refined imagination to the decoration of capitals. We are timid, as you justly remark. Why don't you venture upon what you think necessary?"

"Will you believe," answered Callimachus, "that I have racked my brain about this matter? I have invented hundreds of forms, but hitherto not one has fully satisfied me."

"Why do you seek to invent, discover, and draw the new form entirely from your own imagination?" asked Aspasia. "Nature is a great teacher, the architect as well as the sculptor must obtain his best designs by watching her. Keep your eyes open, and what you seek will meet you. Then you need only grasp it correctly and shape it to your wants."

At this moment the pair were interrupted by the young girls, who said they had discovered a small monument in a pretty secluded nook of the rocky shore, and wanted to show it to Aspasia.

Aspasia and Callimachus accepted the invitation, and allowed the girls to guide them to the spot, where they had found the little monument. It lay concealed amid the rocks, and was almost hidden by an overhanging

cliff. It consisted of a plain narrow stone, on which a short inscription was carved. On the slab stood a dainty basket, filled with faded wreaths and flowers. Aspasia tried to read the inscription, and deciphered half of the name of a young girl, but the task was difficult, for a luxuriant acanthus had not only covered the slab with its large, exquisitely-shaped leaves, but grown half over the basket. Its fresh, living green formed a striking contrast to the dead, withered flowers.

Aspasia and her companions expressed their surprise at finding a gravestone in such a place. But Callimachus said :

“The existence of this little monument was no secret to me.”

The young girls eagerly asked its origin, and Callimachus replied :

“The man who placed this slab and basket here was my friend, and I am one of the few to whom he confided its history.

“The friend of whom I speak,” he continued, “was an admirable Athenian youth, who earned his living by painting vessels and funeral urns with great skill. While living in Corinth he saw the fairest flower-girl in the city, and fell in love with her. But a young Spartan, who was staying in Corinth with some friends, also loved the girl and wished to make her his own. He succeeded in intimidating her by threats and violence, and was on the point of bearing her away from Corinth. The Athenian, furious with rage, fought with his rival and killed him. Then, to escape the vengeance of the dead man’s friends, he took the young girl, who returned his love and willingly accompanied him, entered a boat, and fled to his native Athens.

"The lovers coasted gayly along the shore—the youth's heart was full of joy, and the young girl was radiant in the bloom of her bridal beauty. She had nothing except her loveliness, save the little basket filled with fresh flowers, just as she had carried it to market in Corinth on the morning her lover bore her away. The sea-spray dashed around the boat, and wet the roses in the basket. But as the youth snatched a saucy kiss from the girl's lips, the basket fell over the edge of the boat into the sea. She hastily leaned forward to catch it, but stretching out her hand too far, lost her balance and fell into the waves. With a cry of despair, the youth flung himself into the sea, and after a long struggle grasped the maiden's body and swam with it to the shore. Climbing up the cliff, with her senseless form clasped to his breast with his left arm, he laid her on a level portion of the rocky strand. Her eyes were closed, her face was pale, vainly he called her by a thousand loving names. He had saved only a corpse.

"All day long he sat motionless beside the lifeless form, then prepared to bury it. He hollowed a grave in the spot where he had brought her to land. What did he suddenly behold among the rocks? The basket of flowers had been carried to the shore, and was now wedged fast between the cliffs. He went down, and sighing mournfully, raised the little basket, still filled with fresh flowers, and placed it, bedewed with his tears, on the young girl's grave. He went to Athens and soon returned, with this simple slab, to the secret grave, around which murmured the waves of the sea. He placed it here, and again set upon it the basket with its now withered flowers. The seclusion of the spot secures

it from profaning hands, and the acanthus, as you see, has undertaken the part of protector, by almost covering both slab and basket with the tendrils of its superb foliage."

The young girls listened attentively to Callimachus' tale, and loudly lamented the sad fate of the lovers.

But Aspasia, after a pause, said :

"Spite of the sympathy awakened by your story, Callimachus, I cannot shut out the impression this flat, narrow stone, this monument for which nature has done far more than art, produces upon me, and will surely make upon all who behold it. How daintily the foliage of the acanthus twines above the white marble slab, around the graceful basket filled with withered flowers. Is not this one of the forms nature sometimes produces in a sportive mood, yet whose charm sculptors rarely equal by their inventive powers?"

Callimachus made no reply, but a thought darted through his brain like a flash of lightning.

He gazed a long time at the basket overgrown with foliage, then turning to Aspasia, exclaimed :

"Yes, Aspasia—this basket with the tendrils twining gracefully around it, is one of those forms, for which as you said, the sculptor must keep his eyes open, because he can learn from them—"

"And because," interrupted Aspasia, smiling, "he may find in them what he has long sought in vain."

Callimachus now enthusiastically poured forth the thought which filled his mind.

While he explained to the Milesian his idea of the new decoration for pillars, which was to step forth victoriously into the world of beauty, and whose renown would be forever blended with Callimachus' name, the

young girls disappeared to gather flowers, with which they intended to deck the Corinthian's grave.

Soon they were again roving merrily along the shore like sea-nymphs, among whom Alcibiades renewed his rôle of the teasing, pursuing Triton.

Gradually, however, the simplicity and reserve of Cora, who was left behind on a lonely part of the shore, began to exert a stronger charm over the impetuous youth than the gayety of her companions.

The lovely Simaitha noticed that he attempted to draw the Arcadian into gay conversation, jested with her against her will, but without any touch of jealousy; for she resembled Aspasia in having little room in her proud soul for such an emotion. She too, seemed only capable of the love which does not disturb the cheerful repose of the mind. Besides, what a contemptible rival the shepherd's child appeared to the most brilliant pearl in Aspasia's school.

Transported from the world of reality, the party enjoyed the charming silence of the bay, which nothing could apparently disturb.

Yet hostile eyes were watching the group from a distance.

When the Megarian vessel passed Alcibiades' pleasure-barge, one of the men on board gazed keenly into it, and said, in a hasty, eager tone to his companions:

"Did you see that Athenian youth roving about with the young hetærae on the sea? That's the bold, worthless ravisher, Alcibiades! I know him. I've seen him several times at Athens. And among the young girls was Simaitha—the stolen Simaitha!"

"What?" cried the Megarians, greatly excited.
"What? Is that the bold fellow who stole the girl

from Psaumias' country-house, and still rejoices in his spoil unpunished?"

"Ay," said the other, "he still enjoys his spoil unpunished, for he is under powerful protection. As you know, all the efforts of Psaumias and his fellow-citizens, who demanded the girl's delivery from the insolent Athenians, were vain. Don't these Athenian dogs always believe they can mock at the Megarian commonwealth? A time will come, to show them they were wrong in jeering at the Dorian city on their borders. But now, friends, as far as Simaitha is concerned, we must take advantage of the opportunity offered. That pleasure-barge, besides the beardless ravisher, contains only one unarmed man and the few slaves who are rowing. There are enough of us to capture the galley, if we choose to attack it, at any rate, to seize Simaitha and carry her back to Megara."

This proposal pleased the Megarians, but while consulting how to attack the barge, Alcibiades' party landed on the shore of the little bay. The Megarians perceived this from the distance.

"So much the better!" said their commander. "We'll hide our vessel near the shore and follow our prey on the *land*. Most of us will leave the galley, and while single ones steal nearer the group, others can lie in ambush in pairs along the rocky shore, where the party are scattered. It will be easy to rush out at the right moment, and seize the girl for whom we have watched. The Athenian youths and their slaves will be unable to prevent it, nay perhaps will not see it, for if we choose a moment when Simaitha is separated from her companions, and the men's attention is directed elsewhere, we may succeed in carrying her off unper-

ceived and shall then be safe from pursuit. They won't know what has become of the girl, until we have our prize in security. If we were compelled to use force, the youths might perhaps receive aid from some Athenian vessel passing this way, and rescue our booty before we could get back to our vessel, or put out to sea. So let us be cautious, and watch for a favorable opportunity."

Such were the Megarian captain's directions, and the men obeyed them. They concealed themselves singly or in pairs on the shore, or among the rocks, and from their hiding-places sharply watched the unconscious revellers.

The favorable moment for the Megarians was long in coming. At last it happened, that Simaitha, Drosis and Prasina, gathering flowers, unsuspectingly approached a rock behind which several of the crew were concealed. Alcibiades was a long distance away, absorbed in Cora, and Callimachus was still with Aspasia at the grave of the Corinthian girl.

The Megarians rushed out to seize Simaitha.

The latter, on seeing the savage looking men suddenly coming towards her, fled screaming with terror. Drosis and Prasina followed, also filling the air with loud cries for help.

But Simaitha far outstripped her two companions in their flight, and had already nearly reached the spot where Alcibiades lingered. The latter, as well as Callimachus and the rowers in the barge, heard the young girls' shrieks, and quickly hurried up. Alcibiades always wore a dagger, and drawing it from the sheath, prepared to rush upon the robbers with the slaves, who were armed only with oars.

But the Megarians would not leave the spot without

some prize. As Simaitha had escaped, they seized her companions, Drosis and Prasina, who in their terror, like frightened doves, had not so surely found the right path by which to fly.

Perceiving the danger in delay, and avoiding open strife for the reasons already mentioned, they dragged Drosis and Prasina away with them to the shore, leaped on board their vessel, and were speeding towards the bay of Megara, ere Alcibiades and his assistants could enter his barge to pursue them.

Yet the furious youth was about to throw himself blindly into the boat to follow the robbers. But when he prepared to do so, the young girls raised a loud outcry, lamenting that they would be left on shore and perhaps exposed to other lurking enemies. Yet he was prevented from taking them in the barge and thus pursuing the enemy, by their dread of being carried out to fall a prey to the foe. Callimachus, the rowers, and especially Aspasia, urged him to consider that pursuit was impossible, and plenty of ways and means would be found to chastise the insolence of the Megarians.

Aspasia had turned deadly pale at the sight of the Megarians' deed, but the pallor was quickly succeeded by a vivid flush of anger. Yet she was the first to regain her composure, and almost smiled as she requested Alcibiades to return home without delay. All hurried to the barge, to hastily go back to Athens.

"Vengeance on the Megarians!" cried Alcibiades, standing erect in the vessel as it pushed off from the shore, and hurling a beaker against the steep cliff.

"May the pigmy defiance of Megara and her allies be shattered against the rocky brow of the Athenian Acropolis, as this beaker is broken against the cliff."

CHAPTER VIII.

CALLICRATES' MULE.

ACCORDING to Aspasia's supposition, it was an easy matter for Pericles to demand the restoration of the stolen girls by the Megarians; for at that time, from various reasons, the chastisement of the Megarians was the watch-word of the day in Athens.

But the Megarians answered, that they would not fail to restore Drosis and Prasina, who for the present were placed as hostages in the keeping of a distinguished fellow-citizen, as soon as Simaitha, stolen by an Athenian youth, had been restored to them. But Simaitha herself pleaded earnestly against this rendition, and found powerful support in Aspasia. The young girl from Megara had become the Milesian's favorite.

The Megarians were as much hated at Athens, as the Athenians at Megara. Pericles had more than one motive for procuring a popular decree, which prohibited them from entering the harbor or market of Athens, not only until they had delivered up the young girls, but also given the Athenians satisfaction in some other matters.

This exclusion from the Athenian market was sensibly felt by the Megarians, and it was believed they would not long defy it.

Yet, as it was to be feared that the Megarians would secretly apply to Sparta to seek her active mediation, while a somewhat serious quarrel with Corinth, and the revolt of the Attic colony of Potidæa aroused a certain

degree of uneasiness among the Athenians, the enemies of Pericles and Aspasia availed themselves of the opportunity to stir up the people against them. The public peace of Hellas, they declared, was threatened by the arrogance of this foreign woman and the licentiousness of her friends, and now, for the sake of two little stolen hetæræ, Pericles hurled among the Greeks, like a firebrand, the popular decree against the Megarians.

Great and popular statesman do not always oppose national laws, because they know that the people finally follow their guidance with a sort of blind confidence, and the peril of these laws is counterbalanced by their personal influence, at least while they stand at the helm. But the timid ask what will happen, as soon as men of this stamp, perhaps summoned from the world by death, no longer hold the reins of the community in their firm grasp. On the other hand, the friends of the people who are solicitous for the preservation of popular rule, perceive in this silent subservience of the public to the will and opinions of a single prominent man the greatest danger to freedom. So it happened, that the omnipotent Pericles was secretly opposed by the champions of free popular government, as well as by the oligarchist party.

Cleon, the tanner, Lysicles, the sheep-dealer, and Pamphilus the sausage-maker, believed that the wisdom of an individual was more dangerous to the state than the folly of the multitude, and whenever they found an opportunity, renewed their warnings to their fellow-citizens against the "new Pisistratus."

People of the stamp of Cleon, Lysicles, and Pamphilus already sometimes ventured to declaim violently against Pericles in the popular assembly.

Pericles did not look indifferently upon the perplexi-

ties prepared for him by many things in Aspasia's conduct, and Alcibiades' wanton behavior. Aspasia was unassailable. The storm may uproot oaks, but not break down flowers. But Pericles gravely pointed out to Alcibiades the dissoluteness, by which in part this unpleasant Megarian difficulty had been caused, admonished him to emulate his forefathers by rendering service to his native land, and strive for the distinction of praiseworthy deeds.

"That I will!" replied Alcibiades, in a tone of mingled jest and earnest. "But who is to blame save you, Pericles, that I find no opportunity to distinguish myself by glorious deeds? How long must we drag out our lives in this wearisome peace? Give me a fleet, and I'll conquer Carthage and Sicily. But you even refuse the few paltry vessels with three banks of oars, necessary to restore the two bright-eyed little maidens, Drosis and Prasina, from their captivity in miserable Megara. There is nothing left, if I want to serve my native land, except to go to Sparta and carry off the king's wife, that I may blend the Dorian blood with Ionian for the benefit of the Athenians. Surely, Pericles, I don't lack the desire for action—"

"Mere gushing impulse, without dignity or earnestness of mind," said Pericles, "will never accomplish anything useful, but merely prove destructive. Your advantages, Alcibiades, are no hope, but a danger to your native land, so long as they are united with vices like yours."

"Is it a vice," cried Alcibiades, "to love pleasure, and isn't youth the best time for enjoyment?"

"*You are mistaken,*" replied Pericles gravely; "youth is not the time for enjoyment, but the time to *prepare*

body and mind for the pleasures of life. It is the time to develop the capacity for enjoyment, not to dull it. You think you are finding pleasure, youthful son of Cleinias. But your tasting of every cup of joy is nothing more than boyish wantonness, thoughtless sport."

"The gods give us but *one* life to enjoy!" said Alcibiades.

"For that very reason," replied Pericles, "we ought not to *squander*, but to *preserve* it."

Such was the tenor of Pericles' conversation with the youth, but the latter went from the statesman to his friend Theodota, smilingly repeated the words, and added:

"I now see my old friend, my beloved Socrates, is really wiser than Pericles or any of the other wise men in Athens, for he alone understood long ago—that all warnings of that kind, addressed to Cleinias' son, were vain and foolish—"

Some time had elapsed since Pericles and his wife returned to Athens from Elis, and the priest of Erechtheus secretly entered into a conspiracy at Eleusis with the enemies of the noble pair.

Diopceithes, however, had not failed to profit by the interval. The weapons for the first assault were already forged. He had availed himself of Pericles' absence from Athens, to come forward in the popular assembly with the proposition of a law against those who derided the religion of the Attic country, and the philosophers whose teachings were opposed to the belief in the gods, inherited from their forefathers. The priest of Erechtheus stood before the multitude with the authority of one inspired by a god, and his language was

so impassioned, so spiced with threats and prophecies of evil, that he actually succeeded in obtaining for his law the decisive majority of votes on the Pnyx.

Since that day the sword of Damocles hung over Anaxagoras' gray head. Diopeithes' shaft was first aimed at him; but his designs went still farther. He secretly courted allies and assistants, leagued himself with Pericles' enemies of every kind.

The wrath in his soul daily found fresh food, for before his eyes the hated Callicrates still walked among the swarming crowd of workmen on the summit of the Acropolis, urging forward the magnificent propylæa, under the direction of Mnesicles, with the same zeal he had formerly bestowed on the temple of Pallas. Callicrates was an abomination to the priest, so too were the laborers, who by day pursued their hated work, but at night lay asleep in throngs on the piles of stones or sand. Another abomination was the old mule who, as has already been mentioned, could not endure the involuntary leisure of its age, but according to ancient habit, wandered about on the Acropolis, and to whom had been granted the favor of having all the injuries it might do by grazing and nibbling the property of others, made good at the public expense.

Great results spring from small causes, says the proverb.

Grown saucy by the public favor shown by the Athenian people, Callicrates' mule, wandering over the Acropolis, continued the unruly conduct by which it had long since exasperated Diopeithes to the utmost, fearlessly approaching the sanctuary of the Erechtheum, and seeming to find nothing so dainty as the plants that grew within the precincts of the temple. It did not

fear the venomous looks Diopeithes cast at it, and scarcely heeded the blows with which the temple-servants tried to drive it away. It sometimes snuffed at the cakes placed by the devout as offerings on the altar of Zeus, which stood in the open air before the Erechtheum. If Diopeithes complained of the sacrilege to Callicrates, the latter, shrugging his shoulders, appealed to the animal's legal privileges and the willingness of the public treasurer to make good any damages it might commit. Thus, gaining little by his complaints, the priest had long since vowed vengeance against the bold creature.

But the latter, running blindly to destruction and unconsciously filling the measure of crime, one day ventured through a door accidentally left open and unwatched, into the inmost sanctuary of the Erechtheum and Athena Polias. The horrified temple-servants found it insolently snuffing at a fresh wreath, they had twined, that very morning, around the ancient wooden statue of the goddess. The next day Diopeithes secretly lured Callicrates' mule towards him, and flung the animal a cake. In the evening of the same day the creature was found lying dead on the steps of the Parthenon.

One of Callicrates' workmen had seen the priest of Erechtheus toss the mule food, and all were convinced that it had fallen a victim to Diopeithes' vengeance.

Some vowed to punish him for it, gathered before the Erechtheum, and loaded the priest with loud invectives. Had not Mnesicles come up just in time, Diopeithes would have fared ill at the laborers' hands.

The cup of wrath in the priest's breast was now full. He could no longer delay giving vent to it, commencing the great, long-plotted work of vengeance.

It was a stormy night, the sky was shrouded in darkness and rent clouds floated over the moon, when three men assembled for a secret interview in the dreary grotto of the Eumenides on the hill of the Areopagus.

One of the trio was Diopeithes, who had invited the other two to meet him there; for intercourse with his secret allies on the Acropolis was too much exposed to the keen eyes of Callicrates.

The second of the three persons, who met on the hill of Ares, was the oligarch Thucydides, whom Pericles had overthrown. He and Diopeithes were the first to enter the grotto, and the third now came gliding in, half disguised, like a nocturnal thief. The oligarch glanced at this third person with a certain shade of curiosity. Diopeithes had not mentioned his name. But when the new-comer confronted the other two men in the secret grotto, and his face became visible in a ray of light from the moon, which chanced to shine out for a moment, the oligarch started back indignantly, while a scornful smile hovered around his lips.

He had recognized the coarse features of the tanner Cleon, who was mortally hated by himself and the whole oligarchist party, whose rude violence was exerted on the Pnyx in boisterous speech to carry far beyond all proper limits the popular rule established by Pericles, but curbed and directed by his wise judgment.

Full of amazement and anger, the oligarch turned to Diopeithes:

"With what man," he cried, "do you bring me in contact?"

But Cleon also put on an air of astonishment, and smiling derisively, cried in the same breath:

"You offer Cleon, the man of the people, a strange ally, Diopeithes!"

"I did not invite you here to fight out the old battle between oligarchy and the popular government," said the priest of Erechtheus. "I summoned you to a common warfare against common foes."

"Shall I fight enemies for the benefit of a man worse than they?" said the oligarch.

"Shall I destroy foes?" said Cleon, "with the aid of the very person most hateful to me among them all?"

Such were the exclamations of the two men in the first moment of meeting.

But, after an hour spent in secret conversation, during which the crafty, malicious priest of Erechtheus talked most, a keen eye, had one been watching the rocky hill of Ares on that gloomy night, would have seen the two men clasp hands; though hastily and without any real cordiality.

Diopeithes evidently did not meddle with political affairs. He stood on as good terms with the fierce demagogue Cleon, as with the oligarch Thucydides. He fought, at least so he declared, solely for the respect due the gods of the country and their sanctuaries. Neither the demagogue nor the oligarch had any scruples about supporting him in the conflict if, as they supposed, they thereby gained a by no means contemptible ally for the prosecution of their own plans. But in fact both were merely tools in the hands of the far more cunning priest, whose sole object was to ruin his personal enemies, Anaxagoras, Phidias, and Aspasia.

To destroy them, he must entangle them in dangerous indictments, and in order to indict them had secured a law specially adapted to them. But to accomplish

their condemnation he was obliged to be sure of the people.

He was compelled to gain influence over the votes of the multitude, but to do this needed confederates and allies.

This was the cause of his friendships, his secret intercourse with persons of the most different character. His first, as it were preparatory assault, was to be directed at Anaxagoras, then a blow, which could not fail to also strike Pericles, would be dealt Aspasia. Lastly, the most difficult, apparently impossible thing, would be attempted, and all powers united to accomplish the overthrow of Pericles, beloved by the great majority of the Athenian nation.

He traced out all the Milesian's foes in Athens, and secretly gathered them around him, divided and commanded them like a well-arranged army, and used each individual as a combatant and messenger in different circles.

Through the priestess of Athena Polias, he stood in close relations with the feminine world of Athens, Telesippe and Elpinice. He formed connections with gloomy Agoracritus, became the ally of Cratinus, Hermippus, and other comic poets, who were doubly enraged against Aspasia, since owing to her complaints, Pericles had at last determined to limit the lawlessness of the comic stage. His relations extended to mad Menon, the ex-slave, the eccentric man known to the whole city and popular with the dregs of the populace, who willingly aided every intrigue, and cheerfully undertook to stir up the people by malicious, sarcastic remarks, rude jests, and coarse inventions against the philosophers and Pericles' wife.

Scarcely a month had passed since the meeting of the three men on the hill of Ares, yet the larger portion of the Athenian populace was pervaded with a leaven of hostility towards Aspasia and Pericles' best friend.

As for Anaxagoras, it was agreed that he was a denier of the gods.

There was scarcely a person, who did not remember some bold assertion he had heard from the philosopher's lips on the Agora, in the Lyceum, or some other public place. What had formerly scarcely been heeded, nay received by some with applause, was thought suspicious by the fickle populace, now that their mood was changed, and hatred of the philosopher had been sowed among the people by Cleon, who was secretly in league with Diopieithes.

Late one evening, when the streets of Athens were deserted, a man walking with hasty noiseless steps, glancing round him in fear of being seen, and evidently seeking the protection of the darkness, which surrounded him from the clouded sky, came from the street of Tripods, in the direction of the Ilissus.

He was not attended by the slave who, bearing a torch, usually walked behind a nocturnal pedestrian. When this man had reached the Ilissus, he crossed it and continued his way to the Itonian gate, where stood only a few insignificant dwellings.

He knocked at the door of one of these unpretending houses, and exchanged a few words with the slave who opened it.

The latter led him into the old man's sleeping-room, a poorly furnished apartment, where he lay on a couch.

This old man was Anaxagoras, and his nocturnal visitor, Pericles.

The philosopher looked somewhat surprised at the appearance of the friend whom he had not seen for some time, and by whom he supposed himself almost forgotten.

"It is no pleasant message that occasions me to disturb your slumber," said Pericles, "but it may seem to you a cheering omen, that it is *I* who bring it. Nor have I come solely as a messenger, but also as counsellor and helper."

"If it is only bad news that brings Pericles to his old friend Anaxagoras," replied the old man, "that too is welcome. Say plainly and without reserve, what you have to tell."

"The ambitious Cleon, who as I know is secretly instigated by the priest of Erechtheus, has to-day accused you before the archon Basileus of denial of the gods."

"Denial of the gods," said Anaxagoras calmly, "according to Diopeithes' law, is punishable with death. A slight punishment for an old man."

"A venerable gray head threatened," replied Pericles, "awakens more sympathy than a youthful one. Yet I would answer for the safety of your life with my own. I would myself appear before your judges as your intercessor and, if it should prove necessary, offer my head for yours. But what I shall be unable to prevent is this, that you will be placed in prison until your case is decided—and this dreary, pitiless imprisonment may last a long time."

"Let me be imprisoned," replied Anaxagoras. "What will it avail me to have my feet free, if my words are not?"

"That will pass!" replied Pericles. "Your words

will also be restored to liberty, and the gnawing mouse will obtain the law the priest of Erechtheus artfully won from the intimidated people, while I was far away from Athens and could not throw my words into the scale. But for the present yield to the necessities of the moment. Rise, and bind the sandals on your feet. Leave Athens secretly, without delay. Everything is prepared for your flight. Yonder, in the lonely bay of Phalerum, a vessel waits to bear you wherever you choose. I have arranged everything with my friend Cephalus, and he will himself accompany you to your chosen asylum. It is hard for me to come to a feeble old man's couch at night, and say: 'Rise and depart.' But I must do it. In the secret gloom of night, I will myself take you down to the bay of Phalerum, where Cephalus awaits you."

"I have no important reason for going," replied Anaxagoras, "far less for staying; for I am old and all the roads in the world lead to the final rest of Hades. If the man is waiting for me in a vessel in the bay of Phalerum, why should I make him wait in vain? Take me to the Mysian coast, to Lampsacus. There dwell men, who are friendly to me. There they can bury me and place above my grave the word *truth*, that the grandsons of the Athenians may read it when they visit Lampsacus, and see that on the shore of the Hellespont, near the country of the barbarians, an asylum was not grudged to truth, and a dying old man who preached it. Call my slave, Pericles, and tell him to bind the sandals on my feet, pack in a bundle the second chiton yonder and the few books I possess, and go with me down to the sea and farther, if he chooses."

The old philosopher, with Pericles' assistance, rose

from his couch, let the slave bind the sandals on his feet, put on his chiton, and in a few moments was ready to set out.

Then the two men, followed by the slave, walked silently through the Itonian gate under the shelter of the darkness, and down the dreary road beside the long wall to the bay of Phalerum.

Reaching it, they found Cephalus in a nook surrounded by rocks, where the sea plashed dreamily upon the shore. The two men greeted each other with a silent pressure of the hand.

Anaxagoras stood ready to take leave of Pericles, and enter the vessel.

As they clasped hands in farewell, Pericles gazed with deep emotion at the old man, thus cast forth in the gloom of night into a foreign land and on a heaving sea.

"Why do you pity me?" said the sage. Nothing in the world finds me unprepared. During my long life I have destroyed, bit by bit, everything in us which is capable of suffering. As an impetuous youth, I suffered much, saw how alluring was life, but also how frivolous and vain. Then I gradually threw everything aside, and plunged deeper and deeper into the quiet gulfs of undesiring contemplation. So I have grown old and my body is decaying, but the firm pillar of indestructible peace remains immovably fixed in my soul. You Athenians imagine you are sending me forth on the unstable sea, and remain behind on the firm land. But in fact it is I, who from the solid strand see you tossing on the wild surges of life. To you, my friend, a different fate from mine has been allotted. You have yearned for beauty, happiness, gayety, pleasure, authority, fame. You cling

to a beautiful woman, who has ensnared your senses, a woman fair enough to bless you. I call you blessed, but can I also call you happy? He who enjoys is blessed, but no one is happy save he who can lose nothing, and whom life has no power to disappoint, because he asks nothing of it."

"Fate allots different paths to mortals," replied Pericles. "I have aspired to many things, attained many things, but the last moment closes the account, and death alone settles the sum of life. I cling, as you say, to a woman. I have formed with her a bond of a new nature, for the beautiful, free, and noble enjoyment of life. We are united in testing a new thing, but how the trial will result, I do not yet know. Many an element of perplexity interferes, a bitter drop sometimes falls into the cup of joy, and a feeling akin to anxiety steals over me. Have I perhaps set an undue value on beauty, life, happiness and their shining promises? Whatever may happen, the die is cast, and my lot must be manfully fulfilled."

Thus Pericles and Anaxagoras poured forth to each other the inmost depths of their souls, as they stood together in the silent night, and said farewell beside the waves.

Then they remembered their warm friendship of four and twenty years, and embraced and kissed each other.

Anaxagoras once more glanced back at the dim outlines of the city, saying:

"Farewell, thou city of Pallas Athena! Farewell, Attic soil, which has so long been hospitable to me! Thou hast afforded a place for my germs of thought. Good and evil spring forth at the same time from the seeds sown by mortal hands, but only the good lasts for-

ever. Calmly, and with many a wish for thy happiness, I descend into the tossing ship and, as an old man, again trust to the same surges that bore me in my youthful vigor to thy strand."

With these words, the sage of Clazomenæ entered the vessel.

Again he waved his hand to Pericles, then the sound of oars echoed on the air—there was a low splash of surf—and the vessel glided silently and swiftly across the gray surface of the water out towards the dark open sea.

A few sea-birds in the clefts of the rocky shore were roused from their sleep, fluttered their wings a little, and then slumbered again.

Pericles stood on the lonely strand, gazing after the fast disappearing ship.

Then, absorbed in thought, he returned to the city, fanned by the first cool breeze of the gray dawn.

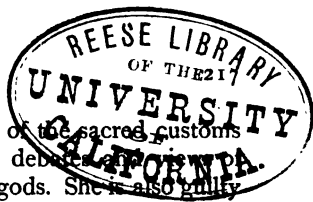
On reaching the Agora, he saw that in spite of the early hour, a throng of people were pressing around the so-called royal hall.

The crowd were staring at a paper containing a publication of the archon. It was the copy of a public accusation.

As the throng was great and those in the rear became impatient, a tall man read aloud in a stentorian voice this impeachment, which was hung before the official seat of the archon Basileus in the royal hall.

It ran as follows:

"Accusation, signed and defended by oath of Hermippus, son of Lysis, against *Aspasia*, daughter of Axiochus of Miletus—*Aspasia* is guilty of the crime of not acknowledging the gods of the coun-



try, of having spoken irreverently of the sacred customs of the Athenians, and joined the debaters and the philosophers who denied the gods. She is also guilty of seducing and corrupting young people by dangerous speeches, especially young girls, whom she has in her house, as well as leading freeborn women to insubordination and immodesty. Punishment: *death*."

These words echoed loudly over the market-place just as Pericles passed, unobserved by the throng, whose attention was fixed upon the royal hall. He turned pale.

"Hurrah!" shouted some one in the crowd. "That will fall into Pericles' conjugal happiness like a thunder-bolt into a dove's nest."

"And Hermippus, the accuser!" exclaimed a second. "Hermippus, the comic poet!"

"That was to be expected!" replied a third. "I heard it myself from Hermippus' lips, after Pericles, at Aspasia's instigation had clipped the wings of comedy. 'Ah, well!' said he; 'if our mouths are shut on the stage, we'll open them in the Agora.'"

Rarely had any accusation excited the minds of the Athenians to such an extent, rarely had party strife been kindled to such a degree, as by the indictment of Pericles' wife, and people looked forward with no little impatience to the day when the complaint would be officially dealt with before the Heliastæ.

At the same time Phidias returned from Olympia to Athens, and Diopeithes was no little enraged to see the man he hated again walking over the Acropolis, talking with Mnesicles and Callicrates, and aiding by his counsel the work on the propylæ.

One day Diopeithes, standing behind the pillars of the Erechtheum, saw Phidias in the company of his

former favorite, Agoracritus. The two men walked up and down for some time between the Parthenon and Erechtheum, engaged in eager conversation, then approached a block of marble, close by the priest of Erechtheus, whom they did not see, sat down on it and quietly continued their talk. It was an easy matter for Diopeithes to hear the whole.

"The plastic art of the Athenians is beginning to take strange paths," said Agoracritus. "On seeking Athens once more after many a pilgrimage, I find singular work exhibited in the studios of many of my younger fellow-artists. Where has the old sublimity and dignity vanished? Have you seen Stypax's entrail-roaster? We devoted our best efforts to the statues of gods and heroes, and now all the subtleties of the art are employed to represent a miserable slave, who is puffing out his cheeks to blow the fire over which he is roasting entrails. Strongylion's art is essaying the task of casting the Trojan horse in bronze. From the hands of Demetrius I saw an old man with a bald head, swollen veins, and a beard in which single hairs seemed blown apart from the mass by the wind."

"Sculptors would not create such things," said Phidias, "if they were not beginning to please the Athenians. Who could fail to perceive the degeneration gradually stealing into the heart and veins of the Athenian nation? As in sculpture hideous things are beginning to appear beside beautiful ones, so on the Pnyx the noisy outcries of a Cleon are becoming audible beside the Olympic oratory of the noble Pericles. Formerly we had but one Hipponicus and one Pyrilampes, now we have hundreds."

"Luxury and pleasure are gaining too much pre-

ponderance," said Agoracritus. "And who first publicly preached the message of luxury and pleasure-seeking? Since Pericles' friend once snatched the prize from my—I might almost say your—work in favor of the insolent Alcamenes, rage against the alluring woman has never left my soul. When she contemptuously called my Aphrodite a Nemesis, the thought darted through my brain: 'Ay, she shall be a Nemesis to you! You shall feel the power of the avenging goddess!' And indeed, vengeance is approaching with slow, but sure and steady steps."

"The gods will judge equally and justly!" replied Phidias gravely. "And if they subdue the Milesian's smiling insolence, they will also punish the secret malice of that Diopeithes, whose ally your thirst for vengeance has made you. Whatever we may have to censure and avenge in Pericles' wife, do not forget, that but for her brave and encouraging words, the pinnacles of our Parthenon would not tower here completed, and that we have had no fiercer opponent of this very work, than the malignant priest of Erechtheus."

"So you put yourself forward as the friend and protector of the Milesian?" said Agoracritus.

"Not so!" replied Phidias. "I like Aspasia as little as Diopeithes, and shall avoid both by instantly leaving Athens for Olympia, which has grown dear to me. I have found the Elians more grateful than the Athenians. I have done enough, it seems to me, for Athens. The remnant of my days I will consecrate to Hellas, leaving Athens to its Aspasia's, demagogues, drunkards, and spiteful, worthless, revengeful priests of Erechtheus!"

"You did right to turn your back on Athens;"

said Agoracritus, "the Athenians might perhaps have weakened and corrupted even *your* art—according to their latest taste, you would perhaps be compelled to carve Priapus instead of the Olympic gods."

"Or the loathsome, misshapen form of yonder beggar, who is basking on this pure height like a salamander escaped from some marsh!" replied Phidias, pointing to the well-known cripple Menon, who was lying in the sun between the pillars.

The beggar had heard Phidias' words, scowled, clenched his fist, and muttered a curse.

Phidias and Agoracritus rose, and taking a step farther in the direction of the Erechtheum, saw Diopeithes standing behind the pillars.

"Why, see how watchful the owls of the Erechtheum are!" said Phidias.

The embarrassed listener cast a sullen glance of hatred at the sculptor, saying :

"The owls of the Erechtheum have sharp beaks and talons! Take heed that they don't rend your eyes."

The sculptor merely repeated the Homeric saying :

"Pallas Athena never suffers me to tremble!"

"Very well!" murmured Diopeithes, when the two men had turned away. "Rely on the protection of your Pallas, I will depend upon the power of mine. The preparations for the decisive battle between your gold and ivory botchwork, and the ancient divine statue within the sacred halls of the Erechtheum have been made long enough."

He was just turning away, when mad Menon, still abusing Phidias in a soliloquy, struck his crutch against one of the smooth polished pillars, breaking off a fragment.

Perceiving this, Diopeithes approached ; the eyes of the mad beggar and the priest of Erechtheus met.

They knew each other.

Menon, as has already been mentioned, had once been tortured with the other slaves of his accused master. Hellenic slaves were never questioned before a court, except with the rack. So under the torture Menon made his deposition, and on the strength of the deposition the Athenian was acquitted. But from the time of that painful examination, the slave's limbs withered and he became a cripple. His master, out of sympathy, released him, and at his death bequeathed him a considerable sum, which the half-crazy Menon threw into the gulf of Barathron, preferring to wander among the Athenians as an idle beggar. Part of the time he lived on the food placed upon the graves of the dead. When freezing in winter, he warmed his palsied limbs beside the smith's forge or the public baker's oven. His favorite spot was a gloomy place in Melitæ, where the bodies of executed criminals and the ropes and clothes of suicides were thrown. He carefully collected the ropes, and counted them daily. A dog that had grown mangy, and therefore been driven away by its master, attached itself to him, and the pair became inseparable. Menon had a spiteful, malicious nature, and it seemed to afford him the greatest pleasure when he could cause discord or other mischief among the people. He seemed filled with a secret desire for vengeance, and everything he did appeared calculated to avenge slavery on the free oppressors. The cripple intentionally pretended to be more insane than he really was, in order to hurl the sharpest truths into the Athenians' faces, and especially to be permitted many liberties, that would

not have been forgiven any one in his sober senses. He was always to be seen on the Agora or in other public places, and had become perfectly at home on the Acropolis, where he wandered among the throng of workmen. He liked every spot, where there was a crowd and he could play his spiteful part.

But he found special enjoyment on the Acropolis, from the moment he perceived that the priest of Erechtheus, Diopeithes, and the architect, Callicrates, were bitter enemies. He seemed to find his chief occupation in fomenting quarrels between the temple-servants and Callicrates' workmen, willingly allowing himself to be used as a tale-bearer or spy. He served both parties, and hated both, as he hated all men who were freeborn and Athenians.

Diopeithes himself sometimes talked with him, and soon perceived the usefulness of this tool. The man was always among the people, watching and listening to everything. No one thought himself obliged to conceal aught from the imbecile, and the biting wit of his evil tongue made him liked as well as feared in the marketplace and the streets.

So Menon and Diopeithes knew and understood each other perfectly. The instinct of secret rage and vengeance made the priest and the lame beggar allies.

"You are angry with Phidias?" Diopeithes began.

"May the hell-dog seize him with its hundred jaws! Arrogant scoundrel! Always pushed me out of the door, when he saw me warming myself at the melting-furnace in his workshop—jeered at my deformity. 'You are a monster, Menon,' said he 'a horror'—he wanted to see nothing but Olympic gods and goddesses around

him—ha! ha! ha! May lightning blast him, him and all the Athenians!”

“So you often lingered in his studio?”

“He didn’t always see me—but I saw him—Menon knows how to lurk in corners—saw him carrying on his foolish shining work—saw him and his pupils at work on the white stone, and the bronze, and the ivory, and the shining gold—”

“Did you see him working with the *gold*?”

A strange light gleamed in the priest’s eyes, as he uttered the words.

“Did you see him working with the gold, Menon?” he repeated, his eyes glowing mysteriously; “with the shining gold the city of the Athenians delivered to him, that he might shape from it and ivory the statues of the gods on the Acropolis.”

“Of course, of course—with the shining gold of the Athenians—saw him wallowing in whole heaps of gold and ivory—that sparkled, that glittered—”

“Did all the shining gold go into the melting-furnace, Menon? Didn’t some of it stick to the fingers of those who worked with it?”

At this crafty question, the beggar grinned cunningly at the priest. A fiendish light flashed in his eyes.

“Ha, ha, ha,” he cried, laughing. “Menon knows how to crouch, to watch—saw him work, even when he thought himself alone and unnoticed—saw him secretly open chests where the hidden treasure glittered—ha! ha! ha!—the bright gold—the Athenians’ gold—he stared at it like a griffin guarding treasure—seized it as if with claws—so—he foamed at the mouth when he saw me—pushed me out of doors—wouldn’t let me warm myself. Wait, you rascal—flash your eyes, you gray old griffin!”

Again the beggar raised his crutch menacingly against the Parthenon, as if longing to shatter it, in defiance of its creator.

After a short pause, the priest advanced still nearer and whispered :

“ Hark ye, Menon, would you say what you have just said on the Agora—before all the Athenians ? ”

“ Before the Athenians—before the twenty thousand scurvy knaves of Athenians—may the plague destroy them ! ”

From the hour of this interview, tidings spread through Athens of the harsh, proud, offensive words Phidias had uttered against his fellow-artists and the whole Athenian nation. It was related how he had abused popular government, and scorning his native land, praised the Elians, vowing to turn his back on Athens, and henceforth consecrate his services to other Hellenes. At the same time rumors were whispered, that all the gold delivered to him at the public expense had not found its way into his melting-furnace.

Like evil seed, these words sprang up amid the Athenian populace in poisonous weeds of rage and hostility against the noble, quiet creator of the Parthenon.

The day had come on which Aspasia's case was to be decided before the Heliastæ, under the superintendence of the archon Basileus,* in one of the courts of justice in the Agora.

* The functions of the βασιλεύς, or *King Archon*, were almost all connected with religion : his distinguishing title shows that he was considered a representative of the old kings in their capacity of high priest, as the Rex Sacrificulus was at Rome. Thus he presided at the Lenæan, or older Dionysia ; superintended the mysteries and the games called λαμπαδηφορίαι, and had to offer up sacrifices and prayers in the Eleusinium, both at Athens and Eleusis. Moreover, indictments for impiety, and controversies about the priesthood were laid

From early dawn the populace surged around the court of justice.

Aspasia was the only calm and composed person among the Athenians on that day. She stood in the upper room of the house, gazing through a window-like opening upon the throng moving towards the Agora.

Her face was somewhat pale, but not from fear, for a contemptuous smile hovered around her lips.

Pericles approached.

He was far paler than Aspasia, and an expression of deep earnestness rested upon his features, as he silently gazed upward at the cloudy sky. It was a gray day. Flocks of cranes were flying from Strymon across Attica, and their croaking seemed to forebode rain.

A long procession of elderly men now passed up the streets. They were the Heliastæ, who were to try Aspasia—the judges before whom Pericles' wife was to appear, by whom her sentence would be spoken.

"Look at those old fellows!" said Aspasia, smiling. "Half of them wear shabby cloaks, and look hungry and lean as they walk, leaning on the long Athenian staff, which Phidias did not spare the friends of beauty, even on the frieze of the Parthenon. Some are chewing garlic, and carrying between their lips the dirty oboles they are to receive in payment for this day's work."

"They are men of the people," replied Pericles, shrugging his shoulders. "They are men of the Athenian people, who once pleased you and for whose sake,

before him; and, in cases of murder, he brought the trial into the court of the Areiopagus, and voted with its members. His wife, also, who was called βασιλίσσα or βασίλιννα, had to offer certain sacrifices, and therefore it was required that she should be a citizen of pure blood, without stain or blemish.—*Smith's Dict. of Greek and Roman Antiquities.*

as you told me, you left the Persian court and your beautiful Miletus and, urged by longing, came across the sea to seek and live among them."

Aspasia made no reply.

"These garlic-chewing Athenians, who carry long staffs and hold oboles in their mouths," continued Pericles, "are the same whose symmetry and unaffected dignity seemed to you worthy of admiration, whose patriotism touched you, whose taste for art not only seemed to you peerless in the works of sculptors and poets, but also in their enthusiasm, their subtle power of seeing, hearing, enjoying—"

"But I now know," interrupted Aspasia, "that the much-praised, refined Attic nation still has a remnant of rudeness, I may say barbarism."

"There is nothing perfect under the sun," said Pericles, "and brilliant lights are associated with the darkest shadows. I remember having recently seen a strange statue in one of our sculptors' studios—a figure with wings on its shoulders and the hoofs of a goat. The Athenian nation seems like this mongrel. It is winged for the loftiest flight, but also walks on goats' hoofs. For the rest, consider that the greatest merits of the Athenian nation are exclusively its own, but it shares its weaknesses with others. And as the fairest woman is still always a woman, the most gifted nation is still a nation, burdened with the weaknesses and passions of those called the people, the masses, the great multitude."

"The Athenian nation," cried Aspasia indignantly, "is more thankless, fickle, frivolous, swayed by every breath, than any other."

"But it is *amiable*," said Pericles, with a slight touch of sarcasm, "and *pleasure-loving*, and *gay*, and an en-

thusiastic friend and patron of the *beautiful*. *What do you want more, Aspasia?* Haven't you yourself often laughed at and derided the poor thinker, Socrates, because he seemed to demand of the Athenians other virtues than those I have just named?"

Aspasia turned proudly away, as if offended.

"It is time to go to court in the Agora, where the judges await you," said Pericles after a pause. "Have you no fear, Aspasia? Your features betray none. Will you leave me to bear all the anxiety alone?"

"I fear the odor of garlic in those rooms," replied Aspasia, "far more than the sentence that may be passed upon me by the lips of those men. I still feel animated by the same courage, that inspired me amid the throng at Megara and in the streets of Eleusis."

During this conversation, the Heliastæ had reached the court-room, as well as the archon Basileus with several subordinate officials, public clerks, and witnesses. Outside the court-room, the throng of people swarmed in eager excitement. There was a confused murmur of opinions, wishes, predictions. Friends and foes of the accused, as well as impartial judges, were heard among them.

"Do you know why they accused Anaxagoras and Aspasia?" cried one. "Because they wanted to strike Pericles in a sensitive spot, and dared not attack him personally. There is no man in Athens, who would venture openly to assail Pericles."

"But *couldn't* it be done?" cried a crafty little man with cunning eyes, coming forward. "*Couldn't* it be done? Could not a better and more exact account be required of Pericles, after his long years of rule, than he has hitherto rendered? Don't items occur in his accounts

with the mere note : *judiciously employed* ? What does judiciously employed mean, I ask ? Eh ? Can dust be more insolently strewn in people's eyes ? Do you hear, judiciously employed ?”

So saying, the man continued his way through the crowd, asking everywhere what *judiciously employed* meant ?

“Those are the sums,” replied one person mysteriously, “Pericles used to silence influential men in the Peloponnesus, that they might do Athens no harm—”

“That they might not prevent the establishment of tyranny at Athens !” observed the crafty little man with a scornful laugh. “If you suppose the learned Pericles, when he whispers with his friend, is only calculating the length of a flea's foot or the width of a gnat's rump, you are greatly mistaken. He has long talked foolishly about the unity of the whole Hellenic country—he would like, to put it briefly, to become ruler of all Hellas. His wife, the Milesian, placed this worm in his ear, and it has now crept into his brain and made him mad. This hetæra yearns for nothing less than a crown—she would fain be called a queen—queen of Hellas—her countrywoman's laurels won't let her rest.”

Such were the words of the sharp-tongued scenter of tyrants. But in the court-room in the Agora, the judges already sat on their benches, waiting for the commencement of the trial. The presiding officer was the archon Basileus, surrounded by clerks and servants.

The court-room was surrounded by bars, a latticed door affording ingress only to those summoned by the archon.

Opposite the seats of the judges a somewhat lofty stage was erected for the accused as well as for the com-

plainant, thus rendering their figures visible and their voices audible for a long distance.

On one of these elevated platforms sat Hermippus, a man of morose nature, whose piercing eye roved restlessly around.

On the other Aspasia was seated, with Pericles beside her, for as a woman and especially a foreigner, she was obliged to be represented by a man who was a native citizen.

It was a touching spectacle to many hearts, to see the fairest and most gifted woman of her time, the wife of the great Pericles, on the platform as an indicted prisoner.

The fact that Pericles sat beside her increased the serious, moving character of the scene.

The judges, and the majority of the people, felt a sort of pride in seeing that even the most powerful were compelled to appear before their tribunal, submit to the omnipotent civil law.

Hermippus gazed maliciously at the beautiful woman, whose face was overspread by a slight pallor, that scarcely diminished the expression of resolute will which rested on her features.

The archon Basileus now opened the examination by calling upon the complainant to take an oath, that he had only made the accusation for the sake of truth and justice. The judges themselves, on entering upon their office, had taken the oath of justice and conscientiousness.

The archon next ordered one of the public clerks to read aloud, first the accusation, and then the refutation.

Then he requested the complainant to prove his accusation, verbally and in detail.

Hermippus rose. His speech was full of sarcasm. The people felt transported to the comic stage. He discussed in sharp, incisive words the acts on which, according to his assertion, the accusation against Aspasia rested: how at Eleusis she had spoken irreverently, before all the people, of the Eleusinian gods and the sacred customs of the country; how she had held intercourse with Sophists, with Anaxagoras, Socrates, especially Protagoras, that most eloquent denier of the gods, who had lived for some time at Athens, but was at present wandering in other Hellenic cities, preaching heresies and corrupting youth; how she had directed all her efforts to inciting Athenian women to rebel against the laws of the country, and once at the Thesmophorian festival stood forth before all the Athenian women to induce them to overthrow the venerable laws that hallowed marriage and family life; how she had lured free-born women into her home, to teach them the arts of the hetæra, and at last gone so far as to keep in her house a number of young girls, for the sole purpose of alluring the distinguished men of Athens.

Hermippus brought forward as witnesses many of those who had heard the remarks Aspasia made at Eleusis; but allowed the written depositions of some of them to be read aloud by the public clerk. The instigation of the women to a conspiracy against the laws of the state he proved by several women, who had taken part in the Thesmophorian festival. The attempt to corrupt freeborn women he corroborated by the written deposition of Xenophon's wife, which had been extorted by Telesippe and Cimon's sister. With regard to the young girls in Aspasia's house, he appealed to the general knowledge of the Athenians, and did not

neglect to bring into special prominence the fact that, for the sake of one of these girls, the Athenian commonwealth had recently been involved in by no means safe complications with Megara, and the allies of this hostile Dorian city.

He closed with the statement that Aspasia had committed a threefold crime—against faith in the gods and the religion of the country, against the government and the dignity of its laws, against propriety and morality, then requested a number of edicts to be read aloud by the clerk, and proved that, according to the Athenian code, all these acts were punishable, and since death was the penance assigned to most, Aspasia's life, after being convicted of these crimes, was forfeited to the law. Lastly, with raised voice and passionate excitement, he entreated the judges to guard the most sacred thing a commonwealth possessed, chastise the insolence of the foreigner who sought the overthrow of the statutes inherited from their forefathers, and not allow the Athenian government, hitherto loved and blessed by the gods, to perish in the school of insubordination, contempt of law, and denial of the gods.

Hermippus' passionate speech made a deep impression on the judges, most of whom were elderly men from the lower classes of the people. A murmur rose among the crowd beyond the barriers, who had listened silently to Hermippus' explanation.

"Hermippus has spoken admirably—his argument was sharp and convincing—he has the law on his side—the Milesian's life is forfeited."

After Hermippus had concluded and resumed his seat, Pericles rose.

The deepest silence instantly prevailed, and every

one listened intently for the first words from the lips of Aspasia's husband.

Pericles seemed changed. He did not appear as he looked when standing before the people on the orator's platform upon the Pnyx, announcing his opinions with dignified composure, secure of success. For the first time his calmness seemed feigned, and a slight tremor in his voice was audible when he began to speak.

He denied Aspasia's guilt and, taking up one accusation after the other, sought to prove, that only the exaggeration of hatred could drag her conduct within the limits of crime worthy of death. Where he could not deny that the letter of the Athenian law was against her, he appealed from her acts to her noble intentions, and tried to show that noble deeds could never be criminal.

But this time there was something uncertain in the argument of the famous orator, who bore the surname of the Olympian. It could not fail to be noticed, that his words produced but a slight impression upon his hearers. Was the secret emotion that possessed his mind too powerful?

At last Pericles followed Hermippus' example, and closed his argument with an address to the judges, which coming from the heart, appealed to the heart.

He said: "This woman is my wife. If she is guilty of the crime of which that man accuses her, I am her accomplice. Hermippus accuses us of having diminished the consideration paid to the gods, impaired the authority of the government, injured modesty and morality. Men of Athens! If I can be permitted to arrogate to myself any part of the fame you have bestowed on my impetuous deeds, I have not diminished the splendor of the divinities of this country, but glorified

them as no one else has done, by the erection of superb temples and statues on the Acropolis and at Eleusis. I have not injured the state, but fought for it in battle, I have broken the power of the oligarchs, and given liberty to the people. I have not lessened, but promoted morality, by seeking to spread among you the love of the noble and beautiful, the eternal conquerors of everything rude and base. In such efforts, men of Athens, this woman, Aspasia of Miletus, has not *hindered*, but *supported* and *encouraged* me. No small part of what will perhaps glorify the people and city of the Athenians forever is due to *her*. The memory of her name will always be connected, not with the decline of this commonwealth, but with its noblest prosperity, power, and splendor. These are deeds, men of Athens, and we both believe we have rendered services to the nation and city of the Athenians. But that Hermippus comes to you and cries: '*Tear Pericles' chosen wedded wife from his breast, and drag her to death before his eyes.*'"

With these words a tear shone in Pericles' eye.

A tear in the eye of the quiet, dignified Pericles! A tear in the Olympian's eye! It produced the effect of something not imaginable according to any ordinary law of nature. It was bewildering, like a miraculous apparition, a meteor, a sign sent by the gods.

Those who had seen with their own eyes the tear that had sparkled for a moment in Pericles', to be instantly crushed again, looked gravely at each other and whispered :

"*Pericles wept.*"

From the court-room to the Agora the words spread:

"*Pericles wept.*"

From the Agora the tidings ran in a short time through the whole city of Athens:

"Pericles wept."

At the same time the news reached Athens of a naval battle at Sybota, in which Athenian vessels had helped the Corinthians conquer the Corcyræans. But the people only half listened to the tale—they were talking of Pericles' tear.

Hermippus' speech before the Heliastæ had been closed by the running out of the sand in the hour-glass, Pericles' was ended by a tear.

At a sign from the archon, a servant came forward and distributed the votes among the judges, handing each a white and black stone, one for acquittal and one for condemnation.

Then the Heliastæ left their seats, approached a bronze urn and threw a white or black stone into it. The other pebble was flung into another, wooden vessel.

The first voting was to decide the question of guilt or innocence, the second was intended in case of guilt, to determine the punishment of the accused person.

The votes of the Heliastæ were now delivered, and the black and white stones instantly counted before the archon's eyes.

The gaze of all was fixed with intense eagerness on the black and white stones rolling out of the urn.

Behold! the white lots of life increased in number, victoriously outshining the dark stones of death.

Pericles' wife was acquitted. The heavy weight of the hero's tear had fallen with decisive power into the scales of Themis.

The verdict announced by the archon's lips was carried, as if on wings, over the whole Agora.

Aspasia rose. A faint flush suffused her face. Her glance, sparkling with brighter radiance, wandered for a moment toward the Heliastæ. Then she mutely held out her hand to Pericles, who led her away. A veil covered her face, as she passed through the crowd.

The clear-voiced greeting of the Athenians received Pericles in the Agora.

In every street through which he passed with his veiled wife on his way home, all kinds of remarks, according to the mood of the individual, were whispered or uttered aloud.

But one exclamation was constantly repeated :

"What a superb woman Aspasia always is!"

This exclamation at last gained the upper hand over all others, and only mad Menon shouted an insulting epithet after the beautiful Milesian as she passed him.

Suddenly, emerging from the crowd, Socrates stood beside Pericles and Aspasia.

"I congratulate you, Aspasia!" he said, joining them. "What hours of torture these have been to your friends."

"Where were you, when the verdict was given?" asked Aspasia.

"Among the people!" replied Socrates.

"And what did you hear among the people all this time?"

"Many and various things," answered Socrates; "but at last only two sentences remained and passed from lip to lip."

"And what were they?"

"*'Pericles wept!'* and *'what a beautiful woman Aspasia is!'*"

"Strange coincidence!" continued Socrates in his

fantastic, reflective way. "Aspasia is the most beautiful woman, and the happy husband of the fairest wife *wept*. Take care, Aspasia, that this tear of Pericles is his *last* ! It is only a *first* tear which is sublime, the second would be ridiculous. Only the first touches, moves—a second has no effect. Pericles *must never be permitted to weep again* ! Do you hear, Aspasia ? Pericles must never be permitted to weep again."

"Is it *I*, who force tears from Pericles' eyes ?" asked Aspasia, secretly offended.

"I assert nothing, except that Pericles must never be permitted to weep again !" replied Socrates, and vanished amid the crowd.

Aspasia was greatly excited, "What ? The hostile Athenian populace had acquitted her, and from amid the throng of reconciled enemies stepped forth a *friend*, to accuse her in words full of evil foreboding."

"You know the strange fellow !" said Pericles. "Have patience with him. You are well aware he means kindly by us both."

But Aspasia was angry. A long-cherished idea of punishing the strange mortal for the bold license of his tongue, awoke with redoubled power in the brain of the high-spirited woman, as she walked proudly, secure of victory, by her husband's side.

Two men followed the pair at some distance, a scornful smile hovered around their lips as they whispered together.

It was Diopeithes and the oligarch Thucydides.

"The woman has escaped us," said the oligarch, with a gloomy look.

"So much the worse for her !" replied the priest. "You know the people. If she had been condemned,

they would pity her and Pericles ; now she has been acquitted they will instantly say the judges were too lenient, and that Pericles' power is growing more and more dangerous, if a criminal is released for his sake."

"Triumph for to-day !" continued Diopceithes, shaking his fist at Aspasia's husband. "The arrows you turned from your wife's head, will strike yours only the more surely."

CHAPTER IX.

CONFLICTS AND VICTORIES.

PERICLES, accompanied by his friend Sophocles, entered the Agora early in the morning just as the gloomy Euripides came up with the truth-seeker. Somewhat surprised at the sight of the luggage several slaves were carrying behind him, both stood still and asked the poet the cause of his departure, and where he intended to go.

"I am about to sail for Salamis," replied Euripides. "On the quiet island I hope at last to find the seclusion and peace I need. The grotto on the shore, where I first saw the light, I will henceforth make my favorite resting-place and give myself up to my thoughts undisturbed."

"Doesn't your country-house afford you sufficient quiet and seclusion ?" asked Pericles.

"Don't talk to me of the country-house !" replied the poet rudely. "I've become thoroughly disgusted with it by the constant increase of the frogs, who croak

all night in the neighboring ponds, and still more so by the swarms of crickets, whose incessant chirping night and day disturbs my thoughts and interrupts me in composing. The old bachelor, Anacreon, praised the 'clear-voiced cicadas,' but I curse them. My head is sore, and I've been driven half crazy by the shrill noise of these tormenting spirits, these chirping evil demons. In vain my friend Socrates helped me catch and kill them for several days. Do you smile, lamb-hearted Sophocles? You are doubtless capable of giving us, without delay, an enthusiastic eulogy on the frogs and crickets."

"Why not?" replied Sophocles, smiling. "All nature rejoices in sound, and sings. The waves, the winds, the pine-trees sing, the stone sings when touched by the foot of the pedestrian. And sound is so fond of hearing itself that, a second Narcissus, it ogles its own image in the mirror of the echo. Therefore, worthy Euripides, leave us the frogs and crickets."

"There it is!" Euripides angrily interrupted. "Oh, these wits, these 'beauty-blessed,' 'beauty-living' people, or whatever else they choose to call themselves. They understand how to cover everything, even the most accursed, with the varnish of pretty figures of speech, never do they look seriously at the serious affairs of life. I tell you, crickets are insufferable insects, whatever old Anacreon and pious Sophocles may poetically write about them. Besides, as you know, it's not only the frogs and crickets that disgust me with living on the soil of Attica. I no longer like Athens. People don't care to endure the jeers of the street urchins about a runaway wife, however well they may be spiced with Attic wit. This life isn't to my taste, and there are all sorts of

threatening things in the air. What is the use of being more enlightened, if morals degenerate? Farewell! I am going to Salamis at once."

"Must our happiness be dependent on place?" objected Sophocles. "We must remain at our posts. It ought to be the pride of a Greek, I think, to remain unchanged amid everything stern and gloomy that may assail him, and live on in undisturbed cheerfulness and beauty, as one who realizes, in the beautiful harmony of his own nature, the best and highest portion of human existence, and will allow nothing to disturb him in the noblest enjoyment of life."

"And when age approaches, with shaking knees, and the sources of pleasure are exhausted?" observed Euripides.

"Then I will renounce the pleasure whose sources are dry," replied Sophocles, "but only to seize, instead of the glad enjoyment of manhood; always connected with a certain uneasiness, the far more beautiful, divine repose and cheerfulness, the halcyon peace glorified by beauty, of age."

"You speak like a son of the good old time," answered Euripides, "and do not consider that we have gradually become too thoughtful to live in beautiful idyllic cheerfulness."

"As for me," Socrates now began, "I think what Sophocles has said about being obliged to preserve a beautiful harmony in our own natures very singular. I should like to learn, and some impulse urges me to ask him explicitly, whether in speaking of 'beautiful harmony' he has *moral*ity in view, or whether he thinks of harmony as beautiful, in the sense in which we call women or works of sculpture beautiful, charming, and

pleasant to the eye? Whether, to express it differently, he places special importance on *goodness*, or what in the ordinary sense is called beautiful? Whereby we are brought back to the old question so often raised between us, but never settled, whether beauty should take precedence of goodness, or goodness of beauty?"

The truth-seeker gazed eagerly into the poet's face, while awaiting his reply.

At the same moment a tumult arose in the throng, which meantime had assembled in the Agora. The signal for a popular assembly on the Pnyx had been given, and everybody was moving towards it.

Pericles, also preparing to take the same direction, said smiling:

"Nor can we settle your favorite question to-day, worthy son of Sophroniscus, for the Athenians are summoned to the Pnyx, and there are *more urgent* matters to be decided there."

Socrates stood silent and perplexed, like a person who has been interrupted just at the wrong time.

"Myrmecides," said an Athenian citizen to his neighbor, as he was in the act of leaving the Agora and ascending to the Pnyx with the rest of the excited crowd, "whatever we may decide up there to-day, I have a presentiment of evil, evil for Hellas. There are oracles—oracles of ill; there are also oracles of Bacis in circulation, now suddenly becoming intelligible. But the most ominous thing—you know Delos, sacred Delos, the island of the Ionian god Apollo, was never visited by an earthquake—"

"Never!" replied Myrmecides; "every boy knows from infancy that sacred Delos is fastened with brazen chains to the bottom of the sea, and cannot be shaken

by subterranean storms like the other islands of the Archipelago."

"So it was believed till yesterday," continued Cynogenes; "but yesterday the news came that the ground trembled for a minute, and the subterranean storm passed beneath it with a hollow, threatening roar."

"Delos shaken?" cried Myrmecides; "then there is nothing firm in Hellas."

Other men joined Myrmecides and Cynogenes, mingling in their conversation. But they were soon interrupted and induced to turn by a loud tumult behind them on the Agora.

"A Megarian dog!" was the cry, "a Megarian dog! Kill him, stone him!"

A shrieking throng had hastily assembled around a man, who had been seized by several Athenians, and was now firmly held amid loud exclamations of anger.

It was not the first time a Megarian had been involved in a dangerous fray at Athens. Even before the Athenian market and harbor were prohibited to the Dorian city, many a citizen of the latter, when bringing a fat sucking-pig or other article to market, had been jeered, reviled, or rudely pulled about.

But the ill-will against the Megarians had risen to fury since the latter, with barbarous cruelty, had ventured to kill the herald sent from Athens to Megara. Since that day the Athenian people had sworn to stone any Megarian, who allowed himself to be caught in Athens.

The man thus assailed begged for his life, swearing by all the gods that he was no Megarian, but came from Eleusis.

"Don't believe it!" cried the man who had first seized him and still held him with an iron grasp. "Don't

believe it! I know him. He's a Megarian dog—a Megarian dog!"

At this moment several archons passed who, after inquiring into the affair, prevented the man's murder, summoned several of the Scythian archers, and ordered him to be taken away as a prisoner.

On the Pnyx, a little apart from the place of the popular assembly, three men were whispering together in low, eager tones. These were Cleon, the tanner, Lysicles, the sheep dealer, and Pamphilus, the sausage-maker. They did not seem to agree.

The ambassadors of the Lacedemonians now came up the Pnyx to join the popular assembly of the Athenians. They had arrived to demand satisfaction for their ally, Megara, and measured the Athenians, who surrounded them, with scornful eyes.

One of the oligarchs whispered into the ear of another: "Shall we desire war or peace?"

"It might perhaps be profitable," replied the other, "if the Peloponnesians would come and clear a little in the country."

A few hours later, the Athenians came down from the Pnyx in a more excited mood than they had gone up. Numerous groups formed on the Agora.

"I think Pericles never spoke so admirably!" cried Myrmecides. "Oh, that fox with the lion's face! How moderately he behaved, how quietly, how full of apparent compliance! How ready he seemed for any possible concession! Only he made counter demands, which he well knew would never be granted. What a master-stroke, when he said Athens was ready to restore perfect liberty to her allies, only Sparta must first do the same with hers."

"I scent the smell of tar, the creak of oars, the shouts of trierarchs, the gilding of statues of Pallas at the Piræus," said Sporgilus thoughtfully.

"Why not, you coward?" cried the others. "Have you no fancy for a merry naval expedition?"

"Well, the sea is such a salt, bitter thing!" replied Sporgilus.

"Feed yourself on garlic," echoed around him, "on garlic, you coward, like the fighting-cocks, that you may grow more ardent and get courage."

The voice of the notorious tanner, Cleon, was now heard in another dense group. "I want war, but *without Pericles!*" he exclaimed. "The war ought not to be allowed to make Pericles greater. How shall we demand an account from him, how shall we get at him, if he is at the head of a fleet or army? So away with Pericles! The Spartans' demand that he should be banished from Athens as an Alcmaeonid, ought to have been granted. Banish Pericles! Banish Pericles!"

Thus Cleon shouted amid clumsy, vehement gestures, for he always flung his whole body about and did not remain a moment in the same place.

"War, but without Pericles!" he repeated incessantly.

Pamphilus was of the same opinion, but vying with the other in the loudness of his shrieks, added that Pericles ought not to be banished, but called to account for his management of public affairs and thrown into prison.

Old Cratinus now came up with Hermippus and a third companion, a youth, who had the "Attic glance" to a still higher degree than the other two, and it was said would soon come forward with a comedy.

"Are you for war or peace, old satyr?" shouted one of the crowd.

"I'm for roast hares, wine in the jar, silver in the strong-box, figs in the storehouses, garlanded goats, Dionysian festivals, new wine, beakers tilted upside down, gay dancing-girls—"

"So you're for peace?"

"Yes indeed, and against having the Megarians shut out from the Athenian market. Be sensible, you violet-wreathed Athenians! Cease suspecting that every quean, who appears in the market, is a disguised Megarian. Since you excluded the Megarians there's not a good sucking-pig, such as the old victors of Marathon deserve, to be had. We shall soon come to eating roasted crickets. Besides, why are you quarrelling about war and peace? Did the Spartans leave the popular assembly with any other answer, than the one Pericles proposed? Let Pericles rule and others of his stamp, the tanners, wool-dealers, and sausage-makers, who comb your beards, fan the flies from your heads, clean the dust from your shoes, and brush the specks from your clothes."

These jibes made Cleon's blood boil. "In *one* point," said he, "Pericles has done right—in trying to muzzle the spiteful, disorderly little mob of comic writers, the curs, who snap at every man's shanks."

"Why, see Cleon!" exclaimed Cratinus; "Cleon, the fearless! I shouldn't have ventured to come here, if I had known the greedy-toothed, horrible man with the rolling eyes was present. The smell of leather ought to have told me better."

Cleon was furious. Myrmecides held him back, while Cratinus continued:

"You call us disorderly because we swing the whip over our heads, careless whom it hits? If it doesn't always strike the right *man*, perhaps it does the right thing! Does Zeus, when he sends the lightning, ask where it strikes? It is enough for him if it purifies the air."

"Old driveller!" cried Cleon, "are not you the man, who is said to draw his inspiration from the wine-cask?"

"And are not you," retorted Cratinus, "a man swollen with venom, of whom it is said that a serpent lately bit him and—died? But no matter. We don't fear. We'll wage war with the stench of leather, the furious glances of the rolling bleary eyes, with a hundred red-haired Cerberus heads. And when we have once got the better of the woman-hero Pericles, we'll remember the knavish buffoons, sausage-makers, wool-dealers, and tanners, and rid ourselves of all the 'violet-wreathed Athenians.'"

A shrill, jeering laugh suddenly rang out from behind a column. People looked around and saw mad Menon crouching there.

"Look at Menon!" cried the youngest of the three comic poets. "The fellow is so ragged and dirty, that Euripides will soon doubtless make him the hero of some touching drama."

The Athenians laughed. Menon gnashed his teeth, exclaiming: "Scoundrels! violet-wreathed scoundrels!"

They wanted to beat him, but he set his dog on them.

The people then took up stones to throw them at his head, but at this moment Socrates passed, pitied the man, and led him out of the throng.

The crowd dispersed. Pamphilus, walking angrily

away, saw Pericles, followed him and pursued him all day long with insults, whenever he caught sight of him.

Again he followed him. "You are a tyrant, like Pisistratus!" said he. "You only pretend to support democracy. In reality it is you alone, who hold the reins of Athens."

Pericles was silent.

"You want to plunge the Athenians into a war," continued Pamphilus, "that you may not be compelled to render any account."

Pericles made no reply.

"You won't recognize the merits of other men, who are no less fitted for orators and leaders of the people than you!" raved Pamphilus.

Pericles remained silent.

"You learned your art of government through intercourse with sophists and hetærae. You have allowed the power of the Athenians to be stifled by increasing wantonness and effeminacy."

As Pamphilus uttered these words Pericles reached home. The streets were very dark. According to Athenian custom, the statesman had a slave bearing a lighted torch behind him.

The slave knocked, and the porter opened the door. Pamphilus was still standing there.

"Go and light this man through the streets with your torch, it has grown dark!" said Pericles, and quietly entered the house.

Socrates, sometimes with and sometimes without his bosom friend, Euripides, went in and out of Pericles' house. He still visited Aspasia, still liked to talk to her, but his own words constantly sounded more confused, mysterious and oracular.

A few days after the last meeting on the Pnyx, Socrates again entered Aspasia's house and was soon engaged in eager conversation with her. Aspasia spoke with joyful courage of the impending conflict with the Dorians, but indignantly of the schisms in the Agora, the hostile designs of Dioppeithes, the conduct of the friends of Laconia, the coarseness of the demagogues. "For the sake of these rude men," she said, "we shall perhaps soon behold the fading flower of Hellas."

"The fading flower of Hellas?" cried Socrates. "How could that be possible? Surely you are mistaken. How long is it since it was said that Hellas was *approaching* her most perfect bloom? Since the day when we stood joyously on the Acropolis before the completed Parthenon, and I thought the moment of that finest bloom had come, but you said that though our art had grown almost divine, many things were still lacking to thoroughly transform our lives and render them beautiful in every respect—since that day I have been very eager for the promised moment of perfect bloom, and waited impatiently for it. As I had heard of Eastern flowers, which secretly illumined by the eyes of Zeus, open their wondrous calixes only at midnight, I thought the flowering time of mortals might be similar, and the idea gave me no rest even at night; for I was always fearing I might lose the most beautiful moment while asleep. Above all else, I have constantly kept in view the new strange bond of love and marriage you and Pericles formed before my statue of the Graces; for it seemed to me that its success would secure the fairest bloom of Hellenic life. So, as you then expressly summoned us by-standers to be witnesses, I have faithfully discharged my office; for I undertook

be in the best possible mood—if anything so trivial as moods existed for Aspasia.

A dove was fluttering about the room. It was Aspasia's favorite, a pretty creature, with lustrous white plumage and a bluish circle round its neck.

The bird often perched on Aspasia's shoulder, seeking its usual dainties from the beauty's lips, but frequently alighted also on Socrates' head, settling there so pertinaciously, that the Milesian was often compelled to release her guest, and in so doing could not avoid coming into close proximity to him.

When she succeeded in driving the dove from Socrates' head, it fluttered off and settled elsewhere, first uttering its low "gru, gru."

"If the universal verdict of mankind had not decided that the cooing of doves sounded tender and affectionate," said Socrates, "I should, according to my own taste, consider it disagreeable. I should call it a subdued neighing."

"What?" cried Aspasia, "do you revile Aphrodite's birds? Take care, lest the doves or the goddess herself seek vengeance upon you."

"They have done it in advance!" replied Socrates.

"The ways of the gods are incalculable," said Aspasia; "sometimes they are envious and withhold their gifts, then become favorably disposed and grant tenfold as much as they formerly denied. But Aphrodite is the most whimsical of all the goddesses. She requires any one who asks a favor of her to await the right moment and the right mood, and to return again and again. Whoever tries his fortune with her but once is foolish. Are you ignorant of this, Socrates? And does it not perhaps apply to beauties, as well as goddesses?"

"I don't know," replied Socrates, "for I haven't tried."

"There you did wrong!" said Aspasia. "It is your own fault, if you do not know whether Aphrodite and women are favorable to you."

Aspasia made many similar bantering speeches, while caressing the dove and exchanging kisses with it. Socrates did not remember ever having seen her so extravagantly gay. The more coquettish she appeared, the more silent, grave, and thoughtful he became.

Again the dove, with a coo that was almost like a titter, perched on Socrates' head; but this time entangled its tiny claws so closely in his hair, that it could not release them. Aspasia hastened to his assistance. He felt her fingers in his hair. The close proximity of a perfumed, charming woman thrilled him—her bosom was heaving close beside him. No sea heaves so maliciously, with such peril of hopelessly swallowing up its victim, as a woman's breast.

The slightest movement—and Socrates would have received a fresh rebuff far more humiliating than the former one in the Lyceum, afforded his secret foe, the crafty beauty, another triumph by the hasty impulse of the heart and senses.

What thoughts passed through Socrates' mind at that moment?

He rose quietly, saying calmly:

"Never mind the dove, Aspasia! I don't think I have escaped the revengeful bird at too great a cost, by leaving a lock of my hair in its claws.

"I understand," replied Aspasia, in an altered and somewhat haughty tone, "I understand that you don't fear baldness. It is closely allied to wisdom, and you

are a philosopher. You have grown so wise and perfect, that you deserve to be plucked perfectly bald by the talons of Aphrodite's birds."

"Baldness may suit the sage," replied Socrates, "but know that I have renounced everything, even the fame of wisdom, and at this moment am thinking only of doing my duty as a citizen. I am going to-morrow, with others who have drawn the lot, to the camp before Potidæa. Alcibiades is going too."

"So you don't seem to have resigned that, after having as you say, given up everything else?" replied Aspasia.

"We obey the call of our native land," replied Socrates. "Don't you approve of it? Isn't it to fight the Dorians?"

"Do you mean to fight the Dorians?" cried Aspasia. "Why, you have become a Dorian yourself."

"No!" replied Socrates, "I believe I am a true son of thoughtful Pallas Athena."

"In truth," said Aspasia smiling, "you have turned from Eros and the Graces to cold, masculine Athena. What has become of the fervor that animated your soul, when you questioned me in the Lyceum about the nature of love?"

"My ardor," replied Socrates, "has undergone the same change as your beauty, since Phidias apotheosized it in the Lemnian Aphrodite. As, in that statue, your charms have been elevated above all earthly and temporal things, so my love has been matured, deified, I might almost say petrified. The glowing coal has become a star."

At this moment the fluttering dove again settled on Aspasia's shoulder.

What fiend, what saucy Eros was concealed beneath the form of the bird?

It began to pull with its claws at the spot where a clasp confined the narrow edges of the chiton.

The bird's feet moved restlessly, till the clasp opened and the garment fell back disclosing the gleaming white shoulder.

"Sacrifice that dove to the Graces!" said Socrates, covering with his cloak the bare shoulder of the beautiful woman, and taking his leave.

The proud Milesian turned pale, seized a silver mirror in one trembling hand, and for the first time was startled by a disfiguring shadow that swept over her features.

Was beauty no longer invincible? Was there something that ventured to defy it?

A thrill of fear ran through her limbs.

Alcibiades was greatly delighted, when the wish to appear in the field of martial honor, which he had expressed to Pericles, was at last fulfilled. Fate had numbered him, as well as Socrates, among the Athenian citizens who were to be sent to the siege of the rebellious city of Potidæa.

Up to this time the youth had continued his reckless mode of life, and never failed to supply material for the loquacity of the Athenians.

He had founded the society of Ithyphallians, which included the boldest and most reckless young men, who yielded to the most unbridled caprices, as might be expected from a society named for the unclean demon Ithyphallus. The initiation was wanton and whimsical to the most audacious degree. Only those were ad-

mitted, who thought themselves specially entitled to boast of this demon's favor.

To deride the custom which prohibited carousing before noon, Alcibiades and his companions instituted a morning drinking-bout. He named a dog, of which he was very fond, "Demon," and it was droll to hear him, like Socrates, speak of "his demon."

Yet, though the wantonness with which the youth was constantly overflowing, thus seemed to strike Socrates, it did not prevent him from calling the same man the best and dearest of his friends. He really still cherished an almost mysterious affection for the truth-seeker, but apparently without granting him any influence over his conduct.

Even when Alcibiades set out for Potidæa, there were circumstances which afforded food for gossip. He ordered weapons of a special kind to be made, and had a shield of gold and ivory. On this shield, like a coat of arms, was an Eros, armed with the thunder-bolt of Zeus.

Eros with the thunder-bolt! A brilliant idea, worthy of a Hellenic brain. It really seemed at that time, as if the thunder-bolt of Zeus was about to pass into the hands of the winged boy.

Some of Alcibiades' companions also went to the field, and sought to follow the example of their model in procuring costly and peculiar arms. Callias, Hipponicus' son, is said to have gone to the war in a coat made of a lion's skin.

There was one woman in Athens, who was filled with grief when Alcibiades was about to leave the city; a woman who had long known neither pain nor love, who not only despised the bonds of Hymen, but also de-

rided the fetters of Eros, a woman who had said of herself: "I am not the priestess of *love*, but of *pleasure*."

This woman was Theodota. It was she, as has already been mentioned, whom young Alcibiades considered his teacher, when he rushed into the whirlpool of pleasure and youthful extravagance. His vanity made him desire to call his own the most beautiful and famous hetæra in Athens, Theodota, who, though at that time no longer in the highest bloom of her beauty, was at the summit of her renown. Theodota was also proud of possessing Alcibiades, and the fact of his devotion no little increased her fame.

For some time Alcibiades enjoyed no woman's society more than the dark-eyed Corinthian's, and often invited his friends to merry revels in Theodota's house. Her gayety, no less than her beauty, spiced the beaker of pleasure to her lover and his companions.

But Theodota was not always so joyous as she had been during the first part of her intercourse with Alcibiades. The youth was too beautiful for a woman's heart, even though it had never loved and foresworn love forever, not to at last pay for the pleasure of his society with its freedom.

She had at first cared little, when her young friend smiled at other women and hetæra; nay when Demos and Callias banqueted with him at her house, herself assembled young and charming women around her.

But the young Ithyphallian prince soon began to notice with dissatisfaction, that the Corinthian's nature was changing. She appeared thoughtful and grave, sighed frequently, and her gay tenderness seemed impaired by a sort of passion and restlessness. Sometimes she clasped her favorite in a close embrace, as if to hold

him forever, many a tear mingled with her kisses, and if Alcibiades smiled upon any other woman before her eyes, she turned pale and her lips quivered with a spasm of jealousy.

This change in Theodota did not please the reckless youth, who everywhere filled the cup of joy to the brim, drained it, and went on again.

Theodota's charm and spell had vanished. She now seemed dismal to the gay young fellow.

At times, when she gave full vent to her jealousy, she aroused his anger; but he was more ready to forgive this, than the excess of tearful tenderness with which she annoyed him.

She vowed to love him only, to be his alone. This was a matter of indifference to him. The sole possession of one woman, the highest need of the mature man, is worthless and troublesome to the young rake.

He answered:

"You are commencing to become intolerable, since you began to torment me with your tearful complaints. You don't know how ugly a woman is who, instead of bewitching by her radiant gayety and charming grace, allows her face to be disfigured by traces of jealousy, wets her own cheeks or even her lover's with the hot, salt torrent of tears and, transformed into a fury, bursts into passionate accusations. You no longer amuse me, Theodota! You *weary* me! You will never bind me by dismal lamentations and passionate violence—you only foster and increase what I dislike. If I am to be what I was, become what you once were!"

She strove to seem gay, but usually failed. If Alcibiades left her in anger, she humbled herself, overwhelmed him with messengers and letters, hurried to

him, loaded him with entreaties, allowed herself to be ill-treated by the insolent fellow.

One day Socrates came to his young friend's house and found her lying, dissolved in tears, before the threshold of the pitiless youth.

She looked at him and recognized the man, who had once uttered so strange an eulogy of the gay "self-sacrifice," of which she was no longer capable. She wanted what she then willingly dispensed with—to love and to be loved. Theodota bewailed her suffering to Socrates, who consoled and led her away.

He then intended to return to Alcibiades, to act as mediator for the woman; but was so lost in thought, that on reaching his door, he stood still, and when the youth came out, he found his friend on the threshold.

"What are you pondering over?" he asked.

"I just fancied that I was on the trace of the real nature of love. I believed for a moment I had found that it consists in either shedding tears or extorting them—abusing or being abused—trampling or being trampled upon—but in an instant I have grown doubtful again—"

When Alcibiades went to the camp at Potidæa, he thanked the gods for having escaped the love of the woman, who with bitter lamentations was tearing her hair in her grief at his departure.

After some time, Alcibiades wrote to Aspasia from the camp, as follows:

"You wished to learn from me how our friend Socrates proves himself in his new calling. Well, he is precisely the same in the camp before Potidæa, that he was years ago in Phidias' studio. Sometimes he is animated with the greatest zeal, sometimes lost in idle

reverie. In clear, starry nights when every one in the tents is sleeping, Socrates wanders about and watches, and thinks—and questions—and seeks—of course in vain. He is always renouncing knowledge, but it constantly urges him again to ponder, seek, and question.

“Long ago, when I was a boy and you, for a day, a Spartan youth who entered Pericles’ house, you told me of the friendships of the young Spartans, friendships which unite the younger and older men, making them inseparable companions in battle. A similiar partnership has now been formed between me and Socrates. And certainly the worthy man always has enough to do, to prove himself my friend. I often quarrel with the people in the neighboring tents, who don’t like to hear me drink and sing with my friends at night, because, they say, we disturb their sleep. Nay, they even object to our being gay in the daytime, and turn up their noses if we drink a little after breakfast. They complain to the strategi and taxiarchs that, while pretending to be drunk, we play all sorts of insolent tricks on them and their slaves. So there is frequent quarrelling, and sometimes a little skirmish. In such cases the strategi and taxiarchs are powerless, and only Socrates’ intercession saves one or another from being stretched on the sand, or well beaten according to the rules of the gymnasium.

“I like Socrates, because he has not the pretentious character which renders other sophists, philosophers, and preachers of morality unbearable to me. He has a nobility of soul and quiet excellence, which no man in all Hellas is farther from possessing than myself. But we most admire what we have not, and contrasts apparently attract men to each other. At times something emanates from his usually unassuming nature, like the flash of a

divine inspiration, and this has become more effective in the course of years. I have often noticed that any one struck by this flash seemed illumined and warmed—he blushed and his blood stirred as if in the presence of a lovely woman.

“A short time ago I planned a little nocturnal trick with Callias. Homer’s magnificent lines about the nocturnal expedition of Diomedes and Ulysses, and the capture of the steeds of Rhesus haunted our brains, and though the Potidæans hardly had steeds of that kind to steal, we intended to have a little adventure on our own account. We knew that small bodies of Potidæan troops often passed around the walls at night, and meant to attack one of these bands, slay them, and bring back their weapons as a prize. So towards midnight we quietly left the camp, and on arriving near the walls of Potidæa actually encountered a little troop of armed men, making their rounds. We rushed upon these fellows and killed a few of them, but the rest took flight and raised an alarm, which brought others to their aid, and thus reinforced they turned back and attacked us in greatly superior numbers. We made a brave stand, but I don’t know what would have become of us, if a man had not mingled in the fray as suddenly as if he had sprung from the earth. He rushed upon the Potidæans so boldly and with such eagerness, that the latter, after losing some of their best men, again found it advisable to give up the fight and fly to the shelter of the walls. The assistant was no other than Socrates, who had been accidentally lured out by the beautiful night, not in quest of adventure, but pursuing some thought, and wandering about outside of the camp, was attracted by the noise of our weapons and interfered just at the right time. On this occasion I

saw what this man could do, if he were wholly a warrior. He rushed upon the Potidæans just as he used to attack the blocks of marble with his chisel in Phidias' studio. And as, when a stone-cutter, the blocks of marble suffered when the thought-problem that occupied his mind presented special difficulties, on that starry night the heads of the Potidæans atoned for Socrates' having again vainly endeavored to solve the mystery of the world. He is capable of listening to a bird's song in the midst of a battle, or, when on duty as sentinel, fixing his eyes on the stars instead of the Potidæans' movements. He is still in the habit of considering the most ordinary matter important, and if people doubt it, says things seem ghostly to him because he cannot understand them and they will not reveal their nature.

"At present he is brooding over a plan for rendering war unnecessary, and when he isn't fighting the enemy himself, explains to us how horrible this alternate murdering of men is, how at some future time people who kill each other in battle will be talked of as we now speak of cannibals, and that a day will come when people will scarcely be able to understand that the human race was once so rude and savage. He says a league must be formed among the nations and a supreme court instituted, before which all disputes can be settled, and thinks something of the kind might be attained, if one or two countries would publicly declare that henceforth, in every war, they would take the part of the nation assailed or wronged. Dreams worthy of an original! The wings of men's energy ought not to be clipped, and the world, without hate, contention, or war, would be as wearisome as without love.

"As for me, military employment seems to suit me. I believe I have already grown better.

"But these are things which must weary you. Farewell, Aspasia, and tell me how the rest of the city fares without Acibiades."

A small community can never possess a large army, but may have a great navy. Athens was in this situation, when King Archidamus of Sparta entered Attica with sixty thousand Peloponnesians. Most of her allies could also render aid only on the sea.

While the fleet was being prepared, the people from the rural districts overrun by Archidamus, flocked into the city. Those who found no shelter within the walls encamped in the open air, especially between the long walls, and managed as best they could. The whole space between the city and the Piræus swarmed with these guests, and gradually a city of tents arose there. The poorer refugees found shelter in the huge butts used in Athens. From the city walls the inhabitants could see the watch-fires of the Peloponnesians encamped in the fields and vineyards; but, thanks to the fortifications Pericles' zeal had long since provided, were secure from any assault. Faithful to his original plan, from which he would not allow himself to be diverted by the eager impatience of the Athenians, Pericles sent only horsemen out of the gates to guard the environs.

When Archidamus, from the heights of Attica, saw a proud fleet of a hundred vessels emerge from the Piræus and steer towards the Peloponnesus, the event Pericles had foreseen instantly occurred. Seeing before them the impregnable-fortified city, and at the same time knowing that the unprotected cities of their native land were exposed to the powerful hostile fleet and the

army it conveyed, the Peloponnesians departed, left Attica, and marched towards home across the isthmus.

Pericles had been obliged to relinquish the personal command of the navy, for he seemed indispensable in Athens, so long as the Peloponnesians still remained on Attic soil.

But when the latter retreated, his first enterprise was to march with a small, but admirably equipped army to Megara. The enraged Athenians imperatively demanded a settlement of their account with the hated city.

The statesman's absence from Athens was again eagerly desired by many.

The owls on the Acropolis awoke and fluttered their wings.

Diopceithes, eager to execute his long-cherished plan of ruining the sculptor, availed himself of Menon's services against Phidias.

A notorious sycophant, named Stephaniscus, appeared at the priest's instigation as Phidias' accuser. This man had married a hetæra, who, it was said, continued her profession in his house, while he sought a livelihood as a sycophant. In his bold indictment, he asserted that Phidias had laid aside and appropriated part of the gold given him to make the statue of Athena Parthenos. He also reproached him with having shown vanity incompatible with reverence for the gods and their sanctuaries, by carving his own likeness and that of Pericles in the representation of the battle of the Amazons on the goddess' shield, and produced Menon as witness of the stealing of the gold. The latter had formerly been very frequently in Phidias' rooms, rendering trifling services for such gifts as fell to the lot of

beggars. During this time, he now asserted, he had once watched from a dark corner and seen Phidias, when he believed himself unobserved, take part of the gold given him for the statue and hide it, evidently to appropriate it himself.

The germs of calumny, long industriously sown by Diopceithes' adherents, had grown luxuriantly, and Stephaniscus found well-prepared soil in the Athenian people.

The venerable sculptor, who had just arrived in Athens again, was thrown into prison at this accusation of Stephaniscus.

The creator of the most beautiful monument in the world, which, as Pericles said, the Athenian people had erected to itself for all futurity, was taken to prison under a disgraceful accusation.

As Diopceithes had availed himself of Pericles' departure, the base, ambitious agitators also endeavored to extend their influence among the people during the absence of the only man who could restrain them.

The number of the common people in the city had been largely increased by the influx of the rural population, during the invasion of the Peloponnesians. Moreover, this throng had become accustomed to a certain idleness, and many remained in Athens after Archidamus' departure, because their lands had been laid waste by the foe. Thus, as the number of impoverished citizens increased, the class called the rabble was gradually formed. These very starvelings, however, flocked most eagerly to the popular assemblies, because they received two obols there, and the councils on the Pnyx therefore became more crowded and noisy than ever. Cleon, Lysicles, and Pamphilus ventured forth

more openly, and the Athenian nation gradually became accustomed to see people of this stamp ascend the orator's platform.

Of these three men, Pamphilus was most positive in the opinion that an attempt to overthrow Pericles should be made. One day he stood in the Agora, surrounded by a large number of Athenian citizens, and explained to them for what reasons Pericles might be accused. He reviled him as a coward, who had allowed Attica to be ravaged by the enemy, tyrannically prescribed to the citizens the manner in which they should defend themselves, and during the whole time the Peloponnesians were on Attic soil, permitted no popular assembly to take place on the Pnyx, in order to be able to rule according to his own will.

There were many among the throng who shared Pamphilus' opinion, a certain Crespilus in particular pressed forward, trying to surpass the sausage-maker in furious outcries against Pericles and showing the necessity of instantly arraigning him before the people.

Suddenly Sporgilus the barber came running up. "Good news!" he shouted. "A string of cracknels for the bearer of good tidings! Pericles is on the way home from Megara! He is already in Eleusis with his troops. He has chastised the Megarians properly, and will reach Athens to-day."

Pamphilus turned green with rage. "Do you ask a string of cracknels?" he replied in a hollow tone. "Your tongue ought to be cut out for your news, you dog!"

The tidings produced a very depressing effect on the rest of the conspirators, and though Pamphilus still strove to stir up the throng, one after another stole

away, believing it would be difficult to accomplish anything against the victorious Pericles, and the affair must be deferred until a more favorable opportunity.

As Crespilus, shrugging his shoulders, also turned to depart, the enraged Pamphilus seized him by the garment, shrieking:

"Coward! Deserter! Are you not ashamed to basely take to flight at the mere words: '*Pericles is here!*' Look at *me!* I don't fear meeting Pericles personally at any moment! I have courage. I was born on the day of the battle of Marathon!"

"I wasn't!" replied Crespilus. "I was one of the children prematurely born in the theatre of Athens, of mothers shrieking with terror at the performance of Æschylus' Eumenides."

With this apology Crespilus wrenched his robe from Pamphilus' hands, and ran away.

"They have gone," cried the demagogue, gnashing his teeth, "scattered as if a pail of dish-water had been emptied on their heads."

Just at that moment mad Menon came up and asked the cause of his wrath.

The latter bewailed his trouble.

"Fool!" said Menon grinning. "Do you want to overthrow a wall and vainly brace your shoulder against it? Lie down under it and go to sleep—at the right time it will fall on your head of its own accord."

CHAPTER X.

THE FESTIVAL OF DIONYSUS.

AFTER the relief from the anxiety and distress of war, the winter festivals were celebrated in Athens with twofold splendor and gayety. Yet mirth was still more fully unchained, since milder breezes had blown across the sea, and the time of the greatest of Bacchic festivals, the Dionysian, approached. Kites appeared in the woods, the halcyons twittered joyously on the sea-shore and the swallows in the cornices of the roofs. On the heights of Hymettus, Pentelicus, and Lycabettus, spring budded in every bush. Violets and anemones, cowslips and crocuses sprang up, and the shepherd's staff, forgotten in the fields, was overgrown with blossoms in the morning.

The sailors in the harbors hoisted the anchors, disentangled cordage, raised the masts, and gave the sails to the breeze. New life awoke on the waves of the Saronic gulf. Embassies from the allied cities and islands came bringing tribute to Athens, at the festal season. Guests from distant lands thronged all the inns and private houses. Crowds of citizens and strangers, adorned with garlands and holiday robes, walked through the streets. Not only were all the altars and busts of Hermes, standing in the open air, hung with wreaths, but huge mixing vessels were placed beside them filled with the gifts of Bacchus, bestowed by the rich for the free enjoyment of the people. Again Hipponicus gave the people wine, inviting all who

chose to come to the Cerameicus, and supplying them with ivy-stuffed cushions.

Forgotten was the calamity of war, partisan strife kept an armistice, Diopeithes' plans were momentarily interrupted. Peace and pleasure ruled. Loud jests and joyous laughter resounded everywhere—and the Athenians' wit was doubly sharp, their tongues were doubly nimble. Yet woe betide him, who during this time practised any deed of violence against an Athenian citizen. Not even the plea of drunkenness protected him—his life was forfeited.

How did it happen, that so many charming women were suddenly seen in the streets of Athens? Who were the gay, richly-adorned, bewitching beauties? They were Hieroduli from the temple of Aphrodite at Corinth, and other priestesses of joy of the same stamp, who increasing the number of their native companions, had come from the various cities of Greece to the gayest and most unbridled festival of the Athenians.

Ah, what a medley of strangers the mirthful, crowded Dionysian festival had allured! Yonder were jugglers and miracle-mongers, their faces bronzed by wanderings in many lands, swallowing swords, or sending a rain of fire from their mouths. There were Thessalian girls, executing their sword-dance in the midst of a gaping crowd. No spectacle was lacking, down to the itinerant puppet-shows, and gayly-dressed monkeys dancing on ropes, that delighted the children.

Traders, too, had come from far and near, and set up their booths among the crowd on the Agora, at the Piræus, and by the Ilissus.

Throngs of country people mingled with the citizens and, sharing with them the joy of the festival, gathered

around their favorites, the Theban fifers, who were in the habit of wandering through the rural districts, or transferred to the city the favorite sport at their own country Dionysian festival—leaping upon oiled wine-skins, in which each person who, jumping with bare feet on the slippery ball tried to obtain a firm stand, always slipped off with comical kicking, amid the laughter of the spectators.

Pleasure ruled unrestrained in the city, as soon as darkness closed in. The night-revellers wandered about, wearing wreaths and carrying bells and torches, among them women in men's clothes, and men in women's garments—clapping their hands as if keeping time with cymbals, to the ringing of the bells and the singing.

Many wore masks. Some had merely smeared their faces with the dregs of wine or vermilion, or disguised them with the leaves or bark of trees. Others wore exquisitely-painted masks of grave or comical aspect. Here wandered horned Actæon, yonder hundred-eyed Argus, farther on Euippe, partly transformed into a horse; giants, Titans, centaurs, stamped on the ground, Methe staggered, Peitho persuaded, Apate allured, Hybris raged, and horrible forms sometimes mingled amid the ranks.

But the most frequent, nay the most prominent figures in the streets were the hoofed satyrs and bald Sileni, the aged but still mirthful satyrs, their heads wreathed with the evergreen ivy. There were also throngs of Bacchantes, who often carried for a thyrsus only a vine-shoot, twined with ivy.

Extravagant gayety, even intoxication, was considered a duty to the god during these days and nights.

And the god, during this time, justified his surname

of "liberator." Even the prisoners were released from their dungeons for the festival, and wine was poured upon the graves of the dead. They wished to soothe the shades, who surely could not be deprived of the pleasures of the living without envy. The timid believed, that the souls of the dead sometimes mingled in the crowd, and a fleshless skull was concealed beneath many a satyr mask in the festal throng.

During these times Telesippe industriously chewed the leaves of the hawthorn and had her doors smeared with tar, for thus alone could the evil be averted, that at the great Dionysian festival, menaced the living from the envious shades.

It was really almost ghostly to see the light of torches flash here and there in the dark streets, and a fantastic train appear which rushed noisily by.

A vast throng was now moving through the streets, that led from the Lenaion to the theatre. The statue of Dionysus was borne from his temple in the Lenaion, and placed in the midst of the festal assembly. This statue was a work newly completed by the hand of impetuous Alcámenes. As Phidias placed his new glittering statue beside the old wooden image of Athena, Alcámenes' superb new work was now placed in the Lenaion beside the ancient unadorned statue of Dionysus. This was the statue now borne into the festal assembly in the great theatre of Dionysus. Throngs of Bacchantes surrounded it. But who were the mad crew that bore a Phallus before the statue, and sang songs in honor of Priapus? It was Alcibiades and his Ithyphallian society.

At the crossways and on the open squares the procession halted, to offer libations or sacrifice victims.

The flat roofs of the houses were filled with spectators, many of whom carried torches and lamps in their hands. There was no lack of women among them, and jests and witticisms from the roofs mingled with the unbridled revelry in the streets.

Alcibiades seemed to have reached the climax of his extravagant gayety, and at the head of his society surpassed himself in wanton pranks.

"Consider," he shouted to the Ithyphallians, "that we, who usually revel and riot, are obliged to revel and riot doubly at the Dionysian festival, if we don't wish to be outdone and surpassed by the soberest citizens of the Athenian city."

Amid such exhortations, Alcibiades, knowing and known by all the Athenians, rushed through the throng with his companions.

When night had closed in, he ordered torches to be carried before him and, preceded by music, led his companions in a noisy procession to serenade beautiful girls and boys. The musicians themselves were principally players on the flute and lute, dressed as Mænads, and as those who were greeted with music joined in the procession, it more and more resembled a swarm of Bacchantes, gathered around the god Dionysus.

At last the saucy, intoxicated Alcibiades seized a young hetæra, named Bacchis, whom he met wandering about, and forced her to join the train, calling her his Ariadne and himself, her Bacchus.

On reaching Theodota's house, he gave her also a noisy serenade and entered with his companions.

Theodota had not seen the youth for a long time, and the torture of her love had constantly grown more violent. She now beheld him once more ; but how far

from pleasing was his entrance! He came intoxicated, at the head of a noisy throng. This she might have forgiven; but he brought with him a blooming young hetæra, whom he instantly presented as his Ariadne, beginning to extol her charms in extravagant words.

A banquet was now arranged in the apartments of the reluctant Theodota, who dared not openly object, though her heart was almost bursting with sorrow. Alcibiades called upon her to be merry, extravagantly gay, and in his drunkenness began to relate the pranks he had played that evening, boasted of having kissed a young girl in the midst of the festal assembly in the Lenaion, and praised the custom which, at the feast of Dionysus, loosed the fetters from the hands of the Athenian women. He spoke of Hipparete, Hipponicus' charming daughter, the secret love she cherished for him, her blush at the sight of him, at the same time jesting about her reserved, embarrassed, girlish manner. He also mentioned Cora the Arcadian shepherdess transported to Athens, the most absurd and prudish creature imaginable, yet who must be his at any cost. He would rather give up the radiant Simaitha, the new wondrous star of beauty, than the stubborn Arcadian.

After these words, the excited youth reproached Theodota for her silence and sorrowful manner.

"You have grown ugly, Theodota!" he exclaimed. "These melancholy looks disfigure your face. Is this the way to receive an old friend like me? Of what do you complain? My wantonness? Wasn't it you yourself who taught it to me? Do you no longer remember the joyous days and nights, when I received your lessons in all kinds of beautiful gayety? And now? What means this peevish manner? Why must I be different

from what I was at the time we pleased each other best, and spent the merriest hours? Be sensible, Theodota! Remember the man who was so foolish as to fall in love with you, whose melancholy adoration seemed so wearisome, and whom you pitilessly thrust from your door! And now you want to become an enthusiast yourself. Can the best principles, the most lovable qualities be so disgracefully denied? Be gay and reckless again, Theodota! Dance, I wish it, and so do we all! Let yourself be admired again in all your splendor."

But Theodota could no longer restrain her tears, and answered with passionate reproaches, calling him insolent, faithless, profligate, pitiless.

"Why do you accuse me," replied Alcibiades, "if you have changed, grown older, and lost the gayety of youth? Accuse time, which transforms us all. I, too, must submit when at some future day I become, instead of a young satyr, an old bald-headed Silenus. Even then I shall still be gay. But you get angry and rage against me and fate, because you are no longer a gay, blooming, bewitching girl, like Hipparete, or Simaitha, or Bacchis here. If you want to grow young again, go to Argos. It is rumored that there is a sanctuary there, with a spring, in which you need only to bathe to emerge a maiden. Even Hera, the poets say, used to visit this bath from time to time, to make herself charming to the father of the gods. If even the old father of the gods knows how to prize such things, why shouldn't I, a blooming youth, one of the Ithyphallians?"

The drunken Alcibiades jested on in this way, while Theodota answered still more vehemently with words and tears, and even poured forth such an outburst of rage against Bacchis, that she seemed like a fury.

"There's my brave companion, Callias," said Alcibiades, "his axiom is never to make love to a woman more than once. And I—haven't I returned to your house often enough? Ay, by blissful Eros, haven't I often come in the evening, we three or with several more friends, the golden apples of Dionysus in our bosoms, and in our hair the white poplar wreaths of Heracles entwined with purple fillets? But it shall not happen again. Never will I return, neither alone nor with others! Let us go, my friends! Time hangs heavy here! Farewell, Theodota!"

Terrified by this threat, Theodota stopped the angry youth, and drying her tears promised to do exactly as he wished.

"Well then," cried Alcibiades, "do what I asked you before. Do honor to your much-praised art again."

"What shall I dance?" asked Theodota.

"Just now," replied Alcibiades, "excited by the goad of your passion, you were not unlike Io, who pursued by a gadfly sent by Hera, wandered despairingly through all the countries of the world. Show us, if you please, adorned by art, what you first displayed in rude, unpleasant reality."

Theodota silently prepared to dance Io.

Accompanied by the music of the flutes, she danced the story of the daughter of Inachus, who was beloved by Zeus, persecuted by Hera, bound and watched, at the latter's command by Argus of the hundred eyes, and, after her keeper had been killed, hunted through every land by the sharp sting of implacable Hera's gadfly.

At first Theodota had only fulfilled the request by putting strong restraint upon herself, but gradually be-

coming more and more animated, seemed to throw her whole soul into the part she was representing. Her mimetic dancing obtained an artistic finish, a fervor of expression, which enraptured all the spectators.

But when she began to depict Io's sorrowful wanderings, fear of Hera's anger, and dread of the insect sent by the goddess, her gestures assumed a wild, passionate haste, and as grief for the lost happiness of her love seemed to blend with the terror of the fugitive, the fair Corinthian's features and whole manner gradually wore an almost alarming aspect. She enacted with terrible fidelity to nature the despairing, hunted, mad Io.

But she was no longer *acting*. Her eyes started and rolled horribly in their sockets, her bosom heaved, foam appeared on her parted lips.

Her gestures became so fierce and impetuous, that Alcibiades and his friends rushed up in terror to seize her and curb this unbridled madness.

Io—Theodota began to grow calmer. She gazed around the group with dull eyes, smiled confusedly, and addressed the by-standers by strange names. Alcibiades himself she called Zeus, Callias, who was disguised as a satyr, her father Inachus; but in Demos she fancied she beheld the hundred-eyed Argus, and suddenly fixing her gaze upon Bacchis, again burst into wild frenzy, and cursing the malicious Hera, was about to rush upon the young girl—

Theodota had gone mad.

She now sank down exhausted, and in confused meaningless words uttered whimpering lamentations.

A slight thrill of fear seized upon Alcibiades and his companions. But they were intoxicated with wine, so leaving Theodota to her slaves, they staggered out of

her house into the street, where the noisy bacchanal mirth drew them into its seething whirlpool.

The next day there was another procession, bearing the statue of Dionysus. This time, however, it was the ancient one, brought from Eleutheræ to Athens, that was carried from the Lenaion to a small temple outside of the city, near the Academy, where it had been erected in ancient times. Once a year, at the great Dionysian festival, the statue was borne in a festal procession to the old place.

This now happened again.

The festal train accompanying the god was larger and more magnificent than ever before, very unlike the former simple customs of the Athenian forefathers. Every street through which it passed, and all the roofs from which it could be seen, were thronged with spectators, who, adorned with wreaths of violets, also wore a festal appearance.

In front of the procession walked throngs of satyrs and Sileni, clad in red garments, with garlands of ivy twined around their bodies.

Then a wreathed altar was borne along, surrounded by boys attired in purple robes, who carried frankincense, myrrh, and saffron in golden vessels.

Then followed all kinds of masked dancers. First came an old man with a double-faced mask, representing time, then the youthful blooming Hours, bearing fruits, then a magnificently-adorned woman with the symbols of the Dionysian festal season, and finally a handsome youth, whose mask represented the joyous Dithyrambus.

Next came thirty musicians, who wore golden wreaths and played on golden lyres.

Then followed a superb triumphal chariot, which conveyed the statue of Dionysus. The god was clad in a saffron robe and gold-embroidered purple mantle. In his right hand he held aloft a golden beaker, filled with sparkling wine. Beside him stood a huge gold mixing vessel, and over his head was a canopy from which the foliage of the ivy and grape-vine hung in rich green tendrils. The chariot itself was completely entwined with garlands, and its upper edge adorned with tragic and comic masks, which looked down upon the people with grave dignity or droll grimaces.

The immediate attendants of the god were male and female Bacchantes with dishevelled locks, their heads crowned with branches of the ivy, grape-vine, or smilax.

This chariot was followed by another, in which stood a gilded wine-press, filled with artificial grapes. Thirty satyrs stood around it, apparently pressing the grapes to the melody of a merry vintage-song, accompanied by the music of flutes, and pouring fragrant liquor along the way from a skin made of green plover's skin. Satyrs and Sileni thronged around this, shouting noisily as they caught the wine in up-raised beakers.

Then came a third chariot, upon which was a glittering ivy-grown grotto formed of light stone, within which springs of all the Hellenic wines gushed forth. Garlanded nymphs sat smiling beside these fountains, doves fluttered around, darted in and out, and thrust their bills into the green branches of the ivy. Satyrs and Sileni tried to catch these doves, which took refuge in the bosoms of the nymphs.

Then followed groups of boys singing in chorus, then the procession of aristocratic Athenians on their

magnificent steeds, and youths, who bore gold and silver vessels consecrated to the service of Dionysus.

Enthusiastic throngs joined the procession, Bacchantes and other maskers, who with extravagant mirth, whimsically imitated the pageantry of the festal train.

On reaching the Agora, a halt was made at the altar of the twelve Olympic gods, and here choruses of men and boys sang the Dithyrambus, while the choir at the same time moved with a rhythmic, dancing-step around the altar.

These tones had scarcely died away and the Dionysian train moved on, when a most singular scene attracted the attention of the Athenians.

At that time wandering mendicant priests of Cybele, called Metragyrtans, apostles of the god Sabazius, who originally of the same nature as Dionysus, had passed into mysticism, also enthusiasts who boasted of reviving the mystic wisdom of Orpheus, had appeared in Athens and begun to press their views.

The priests of Sabazius announced and worshipped a mighty savior, by whom mankind would be rescued from all evil, and mortals might obtain any desired happiness—this very Sabazius. They and the Metragyrtans went in procession through the streets, with the statue of the god or the mother of the god, and executed to the sound of cymbals and the Asiatic tympan, dances in which they behaved as wildly as Corybantes. They practised and recommended flagellation, and even self-mutilation, like the priests of Cybele on the Tmolus. They wandered through the country begging, a donkey carrying their sacred relics, they sold all kinds of magic remedies, and even offered to soothe the anger of the gods for money, nay to expiate the sins of the dead, and

release them from the tortures of Tartarus. They sold the favor of the gods, and negotiated between them and mortals.

The Hellenic mind no longer remained wholly aloof from such fanaticism, and here and there it began to take root in the minds of individuals.

No one regarded such attempts to transport from the East into cheerful Hellas a gloomy and mystical worship of the gods, with more indignation than Aspasia, and she resisted it by every means at her command. Gay young Alcibiades, to whom gloomy fanaticism was no less incomprehensible and horrible, aided her like a brave champion against these jugglers.

The wandering Metragyrtans and priests of Sabazius thought the festival of Dionysus would afford a favorable opportunity to win converts for their god and savior, Sabazius, and his fanatical, horrible service. They moved about, garlanded with poplar and fennel, carried in their hands serpents which they swung over their heads, and, surrounded by throngs of people, performed their frantic dance, the Sicinnis, amid the corybantic roar of cymbals and tympan, flogging and wounding themselves till the blood flowed.

One Metragyrtan had collected a large crowd about him and, with loud outcries and vehement gestures, was preaching the savior Sabazius. He spoke of secret consecration, and the highest, most pleasing deed of the god's service, *self-mutilation*.

While the crowd stood around the Metragyrtan listening, some with minds not wholly unmoved, the drunken Ithyphallians suddenly came up and heard the foreign fanatic speaking of the worship of Sabazius and self-mutilation.

"What?" cried the reckless leader of the Ithyphallians, "dares any one talk to us of self-mutilation, amid the exuberant gayety of bacchanalian joy? No! Such words shall not be heard on Hellenic soil, so long as there are Ithyphallians."

With these words, the crowd of intoxicated, reckless youths rushed upon the Metragyrten, dragged him away, and mindful of the vengeance long since sworn against men of his stamp, hurled him into the abyss of Barathron.

The young girls under Aspasia's care had also mingled among the female Bacchantes, who thronged around the festal procession.

How could they, trained to freedom, help enjoying the liberty of these days during which, even for those usually in bonds, all fetters burst and all barriers fell.

They had even concealed the Arcadian girl, though she submitted reluctantly, under the mask of a Bacchante, and dragged her away into the ranks.

Alcibiades seemed to be very anxious that Cora should not absent herself from the Bacchantes, who left Aspasia's house.

The young girl was far less beautiful than her companions, but she was coy, and her strange seriousness charmed the youth, and at last excited him to audacity.

On Cora's account he followed the young girls with his companions, who were unrecognizable beneath their satyr masks. The bold plan he had formed was no less than to lure the shy Arcadian away from her friends or, failing in this, drag her by force to his house.

The satyrs, jesting gayly, mingled with the Bacchantes, Alcibiades remained by Cora, but found her as obstinate as ever.

Suddenly, in a lonely spot favorable to the enterprise,

Alcibiades made a sign and rushed upon the girl with his companions, to bear her off under the shelter of the gathering darkness.

But the Arcadian's heart was full of the same courage with which she had formerly put an assailing satyr to flight. As she then seized a brand from the fire in the forest, to drive away the insolent intruder, she now snatched a burning torch from the hands of one of her companions and thrust it into the face of the disguised Alcibiades, whose satyr mask taking fire, instantly flashed into flames, and he retired in confusion. Cora profited by the momentary bewilderment to fly with the speed of a hunted deer, and in a short time vanished from her pursuer's eyes.

She hurried swiftly through the streets with a throbbing heart, until she reached Aspasia's house.

Young Manes, Pericles' foster-son, had been among the satyrs what Cora was among the Bacchantes.

He too had been reluctantly obliged to wear a mask, he too was dragged by Xanthippus and Paralus into the midst of the mad mummary. The tumult that surrounded him seemed disagreeable, even alarming. The festal joy appeared like unbridled license. Mad Menon behaved as shamelessly as his dog. At last Manes perceived that he himself had become the defenceless butt of the jesters. Naturally slow of wit, he did not understand how to meet the jests with which the throng pressed upon him.

"Beware!" cried some, "this mournful satyr is suspicious. Envious shades from the nether world, or even Thanatos himself, or the plague, have often stolen among the living under such a mask! Tear it off! Who knows what horrible face we shall meet."

The youth's thoughts grew confused, his head began to ache, and forcing a way through the crowd with his powerful arms he went towards home.

On reaching the house he slipped unobserved up to the roof, which at this moment was entirely deserted, seated himself on a little stone bench, took off the satyr mask from his face, laid it down beside him, and became absorbed in thought.

His features had assumed an expression of deep melancholy, and he seemed to bear some secret sorrow in his breast. When he retired from the loud joyous tumult of the Dionysian festival, it was perhaps not merely on account of his aversion to such things, but owing to the perplexity that now overpowered his soul in consequence of a deep and powerful impression.

Manes had sat a long time in this attitude, absorbed in thought, with the satyr mask lying beside him. Suddenly Aspasia stood before him.

He looked up, startled. The mistress of the house gazed silently a few moments at his troubled, gloomy face. Then she said kindly :

"How does it happen, Manes, that you disdain the pleasures enjoyed by the companions of your own age ? Do you feel no trace in your blood of the impulse that urges others to enjoy the beautiful, fleeting, never-returning time of youth ?"

Manes gazed steadily at the ground, and made no reply.

"Does any grief oppress you ?" continued Aspasia. "Are you dissatisfied in this house, and would you prefer to live among others ? Are you angry with Pericles, for having brought you here from Samos and reared you like his own son ?"

At these words the youth involuntarily rose from his seat and, while tears sprang into his eyes, with an eager gesture of denial protested against such a supposition.

Aspasia continued to ask the cause of his sadness.

Manes sometimes answered with a faint sigh, sometimes with a blush. His hand trembled slightly and he rarely ventured to look up; but when he did his brown eyes had a sorrowful, almost pathetic expression.

The youth was so unyielding, so rude of nature, and yet there was something gentle, almost girlish in his manner.

Aspasia gazed at him with the interest, which is the necessary result of anything unusual, strange, and mysterious.

Every moment she found herself more and more strengthened in the conjecture, that some secret sorrow was consuming the young man's heart.

It could not be love; for who could have aroused this hidden fire? No one except one of the young girls in the house, and Manes had always seemed confused in their presence and shyly kept aloof from them. Had they not endeavored to draw him into their joyous circle, and always in vain?

A thought flashed through Aspasia's mind, a thought which at first was somewhat comical, almost amused her.

But when the youth raised his expressive eyes to her face, the ludicrousness of the idea diminished, and she found herself stirred by an emotion of cordial sympathy in a way by no means usual with her.

She did not weary of gently reproaching him for his unmanly melancholy, and encouraged him to gain the cheerfulness that be seemed his youth.

While Aspasia was thus occupied with Manes, Cora sat alone in the deserted peristyle. On returning from the mad whirl of festal pleasure, she had silently seated herself there, removed her mask and laid it beside her, and was still remaining in the same place, lost in thought, when Pericles accidentally returning to the house, passed through the peristyle.

He was surprised to see the young girl sitting there so lonely and thoughtful, with the Bacchante mask lying beside her.

Approaching Cora he asked the cause of her hasty return, and separation from the companions with whom she had left the house.

Cora was silent. She held in her lap a wreath she had worn as a Bacchante, and her hand played absently with the flowers. The floor was strewn with the leaves she had plucked off.

The girl presented a singular spectacle at this moment. Her attitude, the unconscious toying with the wreath, the earnestness of the pallid face, formed a contrast to the garb and symbols of the Bacchante, which almost provoked a smile.

Pericles, looking her steadily in the face, continued :

"I never remember having seen so sorrowful a Bacchante. It seems to me, Cora, that you would far rather exchange the thyrsus-staff for the shepherd's crook. Is it not so? You don't feel happy in this house? You are longing for your native wooded mountains, your lambs and tortoises?"

Cora raised her deer-like eyes to Pericles for a moment, and gazed at him with an expression even more melancholy than before, yet with an artless, childlike look, which seemed to utter the assent of an earnest soul.

"Do you want us to send you home?" asked Pericles in a cordial tone, well calculated to inspire confidence. "Say frankly what you desire and need to make you happy in this house. There is surely something you miss." Pericles spoke very persuasively, fixing his eyes intently upon the young girl, while awaiting her reply.

"Do you wish to leave this house?" he repeated.

Cora sorrowfully shook her head.

"So your melancholy seems causeless," continued Pericles, "a sorrow that attacks your mind like a sort of disease. Struggle against it, my dear child! Don't yield unresistingly to its power. The demon of sickly moods would often fain seize upon me also, but I struggle against him. Life must be cheerful and a source of pleasure to us: were it not so, we could not help envying the dead. Don't people all wish to be gay and happy, and enjoy life together? Why do you seek solitude? Don't you desire to be gay and happy, too?"

Again Cora raised her eyes frankly to Pericles, and said slowly:

"I am happy when I am alone."

"Strange child!" exclaimed Pericles.

He gazed silently and thoughtfully at Cora. She was not beautiful. The spell of her girlish shyness had no sensual charm.

Yet there was something in this maidenly diffidence, this childishness, this strange mood of feeling, that aroused a special interest in noble natures.

Pericles had found in Aspasia the embodiment of every feminine charm and grace. Now womanhood suddenly stood before him in a new, unsuspected form.

What he saw embodied in Cora was wholly unlike anything hitherto beheld, admired, and loved.

The new phase of feminine character appeared to him neither lovable nor charming, but an emotion seized upon him as new and strange as that which aroused it. He laid his hand on the Arcadian's head, and recommended her sick heart to the protection of the heavenly powers.

"Shall we not seek Aspasia?" he then asked, and, hearing from a slave that his wife had gone upon the roof, took the girl kindly by the hand to lead her to the mistress of the house.

Strange coincidence! At the same moment that Pericles, with a feeling of sympathy, laid his hand, in the peristyle, on the grieving Arcadian's head, Aspasia, who had finished her conversation with Manes on the roof, rested her hand on the head of the melancholy youth.

It seemed as if her fingers touched his brown locks with almost maternal tenderness, her eyes rested almost affectionately on the young original's features.

Yet cheerful ease was enthroned upon her free, proud brow, and she greeted Pericles with a quiet smile as he approached, leading the young girl by the hand.

"I bring Cora to you," said Pericles, "she seems to need your friendly consolation no less than Manes."

The statesman had noticed the affectionate gaze with which Aspasia's eyes rested on the youth.

She obeyed his nod, and he led her to a distant part of the roof, where a couch was placed under blossoming vines.

Here Aspasia related her conversation with Manes, and Pericles his with the Arcadian girl.

At last Pericles said with quiet earnestness :

"You have tried sympathetic looks, nay even caressing gestures to cheer the youth's sorrowful heart!"

"And does this suggest the thought that he might be dear to me?" asked Aspasia. "No," she continued, as Pericles remained silent, "I do not love him, for he is almost ugly. His heavy cheek-bones offend my eye. But some fleeting emotion, I know not of what nature, seized upon me. Perhaps it was compassion."

"Do you know so exactly what love is, and what it is not?" asked Pericles.

"What love is?" cried Aspasia laughing. "Are you too beginning to torment me with that foolish question? Love is a thing not to be rebuffed when it comes, and not to be held back when it goes."

"And you can say nothing else of it?" asked Pericles.

"Nothing except what I have often said," replied Aspasia. "It is a feeling that may degenerate into tyranny, by making the loved one a mere weak tool. This impulse to degeneration must be repressed. Love must be a joyous bond of the heart, formed and maintained by freedom!"

"Whenever you have repeated this to me," replied Pericles, "it has always seemed unanswerable. My mind, after calm reflection, is as firmly convinced of it now as on the day when we ourselves formed such a bond of the heart in perfect liberty. Love must renounce the tyrannical impulse to destroy the freedom of that which it loves, but the question: *Can this be love? remains unsolved in my mind.* Is love ever able to victoriously resist this impulse?"

"It can," replied Aspasia, "for it must be able to do so."

"Love is not to be detained when it goes, you said!" continued Pericles thoughtfully after a pause. "What will become of *us*, Aspasia, if its beautiful fire dies in our breasts also?"

"Then we will say, that we have together enjoyed the highest earthly happiness," replied the Milesian. "We have not lived in vain. We have emptied the cup of joy in the full vigor of love and life, on the highest summit of existence."

"*Emptied—emptied—*" replied Pericles in a hollow tone. "You uttered a word that makes me shudder."

"It is the *fate* of beakers to be emptied," replied Aspasia, "the fate of flowers to wither, and the fate of all living creatures apparently to disappear, but really to revive in perpetual transformations. It is the business of a mortal to look, with the cheerful composure of true wisdom, upon all these changes and vicissitudes occurring around and within him. It would be foolish to cling to the heels of what is vanishing. A time will come for cheerfully flinging the beaker into the abyss, from which the waves of pleasure have foamed. Everything strives upward to a summit, to descend again the scale of existence to destruction. *Everything follows the course of nature.*"

As Pericles and Aspasia finished these words, they prepared to go into the house, and approaching the spot where they had left Cora and Manes found them engaged in conversation.

Aspasia had transformed the flat roof into a sort of garden. There were arbors to afford protection from the sun, and tall blossoming bushes growing in pots filled with earth.

One of these bushes concealed the husband and wife

from the youth and maiden, who were, however, too deeply absorbed in conversation to notice their approach.

Pericles and Aspasia involuntarily paused a moment, perplexed at the sight. They had never noticed that Manes and Cora talked together, or that one sought the other's society.

They had been as silent and reserved towards each other, as towards the rest of the world.

The spectacle of a melancholy satyr and a sorrowful Bacchante talking together was in itself well calculated to attract attention.

Cora was telling the youth about her Arcadian home, the beautiful forest-clad mountains, the tortoises, the god Pan, the Stymphalian birds, the hunting of wild beasts.

Manes listened with quiet interest.

"You are very fortunate, Cora," he said at last, "to have all this so clearly before your mind, and be continually able to recall it. When I am awake, I can remember nothing about my home and childhood. Only in dreams do I sometimes find myself transported to deep rustling forests, or see rude men clad in the shaggy skins of animals, riding fleet steeds over the plains. I am always sad all day long after having had such dreams, and feel as if I were attacked by a kind of homesickness, although I have no home and should not know whither to bend my steps, if I wished to seek one. I only understand that I must go northward, always northward, and often dream I am wandering into infinite distance. Surely you must be doubly sorrowful, that you cannot return to your home, Cora, because you know it and your parents, and might easily find them again. Tell me if you wish to go, and I will

secretly guide you there, for I am still young and strong. Why shouldn't I live with the Arcadians, and hunt wild beasts?"

"No, Manes," said the young girl, "you ought not to go to Arcadia, because your longing draws you towards the north. No, I could not bear to have you settle in Arcadia, for you would surely always be yearning for your home. You must journey towards the Hellespont and then keep on towards the north, surely you must find your home, and perhaps a *kingdom*."

"I would gladly journey towards the north," replied Manes, "but I should be sorrowful when I thought that you were here vainly longing for Arcadia."

Cora gazed thoughtfully at the ground then, after a short pause, said:

"I don't know why it is, Manes, that I should be just as willing to go towards the north as to Arcadia, if we went together. It seems to me, as if every place to which we journeyed would be Arcadia."

Manes flushed at the young girl's words and his hand trembled, as it always did when overpowered by some strong emotion. At first he was unable to speak at all, but after a pause, began:

"But surely, Cora, you would far rather go to Arcadia, to your own family! I will gladly accompany you, and become a shepherd. It seems to me as if, wherever I went with you, I should again find my home and even a kingdom."

Here he hesitated, flushing deeply again. Up from the streets rose the loud tumult of a passing throng of Bacchantes. Torches blazed, joyous songs echoed on the air, pleasure exulted in unbridled freedom—while above the youth and maiden, the satyr and Bacchante,

stood before each other with heavy hearts, pale, silent, and confused, neither daring to take the other's hand, or raise the eyes bent timidly on the floor.

"They love each other!" said Pericles to Aspasia. "Those two love each other, but apparently *with a strange kind of love!* It seems as if they loved only with their *souls*. They speak of nothing but the mutual sacrifices they would willingly make."

"Indeed," replied Aspasia, "those two love each other with a sort of feeling only Manes and Cora could devise. They have lost all their cheerfulness, are pale, sick and sorrowful, and though they *know* they love, have no pleasure in their mutual affection, for they don't even venture to clasp hands, far less kiss each other."

"It is a shamefaced love," replied Pericles, "a *chaste, sad, unselfish, sacrificing* love. Perhaps its constancy and beautiful symmetry supplies the lack of rapturous delight. Perhaps it is less subject to the *blind course of nature*, which you asserted ruled all love."

"This melancholy *love* is a *disease!*" cried Aspasia. "Woe betide the day it was first discovered. This new pale-cheeked Aphrodite, wreathed with white roses, arose from no sea crimsoned by the kiss of sunrise, but from the waters of the Arcadian Styx. This sorrowful, passionate love is as bad for mankind as war, pestilence and hunger. I saw this kind of love at Eleusis, among the attendants of Thanatos, and this thought was the only one that pleased me in the Eleusinian vaults!"

Then the husband and wife came forward, and Aspasia took the Arcadian girl into the house.

On the evening of the same day Pericles gave a little banquet, as was the custom with all Athenian citizens during the Dionysian festival. Several guests were

present, among them Callimachus, with Philandra and Pasikompsa.

On this occasion they had not assembled in the usual dining-room of the house, but in the cooler and more spacious peristyle, where the breezes of the mild spring night might blow with refreshing coolness.

Pericles, according to his habit, withdrew early.

Suddenly Alcibiades arrived with several of his friends. In his extravagant gayety, he almost burst open the doors of the house and, pressing in with his companions, took his seat among the assembled company.

Cora instantly fled to the interior of the dwelling.

When Alcibiades perceived this, he sought compensation from the charming Simaitha, but the young girl proudly repelled him. She despised him for having humbled himself so far as to attempt to seize the Arcadian shepherdess. The other young girls rebuffed him for the same reason. He strove a long time to conciliate the angry beauties, but in vain.

"What?" he cried at last, "Cora runs away from me stiff as a torch-thistle, when the hot summer dries it—Simaitha turns her back upon me—Aspasia's whole school look grave and frown like old Anaxagoras—well then, if you all reject me, I'll cling to lovely Hipparete, Hipponicus' modest, diffident, blooming little daughter."

"Do so!" said Simaitha.

"I will!" cried Alcibiades; "you shall not have challenged me in vain, Simaitha! Alcibiades doesn't allow himself to be trifled with. I shall go to Hipponicus early to-morrow morning and ask him for his little daughter. I'll marry, turn virtuous, renounce all foolish

pleasures, and spend my time in conquering Sicily and making the Athenians dance to my pipe."

"Hipponicus won't give you his daughter!" cried Callias; "he thinks you too worthless a fellow!"

The rest of his companions chimed in: "Hipponicus won't give you his daughter, you're too worthless a fellow."

"Hipponicus *will* give me his daughter!" exclaimed Alcibiades emphatically, "even if I have boxed his ears just before. Will you make a wager? I'll promise to box Hipponicus' ears, and then ask him for his daughter. And he'll give her to me."

"You are a braggart!" cried his friends.

"The wager!" replied Alcibiades. "A thousand drachmæ, if you choose."

"Done!" cried Callias and Demos.

Alcibiades held out his hand to his friends, and they clasped it. The bet was for a thousand drachmæ.

"Why shouldn't I turn virtuous," cried Alcibiades, "when so many mournful signs and marvels are happening around me? Isn't it enough that Cora flees from me, Simaitha casts me off, Theodota has gone mad? Must I also lose my oldest and best friend? He has broken his faith with me and married."

"Of whom are you talking?" asked several.

"Whom but Socrates?" replied Alcibiades.

"What? Has Socrates married?" asked Aspasia.

"Even so!" replied Alcibiades. "He secretly took a wife. Give him up—you'll never see him again."

"How did it happen?" asked Aspasia. "I have heard nothing of it."

"It is probably about two weeks," said Alcibiades, "since I was standing in one of the quietest streets be-

yond the Ilissus, talking with a friend I happened to meet. Suddenly the flower-wreathed door of a house opened, and a procession of flute-players and singers, wearing garlands and carrying torches in their hands, came out. These were followed by a veiled bride, walking between the bridegroom and the bridesman. The trio entered a vehicle drawn by mules, which stood before the house. Then the bride's mother followed with the torch, with which she intended to light the fire on the new hearth, and joined the rest of the white-robed, garlanded train. The carriage began to move, and was accompanied down the street to the bridegroom's house, with the music of flutes, songs, and joyous shouts and bounds. The bridegroom was Socrates, Aspasia's friend, and his bridesman Euripides, the woman-hater."

"And the bride?" asked many.

"The plain daughter of a plain citizen," replied Alcibiades, "but she instantly seized the reins of the household with an iron grasp, and understands the art of managing the remnant of Socrates' patrimony. Socrates married! The poor truth-seeker! He sought *truth*, and found—a *woman*. I repeat, signs and miracles are occurring. The old world seems to be getting out of joint. Socrates married, the gay Theodota mad, and moreover, it is said several cases of the plague, that has long been lurking in Egypt, have occurred at Ægina and Eleusis, and a suspicious satyr mask was seen in the Agora to-day, beneath which it is supposed Thanatos, or the plague, or some other horrible shape has slipped in. Taking all these things together, you must confess that it threatens to become very tiresome in the city of the Athenians. If, in addition, I marry Hipponicus'

daughter, the Hellenic sky will grow as gray as an ash-heap. But we'll be merry to-day—by Eros with the thunder-bolt! Don't sulk any longer, girls! Let us begin a gay war against the mournful powers that threaten us! Let us snap our fingers at all signs and wonders! If joyous mirth has deserted all the rest of Hellas, it must surely still linger in this circle. Am I not right, Aspasia?"

"Yes," replied Aspasia, "we will be allies in the conflict against melancholy."

She ordered new beakers to be brought, the delicious wine again foamed in the mixing vessel, the sparkling goblets were emptied again and again. Gay jests, laughter and songs of joy echoed through the peristyle, and Alcibiades showered sparks of Dionysian wit.

Midnight came. Suddenly a door leading into the peristyle opened and, with closed eyes like a ghost, Manes slowly entered—Manes, the sleep-walker! He had absented himself from the banquet and sought his quiet couch, but his strange disease robbed his pillow of repose.

At the sight of the somnambulist walking with closed eyes through the peristyle, the jocund revelry was silenced and all, seized with a thrill of fear, gazed mutely after the ghostly wanderer.

Passing through the peristyle, he turned towards the stairs leading to the flat roof of the house, ascended them with a steady step, and instantly vanished from the revellers' gaze. When the first thrill of terror had been conquered, most of the guests determined to follow him.

"Thus Dionysus punishes those who rebel against his gay service!" cried Alcibiades. "We'll convert the

despiser of the gods. Come! We'll wake him and drag him down to our banquet by force."

The greater portion of the revellers rose and went to the roof, but on reaching it, beheld a spectacle that again filled them with horror.

Manes was walking along a high sloping projection of the roof, close to the extreme verge, a spot where only the somnambulist, with closed eyes, could move without turning giddy and falling to the ground.

The other inmates of the house had hurried up, on hearing the news that Manes was walking in his sleep.

Pericles also appeared.

He, too, shuddered when he saw the youth, saying:

"If he wakes now, he will surely fall, but it is impossible to approach that spot and rescue him."

Just as he uttered the words, Cora rushed up.

Terrified, deadly pale, her large round eyes dilated, her face half-covered by her dishevelled locks, the young girl gazed at the somnambulist. On hearing Pericles' words, she shivered an instant, then darted as if on wings towards the spot where Manes was walking, swung herself over the high projection, walked with a firm tread several steps down the perilous descent, seized the youth's hand and dragged him back from the outermost verge of the pinnacle to where both had firm footing.

Not until Manes was safe did giddiness overpower her. Then she fell fainting.

It was now Manes who, opening his eyes, anxiously seized the young girl and bore her onwards in his arms, till she regained her consciousness and half-frightened, half-confused, ran blushing away.

The revellers had watched this scene with amaze-

ment. Now they surrounded Manes and amid gay, cheering words, led him down into the peristyle.

Pericles lingered a moment with Aspasia.

"How sorry I am," said the former, "that Socrates did not witness this scene."

"Why do you regret it?" asked Aspasia.

"He would at last believe he had beheld what love is."

Aspasia gazed silently at Pericles a moment. "And you?"

"This couple perplex and shame me a little," he replied. "It seems as if they wished to say: 'Withdraw from the stage and make room for us.'"

Again Aspasia gazed intently at Pericles' grave, thoughtful face. Then she replied:

"You are no longer a Greek!"

The words exchanged were few in number, but full of meaning. They fell heavily into the scales of fate.

With them something like a secret rift occurred between two souls, once so beautifully and tenderly united.

A long prepared entrance into Pericles' soul of new, dark, sorrowful powers, doubt and secret dissension was accomplished.

The slow, noiseless fracture of something lofty, beautiful, and noble, ended with this trifling altercation.

Uttering the words; "you are no longer a Greek," Aspasia turned away, with an expression of mingled anger and compassion on her face.

Both went silently down stairs, Pericles to his room, Aspasia to the guests.

Meantime the revellers had vainly endeavored to detain Manes at the banquet and convert him to a fitting

worship of the god of pleasure. He broke from them, and retired to the inner rooms of the house.

The conversation now turned for some time on Cora. All admired her courage, or rather the strange power of a feeling, a mood, a passion, under whose influence she had acted, by which she had been blindly, unconsciously borne along, and which to almost all bore the impress of an insoluble mystery.

Alcibiades also began to express his regret, that Socrates had not witnessed this scene.

"What a feast it would have been to the eyes of the truth-seeker, who ponders over the most commonplace things, and would doubtless never rest until he had discovered the inmost meaning of this strange event. He's a sort of somnambulist himself, attacked by the lunacy of philosophy, who shuts his eyes that he may think better, and wanders astray on giddy heights. Only no Cora appears to lead him back with gentle hand from the gulfs of thought. Well, I'll go and tell him about the whole affair, though it's almost dangerous to visit Socrates in his own house. Xanthippe, its young mistress, is always afraid I shall corrupt her husband, and looks upon me with unfriendly eyes. When I went with a few friends to visit the newly-wedded pair, we were greatly embarrassed, for the little woman began to bewail and lament that she could not suitably entertain such distinguished people. 'Never mind,' said Socrates, 'if they are good men they will be content; if wicked, we need not trouble ourselves about them!' But these words only enraged Xanthippe still more. I instantly perceived that she ruled the house. By way of a joke, I began to talk with her husband in the frankest way, and load him with friendly caresses. Since that time she has been

furiously angry with me and when, a short time ago, I sent a dainty cake to Socrates, went so far as to throw it out of the basket and trample it under her feet. And Socrates? He only ventured to say: 'What is the matter? If you hadn't crushed the nice cake, you might have eaten it.' Alas! it seems as if the wisest men in Athens no longer understood how to treat their wives. By my Demon," continued Alcibiades, after draining his beaker, "I repeat, the world is out of joint! Delos shaken, Theodota mad, the sages scolded by their wives, I myself on the point of wooing Hipponicus' daughter, priests of Sabazius in the streets, somnambulists on the roofs, the Peloponnesus in arms, the plague at Lemnos and Ægina."

"Don't forget the eclipse of the sun," interrupted Demos, "besides, it is said that a ghost wanders about Hipponicus' house—"

"Is that true?" all asked Hipponicus' son, Callias, who happened to be present.

"Yes, it is really so!" replied the latter, and told the company that a ghost actually did wander about his father's house, and Hipponicus had grown pale, thin, and thoughtful, the daintiest morsels no longer pleased him, nightmare oppressed his dreams.

"There it is," cried Alcibiades—"eclipses of the sun, and ghosts in the houses of merry old gluttons. Deuce take the world, if it's beginning to grow so gloomy. Once more, friends, cheer up and fight against the dreariness of the times!"

"Does it need a challenge?" cried young Callias. "By Heracles! Haven't we done our duty, during this whole festival, better than ever before? Didn't we throw the Metragyrtan into the gulf of Barathron?"

Didn't we behave as might have been expected from the merry Ithyphallians? And hadn't we all the Athenian youth behind us? Was there ever a gayer Dionysian festival at Athens, than the present one? Have you ever seen the populace so wild and reckless? Did the wine ever flow in more abundant streams? Did a larger number of priestesses of joy ever swarm in Athens and were they ever more eagerly sought? What do you mean by dreary times, Alcibiades? This is a *merry* time, say I. The world is advancing in jollity, not receding, as you think, and whatever may threaten will only grow still gayer. That's as it should be. Long live pleasure!"

"Long live pleasure!" again resounded and the beakers clashed together.

"Let me embrace you, worthy Callias!" cried Alcibiades, kissing his friend. "That's the way I want to hear you all talk! Long live pleasure! And that it may forever live, flourish, and thrive among the Athenian people, the Ithyphallians must work with the school Aspasia has founded. The Ithyphallians and Aspasia's school must be the stronghold of gayety, charming extravagance, and all joyous mirth. So don't sulk, Simaitha! Don't rebuff me, Prasina! Don't make a face at Alcibiades, Drosis! Smile again, Simaitha! You have never been more charming than to-day. By Zeus! For one bewitching smile from your lips, I'll lose the thousand drachmæ I have wagered and let Hipponicus' little daughter wait awhile."

All now turned to Simaitha, and begged her to be reconciled to Alcibiades.

Aspasia herself joined in the entreaties. "Don't bear Alcibiades ill-will any longer!" said she. "He may

be right in saying that Aspasia's school must maintain friendly terms with the Ithyphallians, but only in so far as the Ithyphallians' recklessness must be tamed and curbed by women's hands. We must receive these Ithyphallians, in order to impose upon them the curb of correct and beautiful moderation, that the bright realm of pleasure may not sink into sadness and dissipation."

"We will submit to you!" cried Alcibiades. "We'll choose Simaitha queen of the realm of pleasure, with unlimited power."

"That we will!" echoed around the circle. "Why shouldn't the Ithyphallians allow themselves to be curbed by so charming a little hand?"

Amid extravagant gayety, the smiling, lovely Simaitha was proclaimed queen of the banquet, victorious ruler of the realm of pleasure.

A beautiful throne, richly garlanded with flowers, was erected; she was clad in purple robes, a golden diadem was pressed upon her curls, and wreaths of roses and violets were twined around her body.

She shone in the peerless magic of her youth and beauty—a true queen. Even Aspasia's eyes rested on her admiringly.

"Aspasia ruled the present," exclaimed Alcibiades, "to you, Simaitha, belongs the future."

The beakers were filled with wine, and drained in honor of the radiant queen of pleasure.

"Ruled by this sovereign," cried the youths, "the kingdom of joy will spread throughout the whole world."

"Take your thousand drachmæ, Callias and Demos!" cried Alcibiades. "I'll give up the wager as lost. I shall not go to Hipponicus to-morrow. The prince of

the Ithyphallians will form a new bond with the queen of beauty and pleasure! Thank the gods! She is smiling again, and her teeth glitter like one of the rows of marble pillars in the Parthenon."

With these words the reckless youth, excited by wine and love, approached the royally-adorned maiden and, amid the cheers of his companions, threw his arm around her and tried, with a kiss, to seal the bond just concluded.

At this moment all who were looking at Simaitha, noticed a vivid flush suffuse her face.

Waving Alcibiades back with her out-stretched hand, she complained that a sudden burning heat had attacked her head.

At the same time her parched lips seemed to long for some refreshment.

A beaker filled with wine was offered, she thrust it back, asked for water, and emptied goblet after goblet of the cooling fluid; but they seemed like mere drops falling on a mass of glowing metal.

It was now noticed that her eyes were growing red and bloodshot.

The girl's tongue grew heavy—her voice sounded harsh and hoarse—and she began to complain of swelling of the mouth, throat and tongue.

At the same time a feeling of terror showed itself, her whole body trembled, a thin cold perspiration covered her limbs.

They wished to lead her to her room, her couch; but, as if pursued by some terrible fear, she wanted to plunge into a well, into deep cool water, tried to rush away like a lunatic, and was only restrained by force.

Pericles was summoned.

He appeared, saw the young girl's condition, and turned pale.

"Go!" he said to the revellers.

Their brains were still half clouded by bacchanalian intoxication.

"Why does the young girl's state alarm you so much?" they cried. "If you know her disease, speak!"

"Go!" repeated Pericles.

"What is it, what is it!" exclaimed Alcibiades.

"The *plague*!" said Pericles, in a low, hollow tone.

Quietly as the word was uttered, it fell upon the assembly like a thunder-bolt.

All were silent, turned pale, and dispersed.

The young girls began to lament—Aspasia herself turned deadly pale, and trembling violently, strove to relieve her lost favorite.

Simaitha was borne away. The revellers silently began to retire.

Alcibiades alone, the most intoxicated of all, maintained his composure.

"Must we then yield to the gloomy powers?" he cried, seizing a beaker. "Has our struggle been vain? If you all despair and shamefully acknowledge yourselves conquered, I will not yield!" I defy the plague and all the terrors of Hades!"

He continued to talk in this tone, until he at last perceived that he was standing alone in the deserted peristyle, amid scattered garlands and half-emptied or overturned beakers.

He looked around him with glassy eyes. "Ho! where are you, merry Ithyphallians?"

"*Alone*!" he continued—"all alone! They have

all abandoned me—*all!* The kingdom of pleasure is deserted—the gloomy powers conquer!”

“Be it so!” he cried at last, hurling the beaker from him. “Farewell, beautiful pleasures of youth! I will go to Hipponicus!”

CHAPTER XI.

THE SATYR AND THE BACCHANTE.

ON the eventful night, when Simaitha was crowned queen of pleasure at the joyous banquet in Pericles' house, and the torches of thronging Bacchantes glittered in every street in Athens, a bird of evil omen, one of the gloomy owls perched on the shadowed frieze of the Parthenon, upon the silent, lonely Acropolis, repeatedly uttered its awful, boding cry.

The festal tumult arose in a subdued hum from the city streets, blending strangely with the nocturnal cry of the owl from the frieze of the Parthenon, which echoed from the heights of the Acropolis like a message of death.

It was indeed a note of doom.

At the very moment Alcibiades and his companions, in the climax of reckless mirth, raised their beakers at the banquet at Pericles' house, and drank the health of the radiant queen of pleasure—at that very moment Phidias was dying in prison; the immortal master of the Parthenon, who some time before had been attacked by a wasting disease, gave up his great soul.

But at the very hour the loftiest soul among the

Greeks, the most famous centre of Athenian creative genius passed from earth amid the gloom of a dungeon, and Aspasia exclaimed: '*You are no longer a Greek*'—in that hour it seemed as if a rent passed not only through the bond that united Pericles and Aspasia, but through the heart of the Hellenic world—as if its star darkened; and with the victorious cry of the owl on the Parthenon blended the malicious laughter of evil demons hovering in the air around the height of the Acropolis.

The priest of Erechtheus woke at the owl's cry. To him, it seemed to say:

"Cheer up, your time has come."

The demons whispered to each other: "At last power to burst forth is given us. Let us swoop down on Athens, on Hellas!"

At the head of these ranks of demons flew *discord* and *the plague*.

The latter spread its black pinions and, in advance of all the rest, soared over the city of Athens, shrouded in the darkness of night, but resounding with bacchanalian mirth.

The fiend was searching for the spot where the festal gayety foamed most brightly—found it, and darted like a vulture upon the radiant young queen of pleasure in Pericles' house.

The fairest of the young Hellenic women, to whom, as Alcibiades said, the future belonged, was the first prey of the demon.

There are times when great physical evil is added to secret corruption, revolutions of the moral nature, perplexities and degeneration, when the harmony and order of the spiritual and physical world are disturbed at the same time.

Such a period now dawned for Athens—for all Hellas.

To the secret corruptions of the community, slowly and gradually prepared by increasing luxury and pleasure-seeking, by the numbers of reckless demagogues, and especially by the natural course of human affairs, which necessarily leads from full bloom to decay and degeneration—to this secret corruption were added the outbreak of bloody feuds among the various nations of Hellas, from which none emerged as victor, while they gradually destroyed the prosperity and welfare of all, and the horrors of the plague, the destroying pestilence.

The Hellenic "Kalokagathia" was to be shaken—no longer could Hellenic life boast of "a sound mind in a sound body."

The news of the first case of plague in Pericles' house had spread through the whole city of the Athenians, and reckless bacchanalian festivity instantly gave way to pallid fear and paralyzing anxiety.

Other fatal shafts of the death-angel followed, and in a few days the plague was raging violently, unfolding all its horrors.

As had happened with Simaitha, the disease broke out with intense heat in the head, together with inflammatory swelling in the throat. Bloody matter was discharged from the jaws, the mouth, and even the tongue. Then the chest was attacked, and violent coughing expelled a little thin saliva. A loud roaring in the ears followed, convulsive twitching of the hands, trembling of the whole body, feelings of fear and restlessness increasing to madness, consuming thirst, internal fever so great that it drove many to the cisterns. Sometimes, descending to the bowels, the disease caused severe

vomiting. The skin was flushed, at times turned dark-blue, ulcers and pimples broke out; yet it seems as if this, like other pestilential diseases mentioned by the ancients, lacked the boils, recognized as the most prominent symptom of the dreaded scourge of the nations known in later times under the name of the Eastern plague.

The sickness usually lasted a week, then came death with hollow eyes, sharpened nose, and cold body, very harsh to the touch. Even those who recovered did not escape easily; for the corruption often spread to the very ends of the limbs—the feet, hands, and other members were withered, paralyzed, or blighted. Sight was often lost. Memory and reason suffered; convalescents frequently became idiotic, and some on rising from their sick-beds did not remember their own names.

All remedies were ineffectual. By Hippocrates' advice large fires were lighted, as it had been noticed that smiths, working constantly near the fire, were rarely ill.

But the power of the disease only increased. As knowledge proved powerless, people sought aid from superstition. Never were the countless ceremonies of expiations, purifications, conjurations, at the command of the Greeks, so zealously practised. During the first weeks the city resounded with lamentations for the dead, and was filled with funeral processions following to graves or funeral pyres those snatched away by the plague.

But when the number of deaths increased, and the contagion emanating from the sick or corpses spread terror and consternation, many died alone in deserted houses, or even in the streets, and the sacred rights were

neglected. The obolus for the ferryman of the nether world was no longer placed in the dead man's mouth, the cake to quiet Cerberus no longer put in his hand, he was no longer bathed and rubbed with fragrant ointment, no longer handsomely clothed, garlanded with ivy, and laid on a couch in the peristyle of the house. Wailing mourners no longer preceded the funeral train, the corpse was no longer honored by a long procession of mourners, funeral banquets, funeral sacrifices, and the sombre garments usually worn by the survivors. Hurriedly, noiselessly, almost without followers, the countless corpses were borne out, buried in graves, or laid on funeral pyres. At last even this duty to the dead, long considered by the Hellenes the most sacred of all, was neglected. The bodies lay corrupting in heaps. Corpses were found in empty temples, whither the sick had perhaps dragged themselves to implore the help of the gods; many were also discovered near the fountains to which, consumed by inward fever, they had crawled to moisten their parched lips; and to realize the extremity of horror, dead bodies were even found in the cisterns themselves, into which the delirious, burning with internal fever, had plunged. Soon the refreshing water of the wells was regarded with suspicion and terror—it might be defiled by the abomination of corruption.

The streets were piled with the corpses of those who had dragged themselves there, been borne lifeless from the houses and hastily thrown down, or hurled themselves from the roofs in desperate fear.

When these corpses were collected, the Hellenes' aversion to touching dead bodies, mingled with the fear of infection, so confused their minds, that in frantic

haste the dying were thrown among the dead, the unconscious among the rotting.

Where relations had erected a funeral pile to burn a dead body, others pressed forward with other corpses and tried to throw them into the flames, until the fire was stifled by the number of bodies, and a fierce conflict arose around the burning pyre.

People thought they noticed, that not even birds of prey and wild beasts would touch the unburied bodies of those who died by the plague. If they did, they quickly fell victims to the disease and perished. This also frequently happened to dogs.

The fear of contagion estranged men. The Agora was deserted, the gymnasia were empty, the people no longer ventured to assemble on the Pnyx. The doors of the houses were either firmly locked to prevent all approach, or stood wide open because the interior was deserted. Terror even loosened the ties of blood. Many saw themselves abandoned to their slaves, who now avenged themselves for former oppression by disobedience, defiance, theft, and insolent plunder.

In the minds of some, irritation alternated with dull resignation. Not a few sought to deaden their senses by reckless dissipation and the unbridled enjoyment of pleasure. Courage or forgetfulness was sought in intoxication.

Mad Menon stood forth as a fearless, laughing despiser of peril, and was to be found wherever the horrors of the pestilence were greatest. He seemed to be most fond of lingering among corpses, and was often seen sitting on a heap of dead bodies, as if enjoying the misery, and jeering at the cowards who fled from the dead and him, the infected one. When it was seen that

he, who with drunken insolence defied danger, was spared, the number of those who did the same increased. Soon the streets and squares were abandoned to intoxicated vagabonds, who pledged Queen Plague and defied her terrors. These were the people, who for gold would carry the dead out of the houses or pick them up in the streets and take them to be buried or burned. They practised their trade with the rude temerity of men, who will not risk their lives gratis. They demanded and received whatever they chose, robbed and practised every kind of violence in the houses into which their calling led them. There was no fear of the law for the activity of the courts had long since ceased, and the criminal thought that the pestilence would either snatch away those who might accuse him, or spare him the necessity of defending himself.

But it was not merely poor men, who gave themselves up to dissipation, the rich did the same, especially young men, who tried in this way to arm themselves against the horrors which surrounded them. Many saw themselves suddenly made rich by inheriting the property of their parents, brothers and sisters or relations. But as they could not help fearing that they might suffer the same fate as those from whom they obtained their wealth, they tried to enjoy the gifts of fortune as much as possible, and squandered them in dissolute pleasure. The sight of these persons so speedily enriched, aroused in others the expectation of rejoicing in a similar destiny; expectation gave birth to hope and criminal wishes.

Thus moral restraints were gradually loosened, and the survivors rejoiced in the advantages which fell to them from the excess of universal death.

But if the pestilence and its results appeared to in-

crease the longing for pleasure in many hearts, here as well as everywhere else the rule asserted itself that contrasts appear side by side or blend with each other. With unbridled acts and the dissolution of all restraints, gloomy superstition extended its reign farther and farther. Those who still avoided intoxication and excesses, sought a new safeguard and consolation in exaggerated piety, superstitious reverence for the gods..

Men like Diopeithes came forward, who represented the misfortune sent upon Athens as a punishment for the contempt of the gods hitherto displayed, and directed the fury of the populace against those pointed out by the priest of Erechtheus and his companions, as the principal causes of the divine wrath.

The mystic worship of Sabazius was again remembered and the Metragyrtn, who was hurled into the gulf of Barathon by the saucy, drunken Ithyphallians. Many now thought they had perhaps been wrong in rejecting this savior Sabazius, the deliverer from all misfortunes, and believed the crime committed upon the innocent Metragyrtn was the real cause of the wrath of the gods, and especially the vengeance of the insulted Sabazius. To reconcile him, they said, was now the first duty and the only remedy for the destroying plague. A foreign woman named Ninos, living in Athens, who understood all sorts of charms and mysterious things, proclaimed herself a priestess of Sabazius. To be consecrated to this god, was soon regarded as a means of sanctification and deliverance. The initiation was accompanied by strange rites: deer-skins were hung around the persons to be consecrated, a sacred potion handed them to drink, they were rubbed with mud and clay, and a serpent was drawn over their bosoms. Dur-

ing this time they sat on the ground and, when the ceremony was ended, rose with the exclamation: "*I escaped evil and gained the good.*" A nocturnal festival blended gloomy rites with sensual orgies. Thus the excesses and superstition, to which the distress caused by the plague urged bewildered minds, were united in the worship of Sabazius. Processions in honor of Cybele and Sabazius were frequently seen. There were many who followed the example of the Metragyrans, danced the Sicinnis, scourged and mutilated themselves. The devotees of the Phrygian god also boasted of healing the plague, placed the sick in chairs, and danced around them with a wild uproar. To mingle in these circles was considered a safeguard against the disease.

To such a point had the Athenian nation come.

What Aspasia feared and thought she could prevent, happened—strange, gloomy ideas entered the bright and beautiful world of Greece, ideas which, though they did not instantly obtain an entire victory, served to indicate in what way the Hellenic nation was to be obscured, like a bright star by gloomy clouds.

While the terrible pestilence was spreading dull despair and gloomy delusions, and paving the way for foreign superstition, by no means harmless like the native one, but which gnawed the roots of healthy life, terrors of another kind lurked around the Attic country.

War had recently broken out. The Peloponnesians attacked the rural districts of Attica and forced its population into the city, but a strong fleet, this time commanded by Pericles, set sail, and its successes on the coast of the Peloponnesus again compelled the Spartan king to hastily return home. But Potidæa still resisted, Corinth must be besieged, and the fires of insurrection

blazed forth here and there in the colonies and allied cities.

To remove Aspasia and his two sons, Xanthippus and Paralus, from the most perilous place, Pericles had assigned his country-house to them for a residence during the time of his absence. Aspasia moved there with her whole household, but evil pursued her. After Simaitha's death, Drosis and Prasina were also snatched away from the seminary of grace animated by intellect. They had been released from imprisonment at Megara by the victorious Pericles, only to fall victims, in their youthful bloom, to the destroying angel of the plague at Athens.

Whoever had power to do so fled from the infested city to the rural districts, like Aspasia and her companions, or to the neighboring islands, where the danger seemed less.

Aspasia's circle of friends was broken up. Euripides had previously left Athens. He had become a misanthrope, lived at Salamis in complete seclusion and preferred to spend his time in the grotto on the shore, where amid the wild roar of battle he had first seen the light of the world. Here he sat alone, pursuing his meditations, with his eyes fixed upon the sea, desiring to hear nothing of Athens, except what was whispered by the waves, which rolling thence broke in foam at his feet.

Sophocles still lived in his rural retirement on the shores of the Cephissus, untouched by the scourge fate swung over the Athenians. Cheerful wisdom remained faithful to him and taught him to escape Pericles' destiny, by allowing nothing to become too dear to his heart, or permitting the seriousness of life to obtain too much power over his mind.

The scourge also spared Socrates' head, although he did not leave the brooding place of the pestilence, but fearlessly walked through the streets of Athens, did not avoid his fellow-men, and rendered help wherever he could.

Meantime Alcibiades had married Hipponicus' daughter, the blooming Hipparete.

He too, with his old insolence, defied the terrors of the plague, though he saw that the wrath of the gods did not spare the Ithyphallians, and the pestilence snatched from his side one of his favorite companions, young Demos, Pyrilampes' son. When Pericles departed with the fleet, Alcibiades accompanied him. Thus the priests of Sabazius could pursue their proselyting, without fearing the wild Ithyphallians and the gulf of Barathron.

The plague yielded a little, but only enough to make individuals remember the commonwealth, and permit the Athenians to turn their eyes from what immediately affected them to the troubles threatening at a greater distance. The renewed peril of war found cowardly hearts; the number of men capable of bearing arms was diminished by the plague, which also prevailed on the fleet before Potidæa. Pericles was successful with his fleet on the Peloponnesian coast. But when all Hellas, divided into parties, was gradually drawn into the confusion, what did it avail if the battle died out in one place, since it was renewed in another, everywhere engaging not only the two enemies, but also their allies, while these alliances themselves constantly wavered and altered. It was no longer possible for one individual to command; what was gained at one place was lost at a more distant spot, nowhere did the enemy make a stand

for a decisive battle, the great Hellenic war was divided into countless individual conflicts.

At the news that the cowardly population of Athens had entered into negotiations with Sparta, Pericles hastened his return. He expected to encourage them and prevent disgraceful despair; but the Athenians, wearied by the heavy visitation of fate, received the secret plans of Diopeithes and the demagogues more favorably than ever.

The priest of Erechtheus had been attacked by the plague and recovered. Since that time his fanatical zeal had increased, for he saw in this deliverance from mortal peril a direct sign from the gods.

One day a group of citizens chanced to be assembled around a man in the Agora, for they had gradually ventured to approach each other, though a short time before one shrank from another, as they fled from the plague itself.

The person who stood in the midst of the little throng of listeners, was one of the bold free-thinkers, whose tongues seemed to have been unloosed again. He not only ventured to denounce the demagogues and eagerly support Pericles, but also to condemn the superstition to which the Athenians had fallen victims. As there were many adherents of Diopeithes and Cleon among his auditors, a violent dispute arose and the free-thinker was finally seized and maltreated by his opponents.

At this moment the priest of Erechtheus came up, accompanied by a number of his friends and followers.

When he heard that the assaulted man had defended Pericles and called the Athenians' confidence in their gods petty superstition, the priest's features assumed an expression of menacing, gloomy excitement.

He rolled his eyes upward for some time, as if spiritually holding intercourse with the divine powers, then turning to the people, began:

"Know, Athenians, that last night the gods sent me a dream, and have now led me to this spot just at the right time. During a long series of years, sin has been heaped on sin at Athens. Sophists and deniers of the gods have deluded you, hetærae have ruled you, temples and statues of the gods have been erected, not in honor of the gods, but for empty display and the destruction of simple modes of thought and the pious manners of our ancestors. You are now suffering the punishment of your degeneration, denial of the gods, and luxury. It is not the first time that the wrath of the gods has been visited on the Hellenes, and you well know in what way their anger was appeased in our forefathers' time. You know that the gods could sometimes be conciliated only by the greatest of all propitiatory sacrifices, a *human victim*. Seize this denier of the gods—his life is forfeit according to the law, for his criminal blasphemy. He is a criminal, condemned to death. But instead of suffering his punishment by the hand of the executioner, let him according to the ancient, half-forgotten custom, be offered as a propitiatory sacrifice, conducted through the streets with songs and music, burned and transformed to ashes, scattered to the winds."

More and more persons had collected while the priest was talking. Among them was Pamphilus. The latter, on hearing that a friend and defender of Pericles was to be killed, instantly supported the plan.

"The funeral pyres on which the bodies of those who die by the plague are consumed, burn night and

day on the opposite bank of the Ilissus. Room can be found for this man on one of the piles of wood blazing so merrily."

With these words he was the first to seize the culprit, and a number of the fiercest among his companions prepared to help him drag the unfortunate man away.

Pericles now entered the Agora on the way to the Bouleterion, saw the tumult, and asked its cause.

The excited crowd loudly replied that the gods demanded a propitiatory sacrifice, and they were preparing to offer one in the person of Megillus, the blasphemer and denier of the gods.

Pericles, with a restraining gesture, forced his way into the crowd, but Diopeithes confronted him.

For the first time the two men, on whom rested the guidance of the great battle fought at Athens for years, and whose decision was constantly growing nearer, stood personally face to face, as if in a duel.

"Back, Alcmaeonid!" cried the priest of Erechtheus. "Do you even now seek to deprive the gods of what is their due, a due they imperiously demand? Do you wish to prevent the Athenian nation from seeking propitiation for their sins and final deliverance from the woe into which no one but yourself has plunged it? Do you not see whither your blindness has led this people, once so beloved by the gods? It is your work if they have turned from the old pious customs, yearned for wealth, luxury, and idle display, followed a false light and listened to the words of the despisers of the gods."

"And *you*, Diopeithes?" replied Pericles with grave but calm resolution; "whither do *you* mean to lead the Athenian people? To the fanatical murder of citizens—

to the renewal of savage, inhuman abominations, from which, maturing to a purer morality, the Hellenic mind turned with horror centuries ago."

"Thank the gods, Pericles!" cried Diopeithes, "that they have delivered *this* man into our hands—thank the gods if they are willing, for the present, to be content with *this* man's blood. For if they demanded of us the real criminal, the guiltiest man in the Athenian nation, do you know whom we should be compelled to seize and commit to the flames? As the prophet Teresias once cried to the boastful Œdipus, we should be obliged to say to *you*, Alcmaeonid, you are the criminal, you are the cause of the wrath of the gods! An ancient curse rests upon your race! Through you, through your companions and friends Athens has become impious, through you the trouble of war has burst upon us, and the worst scourge in the hands of the gods, the plague, can be averted by no other atonement than *your* blood."

"If it is as you say," replied Pericles quietly, "release yonder man, and sacrifice him who seems to you most guilty."

With these words Pericles released the condemned man from Pamphilus' grasp. The latter, grinning with satisfaction, freed his former victim and, delighted by the exchange, did not neglect to seize the hated strategus.

"Why do you delay?" said Pericles to the perplexed, mute, motionless Athenians. "Do you suppose I merely offer myself to be spared by you? Believe me, men of Athens, it seems almost a matter of indifference whether you spare me or drag me to death! I meant to guide Athens to the fairest happiness, the brightest renown, the full light of truth and freedom, and I now perceive that a change ordained by the gods—or is it a

primeval curse that clings to the whole course of nature?—again seizes upon us and leads us back to darkness and confusion; that it is not only external calamity, which is bursting over Hellas, but gloomy powers are also conquering those of light within us! I shall thank the gods, if I do not survive the splendor and bloom of my native land! Kill me!”

The Athenians still stood silent and motionless. Pamphilus became impatient.

A man now stepped forth from the crowd, and making a movement to depart, said:

“If you want to kill Pericles, do it without me. I won’t see it. When I was sorely wounded at Thrace, he dragged me away with his own hands, while all the others fled before the greatly superior number of assailants and wanted to leave me in the enemy’s power.”

“I’ll go too,” said a second. “He pardoned me in the Samian war, when the other strategi wanted to sentence me to death for a slight crime.”

“I’ll have nothing to do with the matter either,” said a third; “Pericles aided me by his intercession, when I couldn’t get my just rights from the magistrates of Athens.”

“Nor I! Nor I!” echoed from the throng, and the number of men who separated from the crowd constantly grew larger.

“No Athenian ever put on mourning through any intentional fault of Pericles!” resounded on all sides. Pamphilus clung convulsively to his victim, who threatened to escape him.

“Let Pericles go, Pamphilus?” cried several. Others joined in the shout, and at last the call echoed in a loud chorus:

"Let Pericles go, Pamphilus!"

Even in their worst moments, the Athenians could not attack this man.

"You have conquered again!" cried Diopeithes scornfully. "But perhaps this is the *last* of your triumphs. I shall cast the guilt on your head, if the gods remain unappeased and continue to scourge us."

A short time after this event, Pericles' two sons, Xanthippus and Paralus, were attacked by the plague and fell victims to it.

The priest of Erechtheus pointed with satisfaction to the public curse of the gods, who had at last destroyed the race of the Alcmaeonidæ.

The pestilence again increased. Diopeithes and his followers constantly reminded the people of the neglected propitiatory sacrifice, and Pericles, who had prevented it. The offence and the wrath of the gods seemed credible, after the misfortune that appeared to have been sent to this man by the divinities.

The Athenians' minds were more darkened than ever, and the field was left to Pericles' enemies.

The latter, who after so much calamity, was now shaken by the sudden death of his offspring and the ruin of his family, allowed matters, with a sort of indifference, to take their course. The moment of dealing the blow long prepared by his enemies, had arrived.

The motion to deprive him of his office of strategus, and all other dignities conferred upon him, was proposed with insolence and malice in a thinly-attended popular assembly and carried in dull bewilderment.

Was Pericles, after decades of glorious government, to again become a simple Athenian citizen? Was Diopeithes at last victorious?

Come on then, men who talk so grandiloquently to the people, Cleon, Lysicles, Pamphilus, loquacious orators and counsellors on the Pnyx—place yourselves at the head of the fleet and army! Seize the reins that have escaped from the hands of the imperious Pericles!

In the Agora, the unwearied Pamphilus, gathering a throng of the people around him, eagerly vaunted his friend Cleon's vocation for the command of the people, and praised his courage, intellect and talents.

After a long and eager conversation with those assembled, a poor man of strange, half-savage appearance suddenly stepped forward, and eagerly began to proclaim his opinions.

"Fellow citizens!" he cried, "we have deposed Pericles, we, the Athenian people. This was well, in so far that Pericles might perceive we still have popular government in Athens. So far, I say, it was well. But in other respects it's a very queer thing to saw off a leg, when on the point of running races at Olympia—and after we have jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire, and the ox, as the saying goes, is to be had for a song, and sausage-makers want us to believe they have *bird's milk* to sell."

"A cur should rend you, you scoundrel!" angrily interrupted the man from the dregs of the people. "Will you be quiet?"

"No, I won't!" replied the half-savage man. "I'm as much an Athenian citizen as anybody, and fear no one. I'm a man from Halimus. I was a ribbon-dealer, and have seen better days; but after my wife and children died of the plague and I barely escaped from my sick-bed, I left everything and engaged myself as a corpse-

bearer, that is, I help carry the bodies of those who have died of the plague to the funeral pyres."

At this remark all shrank timidly away, and held aloof from any contact with his person.

The ex-ribbon-dealer was not at all disturbed, but continued:

"I boast of being a man of experience in political affairs. Fifteen years ago I was on the Pnyx, among those who determined upon the building of the Parthenon, and granted the judges' pay and the money for the plays. I've always done my duty as a citizen and had an eye upon the welfare of the community, and I tell you the Peloponnesians are no cattle and sheep, to let Cleon the tanner dress their hides without ceremony. And if Pericles' two sons died of the plague, we ought to pity the unfortunate man, the childless father, instead of humiliating him and looking upon the matter as if he ought to be insulted and persecuted, as one marked out for the anger of the gods."

"Enough of Pericles," shrieked Pamphilus, again interrupting the ribbon-dealer. "We want to hear no more about Pericles. He's *good for nothing*. He's ill, we hear. What use is a sick man to us?"

"Take care, Pamphilus!" cried the other; "they say a sick lion's remedy is to eat a baboon."

"Do you mean to insult me?" cried the sausage-maker, raising his foot as if to kick his enemy.

"Come on!" cried the ribbon-dealer, "I'll beat you till your skin is purple—I'll tear the lungs out of your body and twist your giblets!"

Pamphilus timidly shrunk back from the corpse-bearer's touch.

"Back!" he cried, "back! Don't dare to lay your

poisonous hands on the body of an Athenian citizen! Back, scoundrel! Wretch, most miserable of men!"

"Why?" cried the corpse-bearer, grinning. "Perhaps you'll be obliged to let me touch you! I hope to get dozens of such fellows as you in my cart! But for the rest, I repeat: it was well to depose Pericles, that he may see we *can* dispose him if we choose; but after he has perceived it, the best thing we can do is to *appoint* him again and give him the fleet, for we can't do without him, I say—there's nobody like him, and every one who carries a club is by no means a hero."

It was a difficult matter to contest the logic of the words uttered in his queer, but honest fashion, by the half-crazed peddler from Halimus.

In fact, whoever in Athens desired war, could not help wishing also for Pericles. Potidæa had fallen at last—hope again stirred, though only with a feeble flutter of the wings. The mood of the volatile Athenian populace quickly changed again.

The next day the Athenians flocked to the Pnyx and reappointed Pericles to his offices and dignities.

They thought it was the old Pericles, to whom they were confiding themselves, but they were mistaken.

Sophocles was the first, who brought his friend tidings of the people's new resolution.

"The Athenians have restored everything to you!" said the poet, congratulating him.

"Everything," replied Pericles, smiling bitterly, "except confidence in them, in the prosperity of Athens, and in myself!"

"Diopceithes still triumphs!" he continued. "He is apparently vanquished again, but we are really the conquered party in Athens. True, Diopceithes and his

party did not reach their *nearest* goal, but the work at which he and his adherents have long labored *was not lost on the Athenian people.*"

"Banish these sad forebodings from your heart!" cried Sophocles. "Athens and Hellas are still at the apex of their splendor: they will yet mature many a noble thing, win many a wreath of fame. We, who have been permitted to see the rarest flower unfold, ought not to complain—"

"But we also perceived the worm within this fairest flower!" replied Pericles. "The evil days have not yet arrived, but a dark future casts its shadow far in advance. We strove to reach a lofty summit of joyous liberty, beauty and knowledge. The dream of *beauty* has been realized—but the others are melting away in darkness and confusion. The spring of a nation's life, it seems, is short, and its blossoms wither ere they are fully open."

Such were the words uttered by Pericles to the noblest of his friends, on the day of his reappointment.

Again the ravages of the destroying plague increased.

At the change of the moon the night was gloomy and tempestuous. A chill wind blew over Attica from the ravines and peaks of the Pindus. The waves beat sullenly against the stone dykes at the Piræus. The ships in the harbor rocked, the beams creaked, their oars rattled. The winds wandered like ghosts through the deserted streets of Athens, playing with the open doors of abandoned dwellings, and wailing through the empty peristyles. Sometimes it was impossible to distinguish between the howling and moaning of the gale, or the sighs and lamentations of mourning mothers.

Black clouds swept over the pinnacles, pediment, and marble statues of the Parthenon. The shields, hung as offerings on the architrave, beat against it with a clanking sound. Nocturnal birds shrieked. The huge statue of Athena Promachus, armed with spear and helm, trembled on its granite pedestal.

On this dark stormy night, when every one remained in-door and the streets were entirely deserted, a man urged by a strange restlessness, wandered through the streets. This man was Socrates. The old habit of wandering about at night, while eagerly pursuing a train of thought, had not become unfamiliar to him—though he was rather pursued by the thoughts, than following them. So on this evening also he wandered blindly, as if impelled towards some unknown goal.

He found himself on the desolate shore of the Ilissus, where lay the charred remains of funeral pyres, and mad Menon crouched amid mounds of ashes and glimmering embers. The lunatic grinned, fanned the coals with his breath, and warmed himself at them, sometimes taking a sip from a flask of noble Chian, stolen from a house depopulated by the plague, whose provisions easily became the prey of vagabonds.

Here and there, as Socrates hurried onward through the darkness, his foot struck against half-burned, blackened limbs.

Again he aimlessly pursued his way, until the perfume of violets suddenly attracted him. He approached it, and found a fountain wreathed with violets in the Athenian fashion. The flowers had a strange odor. Socrates stooped to cool his burning brow, and his parched lips sought the refreshing water. But here also death confronted him, and the strange odor blended

with the fragrance of the violets was soon explained. The sullied waters bore a corpse, one of the unfortunates, whose terrible longing for cooling drink urged them, even in the death agony, to the fountains.

Shuddering, Socrates started back, then calming himself plucked one of the violets, gazed thoughtfully at it a long time, and said :

“ Oh, ye Attic violets, who will henceforth praise ye and the violet-wreathed Athenians, if your famed spicy fragrance is so horribly mingled with the odor of corruption ?”

He rushed on farther through the streets, where doors were banging in the gale, and mothers seemed to be vying with the wind in bitter wailing. Gazing up at the Acropolis, he saw the black, jagged clouds that, like spirits of evil, flitted with the hovering night-birds around the gigantic statue of Athena Promachus.

Socrates dashed along as if the evil spirits he fancied he beheld, had descended and were pursuing him. Suddenly he found himself before Pericles' house.

He stood still. How often he had crossed this threshold, and what a long time had now elapsed since he entered the dwelling!

Involuntarily, almost unconsciously he approached the door, and noticed that it was not closed, but seemed forgotten, neglected, without a porter.

He went into the entrance-hall, but it was deserted. No sound reached him from within. The stillness that surrounded him was horrible.

The dim light of a few flickering lamps streamed from the peristyle.

A shiver ran through his frame, he knew not why, yet some unknown power urged him onward.

In the centre of the peristyle was a couch piled with purple cushions, on which lay a lifeless form wrapped in gleaming white robes—the brow wreathed with the green tendrils of the ivy.

By the couch sat a woman with bowed head, pale and silent as a marble statue.

Socrates stood at the back of the peristyle as if spell-bound. His eyes rested fixedly, like those of a person who had lost his senses, upon the corpse and the woman beside it.

This pallid, motionless woman was Aspasia; the garlanded corpse on the purple couch, Pericles the Olympian.

Lifeless lay the Alcmaeonid, the leader of the immortal band of lofty spirits that glorified Greece forever—the hero of a golden age of mankind, which still bears his name, which he had fostered in Hellas, and with whose decline he passed away.

The body of the heroic man, felled by the shaft of the destroying angel, looked even taller and more stately than before. But, as in life, an expression of gentleness rested upon the face. Even the plague had not marred his noble features. It seemed as if death had not overthrown and crushed the Olympian, but restored the enfeebled man to his full grandeur. The features of the corpse beamed with the cheerful repose that the living man had recently lost, the discord that had stolen into the soul of Aspasia's husband seemed soothed.

What were the pallid Aspasia's thoughts beside Pericles' bier?

A brilliant succession of lofty, noble, beautiful memories was passing through her mind.

She recalled the moment in Phidias studio, when this man's fiery glance met hers for the first time, where after a manly, earnest struggle for the grandeur and power of Athens, beauty threw her fetters around him.

His image hovered before her, now as he stood on the orator's platform upon the Pnyx and carried the people with him—now, as full of enthusiasm, he walked with her over the height of the Acropolis, rejoicing in the glorious work rising before his eyes—now, as again seized by the longing for action, he strove for new laurels at Samos—now, as inspired with glowing ardor at Miletus, fulfilling the fairest human destiny, he drained the intoxicating beaker of joy with her on the flowery summit of life—now, as he formed their marriage-bond on the Acropolis, in the presence of newly-completed, immortal creations, his soul filled with lofty thoughts and hopes—

He hovered before her mind in his noble grandeur, his bewitching power over men, his susceptibility and fervor, his manly dignity—at once gentle, wise, heroic—the ideal of the true Hellene, too full of mind and soul to develop into rude heroism, and yet also too full of animation, too energetic to find entire satisfaction in effeminate pleasure, in the magic spell of love and beauty.

Then his image hovered before her memory as he walked by her side through the fields of the Peloponnesus, while light shadows of earnestness flitted more and more frequently over his brow, as thrilled by the most secret life and web of advancing time, foreboding a new, graver, sorrowful future, he silently concealed his deepest feelings till he ceased *to be a Greek*, in the mind and opinion of the beautiful woman with whom he had formed the gay, joyous bond of love, and after having

experienced in his own soul the course of development of Hellenic life, overpowered by sorrowful presentiments, sank with the power and grandeur of his native land.

As Aspasia's eyes rested on the face of the lifeless Pericles, Socrates fixed his gaze on her pale countenance.

She seemed to him like an embodied Hellas, sitting mournfully beside the bier of her noblest son.

How pallid and earnest were the features of this beautiful woman, this once joyous Hellas!

Aspasia now raised her eyes, met Socrates' gaze, and exchanged a long, long look with him.

No words could express the emotion that found vent in that long, earnest gaze.

Not a syllable, only this one look, was exchanged between the pair; then Socrates vanished. He had appeared like a ghostly shade—and noiselessly vanished. Aspasia, motionless and pale as marble, again sat alone beside the death-bed of the great Hellene.

Socrates, deeply moved, continued his nocturnal walk, hurrying aimlessly through the streets without any note of time.

The force of the wailing, moaning gale had lessened. The nocturnal pilgrim found everything still more silent and lonely. It was long after midnight, and an almost imperceptible streak of grey in the east announced the approach of dawn, though darkness, the darkness of night, still rested upon the streets of Athens. A few setting stars twinkled through the torn clouds.

Suddenly a man apparently ready for travelling, appeared before Socrates, accompanied by a slave. The expression of his features was harsh, stern, almost gloomy. He gazed intently at Socrates.

The truth-seeker looked up as the other stopped his progress, and recognized Agoracritus.

"Where are you going this dark night?" the latter asked his former companion in Phidias' studio.

"Pressing business summoned me to Athens," he continued, as Socrates made no reply; "but I am hurrying to get out of the infected city. I shall go to Rhamnus to do what has been asked of me for so many years—provide my goddess erected there with the external symbols, that will transform her from an Aphrodite to a Nemesis. I have delayed long—but now something urges me to gratify people. The men of Athens must no longer doubt that Nemesis really stands among them, instead of smiling Aphrodite. I owe a debt of gratitude to this goddess, who moves with slow, but steady tread! Has she not avenged me on the woman I hate? The goddess of retribution has taken up her abode with Pericles and Aspasia. I even heard a few days ago, that the plague had attacked Pericles and thrown him on a sick-bed—"

Socrates looked up into Agoracritus' face and said in a low tone:

"He is dead."

Agoracritus was silent in amazement.

Both walked side by side for a time without speaking.

"Dead?" asked Agoracritus.

"I saw him myself," replied Socrates in a hollow tone.

Again both were silent.

At last Agoracritus began:

"You have seen Pericles dead; it has fallen to my lot to see Phidias perish before my eyes in prison. I was with him in his last hours; for on hearing that he

was seriously ill I hurried to him. People told me that he disdained all medicine, and every kind of aid. Pericles sent Hippocrates to him; but he began to talk with the physician about the proportions of the forms and lines of the human body. Even on his sick-bed, his mind was solely occupied with what had formerly been his only care.

"When I came, those who were about him in the prison told me that he frequently raved in the delirium of fever, and rarely recognized any one. I went in and found him dying. At first he knew me, but gradually his thoughts became confused by feverish visions. He talked continually of vast temples, gold and ivory statues, and marble friezes—gave directions to his pupils as if he were still in his studio, urged them to work, scolded the idlers, gave precise directions about how they should do this or that thing, and was angry if they did not work exactly as he desired. Often he expressly named me or Alcamenes. At last he seemed to be entirely alone with his shining statues, and his gods and goddesses; Pallas Athena and his Olympic Zeus made themselves manifest to him. It appeared as if, while he was dying, the deities of Olympus all descended and stood around his couch, visible to him alone, for he looked about him with a radiant face, hailed them, and addressed them by their names. Finally, Pallas Athena seemed to remain alone with him and beckon to him, for he suddenly said: '*Whither dost thou wish to lead me? I come!*' Then he raised himself a little, as if to go with her, but sank back and his eyes grew dim.*

* "Egeria" (Eger, 1875) as well as the collection of epic poems entitled "Orient and Occident" by K. V. von Hansgirk contain a poem called "Phidias," in which, as in "Aspasia," Pallas Athena appears to the dying sculptor. Hansgirk himself, in the latter volume,

"He died in the midst of his feverish dream; a beautiful death, like a Hellene, while the fairest light of Hellas shone around him, and the gods snatched him away from earth to Olympus, at the very moment when the night of woe was closing over Athens, so that he saw nothing of it, but passed away with unshadowed mind.

"At first it caused me deep grief to see this man lie dying in prison; for after he had created the Athena Promachus on the citadel, the Athena Parthenos, the Parthenon itself, the Olympic Zeus at Olympia, and so many magnificent works no one has ever surpassed and no one ever will excel, whereby Hellas is principally glorified, his reward from men was to die dishonored and alone, amid the gloom of his dungeon.

"But when I saw him die, I felt an emotion not unmingled with consolation and, after closing the master's eyes and kissing his brow, walked silently away and only pitied Hellas, and all of us who are left behind, after the best and greatest have departed."

After Agoracritus had finished his tale, the two men walked on thoughtfully side by side for some time, then parted.

Agoracritus went northward toward Rhamnus, but Socrates, urged by his secret emotion, continued his walk, and ere he had advanced many paces saw a blazing funeral pyre, on which numerous bodies had been thrown, among which he beheld mad Menon lying.

page 79, names 1874 as the date of the composition of this poem. My narration of the death of Phidias, on the contrary, was written in 1873, and as the entire romance was lying in the office of the Vienna "Neuen freien Presse," I can appeal to the testimony of those who had the work in their hands, to prove that though many alterations were subsequently made in the MS. of "Aspasia" *this particular scene then existed word for word precisely as it now appears in print*, so that no suggestion can have been obtained from Hansgirg's poem.

The man, senseless from intoxication, had been found lying asleep among the dead bodies by the corpse-bearers, who had flung the apparently lifeless form on a pile of wood, where the flames were already surrounding him.

A dog circled, whining, around the funeral pyre.

The flames now reached the madman. At this moment, the dog also sprang upon the pile of wood, and was burnt with its master.

A strange feeling took possession of Socrates. "Now you are *free*, Menon!" said he.

"Now you are *free*!" he repeated several times, as with burning brow he continued his way. "Will a time ever come when all slaves are made free?" he thought—"or all freedmen slaves?" he added reflectively.

He now wandered through distant streets, no longer within the precincts of the city itself, but where the country residences of the Athenians and gardens alternated with open fields.

A swallow flying upward announced the dawn of day.

Socrates, as if guided by his demon, reached a house pervaded by a certain tumult.

Many persons were coming and going.

It was the residence of Ariston, a noble Athenian.

Socrates stood still and heard from those passing in and out, that a little son had been born to Ariston during the night. After so many images of *death*, there was a *birth*, an awakening *life*.

Again some mysterious impulse stirred in Socrates' breast. He entered his friend's house.

The child was in the peristyle, lying in its nurse's arms. An elderly man, who looked like a seer or priest,

had just bent his snow-white head over it and was gazing attentively at it. Socrates also looked at the infant, which had a broad beautiful brow, a thinker's brow, and whose face seemed irradiated with a mild, lofty earnestness by no means childlike.

Suddenly a bee flew in—a bee from Hymettus—one of the much-praised Attic bees, buzzed around the child and brushed its lips, but lightly and harmlessly, as if kissing it, then flitted away again.

At this spectacle the gray-headed seer said:

"The kiss of a Hymettus bee is a sign from the gods. Words alluring as virgin honey will one day drip from this infant's lips."

The sight of the child impressed Socrates strangely. He could not interpret the emotion that filled his breast, but the future will bring its explanation.

The boy, who lay before the eyes of the restless truth-seeker, was to proclaim a new message when he had matured into a youth.

His lips dripped with Attic virgin honey. *With the sweetest eloquence he will preach the bitterest doctrines.*

He will teach that the body is the prison of the soul and the soul, releasing itself, must soar upward into the spiritual world. He will teach that Eros despises the earth, and must ascend into the bright realm of eternal ideas, shining in changeless beauty—

And this lesson will find an echo on near and distant strands, become the watchword of a new time, and conquer the world on the lips of a Galilean.

But with it, in a new meaning, will also triumph the teachings of the priests of Sabazius and the Metragyrans, the gloomy doctrine of self-torture and self-mutilation.

Socrates, absorbed in thought, left Ariston's house and reached a height from which he beheld Attica and the sea, steeped in the light of morning.

A vessel was sailing towards Sunium and, lost in meditation, he unconsciously gazed steadily at it.

This ship bore the "*Satyr*" and the "*Bacchante*"—bore Manes and Cora northward towards a new home.

They set forth, holding in their breasts the germ of a future allotted to the effort to erect a kingdom of goodness upon the ruins of beauty.

They set forth, blessed by their earnest love.

From the bay they looked back, gazing for the last time at the city of the Athenians, as they left it forever.

A thin, light cloud was rising into the pure, clear morning air, not far from the Acropolis. It came from the funeral pyre, which was consuming the lifeless body of Pericles into sacred ashes.

This little cloud rose and hovered around the pinnacles of the Acropolis.

Manes and Cora followed it with their eyes, as it floated about the white marble brow of the sacred citadel of Pallas.

But the tiny cloud melted away, and the pinnacles and pediment of the Parthenon and newly-finished Propylæ stood forth with marvellous distinctness in the clear light.

The immortal coronet of the mountain towered high above the chaos and confusion of the Athenian city, and the children of men.

From the ruins of the perishable an imperishable work, victorious in eternal serenity, rose in Hellas. It seemed to say :

"I am raised above the changeful destiny of men,

and their petty misery. I shall shine through the centuries. I shall be always here. I shall be like the magical light upon the mountains of Hellas, and the eternal glitter of the waters in her gulfs."

Nations aspire towards the good and the beautiful.

The good is human and noble—but the beautiful is divine and immortal.

END.

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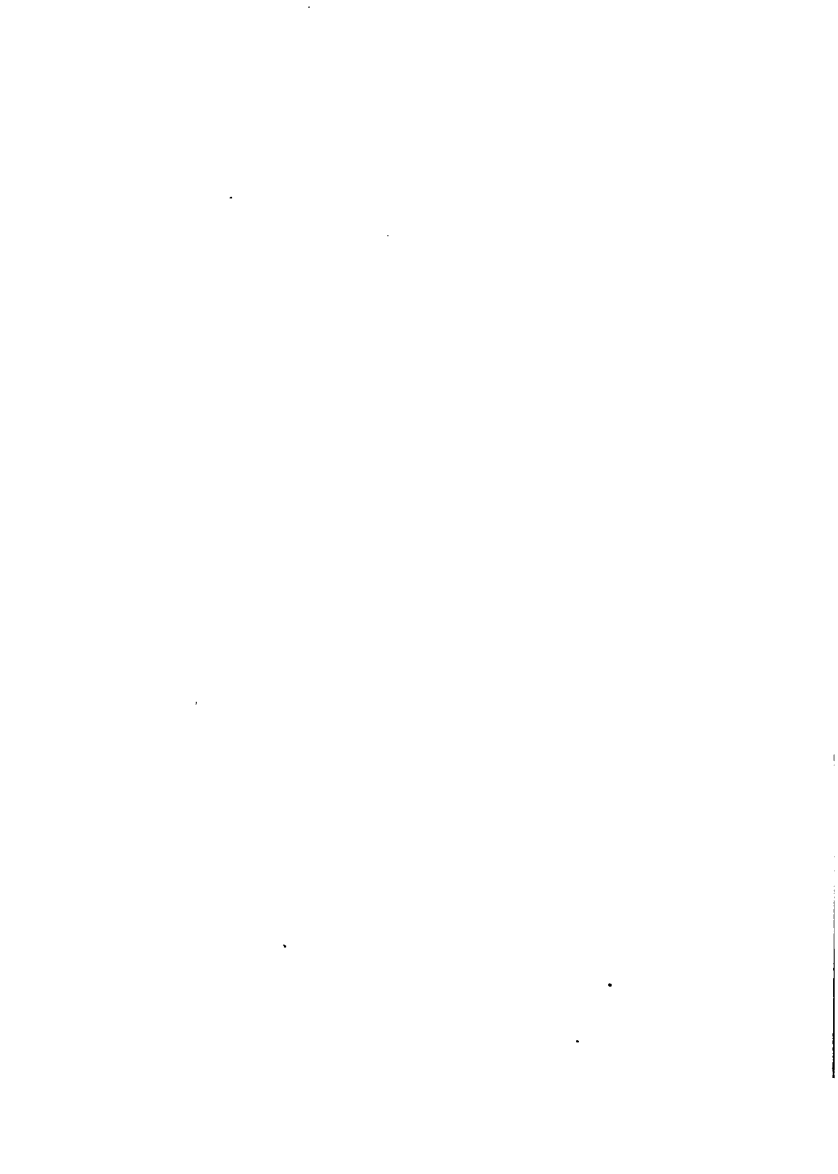
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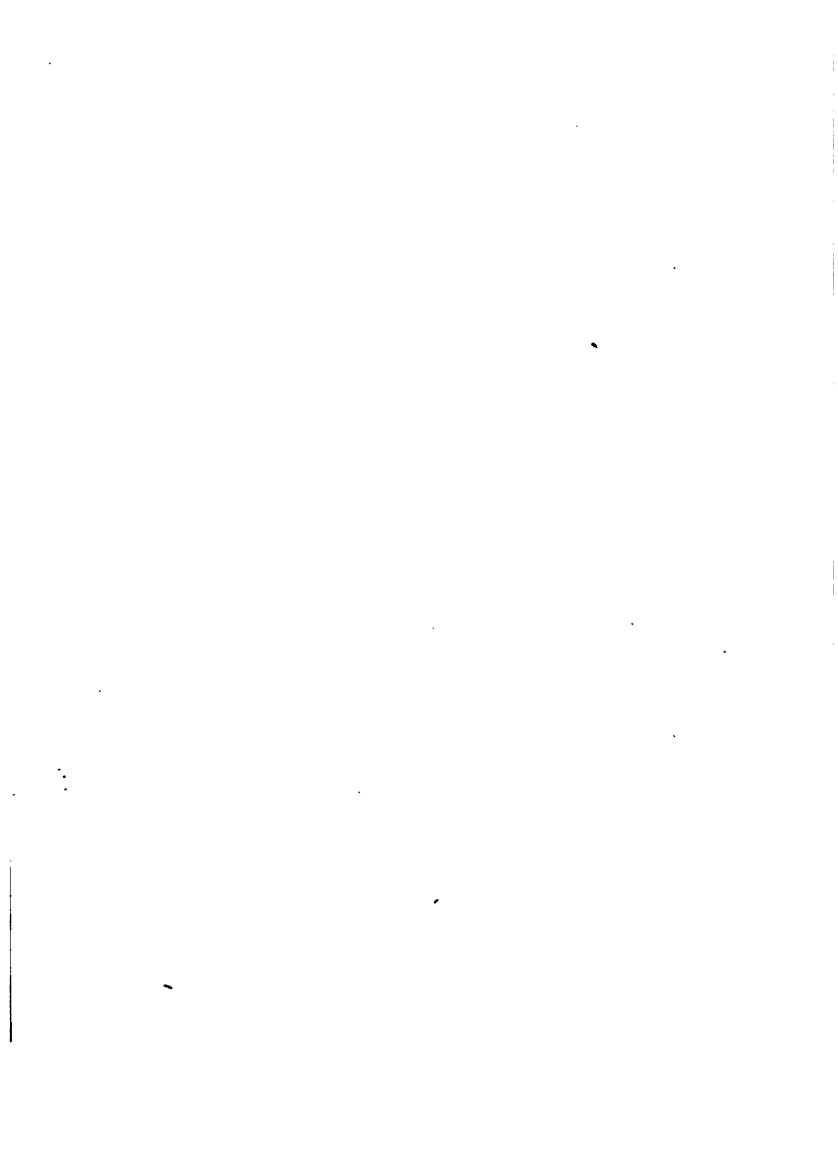
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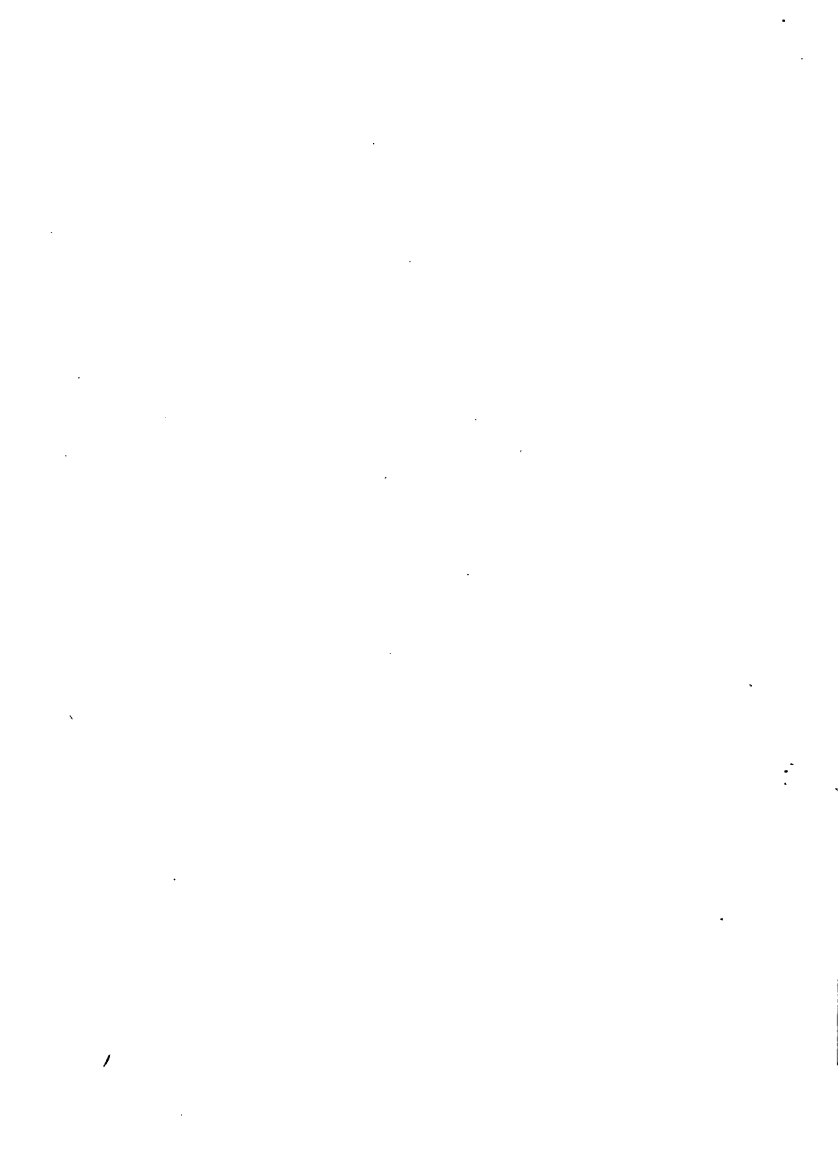
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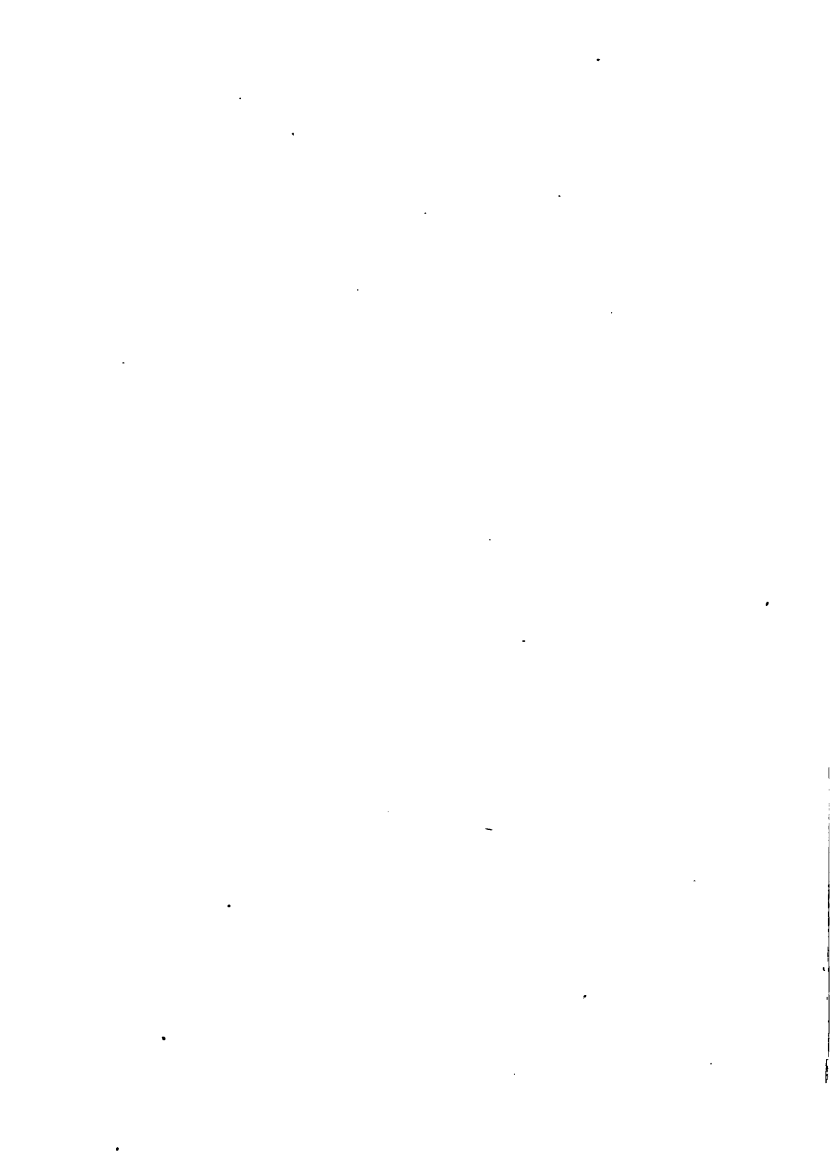














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